

10¢

# The Funniest Kid in Town...

# BOWLING ALLEYS

OH, BOY!  
**NOW** I REMEMBER  
 WHERE I HID  
 MY BUBBLE  
 GUM!

# PIN BOY

RE CARD

A hand holding a cigar, pointing to a grid with numbers. The grid has columns labeled 6, 7, 9, 5, 10. The rows contain numbers: 4, 4; 3, 8; 5, 6; 6, 6; 6, 4.





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**Figure Specialist Says:**

# STREAMLINE

the appearance of

## YOUR FIGURE INSTANTLY



"STREAMLINE makes me feel like sixteen again, it slenderizes my waist-line and does wonders for my figure. It's the most comfortable I ever had." Mrs. J. H. Spencer, San Francisco, California.

appear inches *slimmer at once*  
and Feel Like **SIXTEEN AGAIN** with

# STREAMLINE



"STREAMLINE fits better and feels better than any supporter I ever had, with STREAMLINE I can wear a smaller size skirt." Mrs. T. Walsh, Long Island City, N. Y.

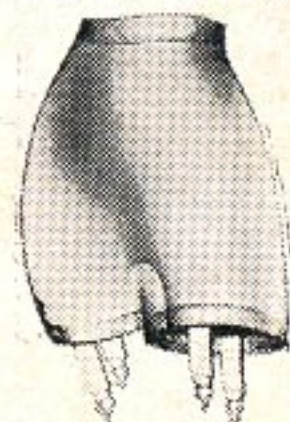
"STREAMLINE made me look like, feel like and almost made me believe I was 16 again."—Mrs. J. H., New York City, N. Y. Yes, many people write us that they look better, feel better, mentally and physically, the instant they begin wearing the new and improved STREAMLINE! It lifts up dragging, sagging abdomen because STREAMLINE is a controlling, slenderizing, supporting belt which brings invigorating mid-section comfort.

### FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG INSTANTLY!

STREAMLINE is a pleasure to wear. You'll enjoy its energizing all day support. It's comfortable and does wonders for your figure. STREAMLINE'S new two-way stretch makes it easy to slip on and off — yet it has a BUILT-IN slenderizing feature and is made to LAST and LAST! It's very light in weight and amazingly strong — so you get energy giving comfort.

### NEW KIND OF TWO-WAY STRETCH

STREAMLINE is made of a new kind of amazing POST-WAR material that makes its two-way stretch ability more comfortable, yet more slenderizing when you wear it. Washing actually preserves its strength. Comes in a beautiful natural NUDE color and white. With STREAMLINE you get the same fit, comfort and slenderizing look that you would expect from a made-to-order garment costing many times as much. INCHES seem to DISAPPEAR INSTANTLY when you step into STREAMLINE. It smooths and lifts your bulging tummy, lending prompt and comfortable support to weakened abdominal muscles. STREAMLINE is made to give you maximum amount of freedom of movement and comfort when you bend, sit, recline or do any kind of work. STREAMLINE helps to harmonize your figure to more stylish lines. It lifts your tummy into shape, flattens it out, yet you feel amazingly comfortable. It gives you all day comfort, no matter how much you bend, stretch or sit — it is scientifically designed to give you a healthful figure.



STREAMLINE is made from size 25 waist to size 40 waist in both the pantie and girdle. Don't deny yourself the STREAMLINE that flatters your figure.

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Try STREAMLINE for 10 days. If you are not thrilled with results, if you don't feel and look slimmer instantly, if your clothes don't look better on you, if it's not the best fitting, most comfortable supporter you ever had, return it and your money will be refunded.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

STREAMLINE CO., Dept. K, 871 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey

Rush to me the STREAMLINE SLENDERIZING GIRDLE indicated below. I enclose \$ cash, check or money order. My money will be refunded if I am not 100% satisfied. My height is .....

- |                                                                                |                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> PANTY GIRDLE in Nude.                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> in White                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> REGULAR GIRDLE in Nude.                               | <input type="checkbox"/> in White                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Small 25-26 Waist;                                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium 27-28;              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Circle waist size; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, at \$4.98 each | <input type="checkbox"/> Large 29-30 at \$3.98 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send ..... extra crotches at 49c each                 |                                                     |

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

— SENT ON APPROVAL —



# COOKIE

YOU HEARD ME! DROP  
THAT GAT AN' FIGHT  
LIKE A MAN!

NOW PLAYING!

HUMPHREY  
BOGART

in  
RUFF, TUFF  
AN' STUFF

VERY FUNNY,  
SMALL FRY!

I SUPPOSE  
YOU'RE TOUGHER  
AND BRAVER THAN  
HUMPHREY  
BOGART!

WELL, AFTER  
ALL, ANYBODY  
CAN BE TOUGH  
OR BRAVE IN  
THE MOVIES!

OH! THEN  
YOU'RE ONE  
OF THOSE  
REAL LIFE  
HEROES, EH?  
HA-HA!

LOOK, BEAUTIFUL,  
DON'T JUDGE A BOOK  
BY ITS COVER! COOKIE  
MAY BE SMALL, BUT HE'S  
PACKED WITH WOT IT  
TAKES! COURAGE IS  
HIS MIDDLE NAME!

AN' MY  
MIDDLE NAME  
IS RAT!...  
WATCH!

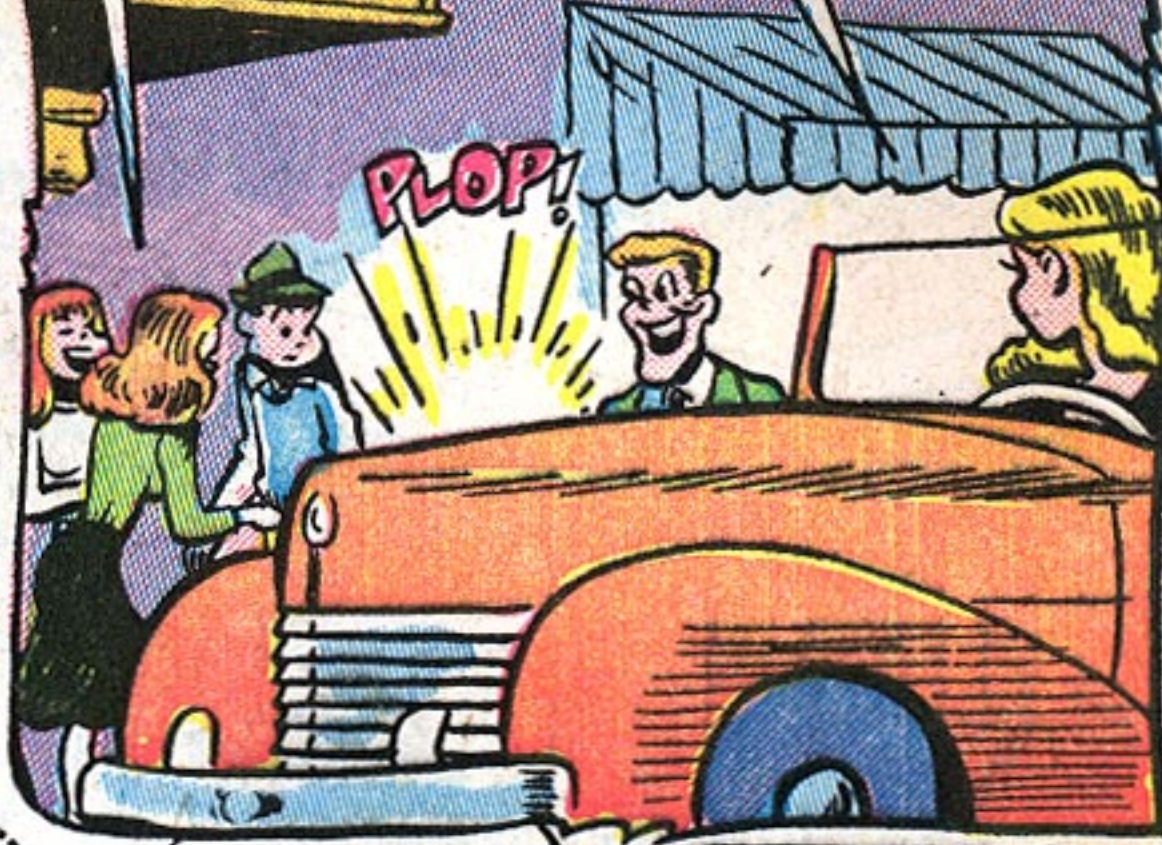
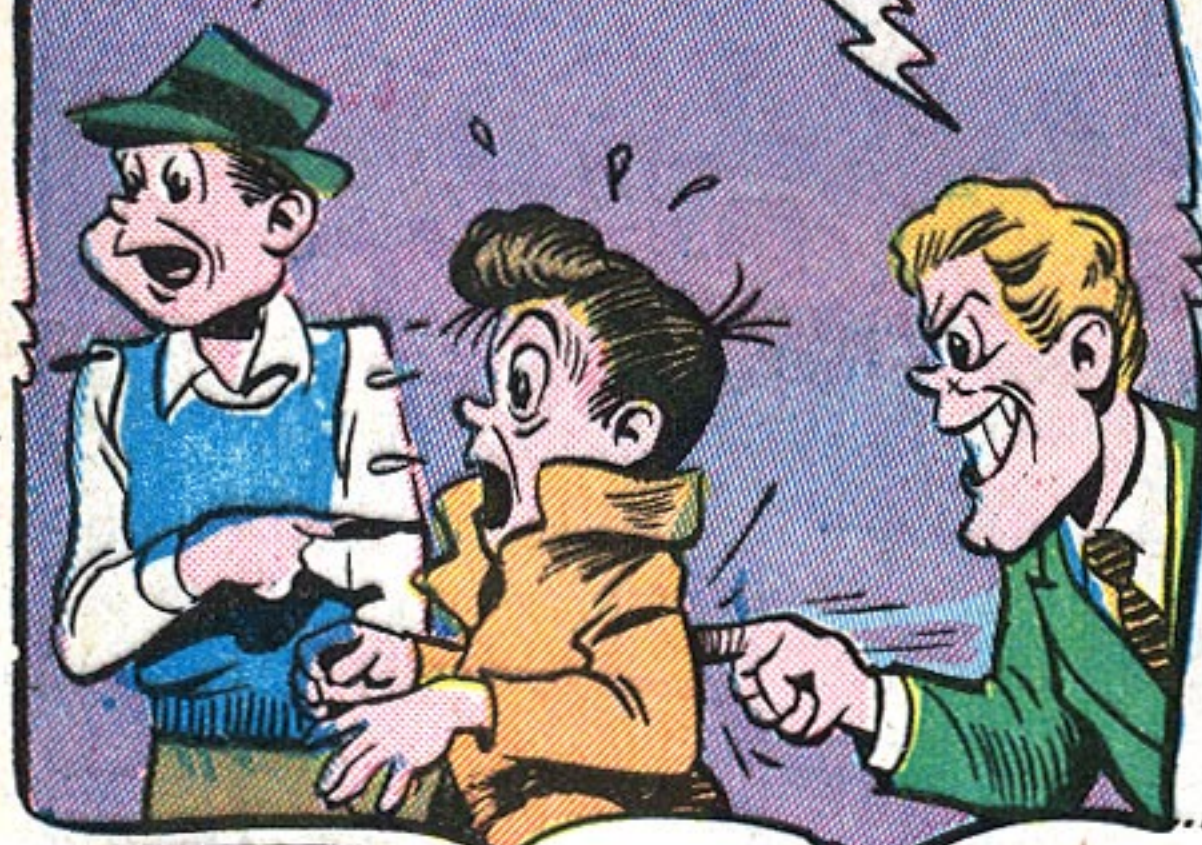


WHY, I'VE SEEN HIM IN  
TOUGH SPOTS, AN'  
I OUGHTA KNOW!

GET 'EM UP,  
SHORTY!

LOOK, MITZI...  
THE KILLER  
FAINTED!

GOODNESS!  
THAT'S COOKIE  
ON THE SIDE-  
WALK!



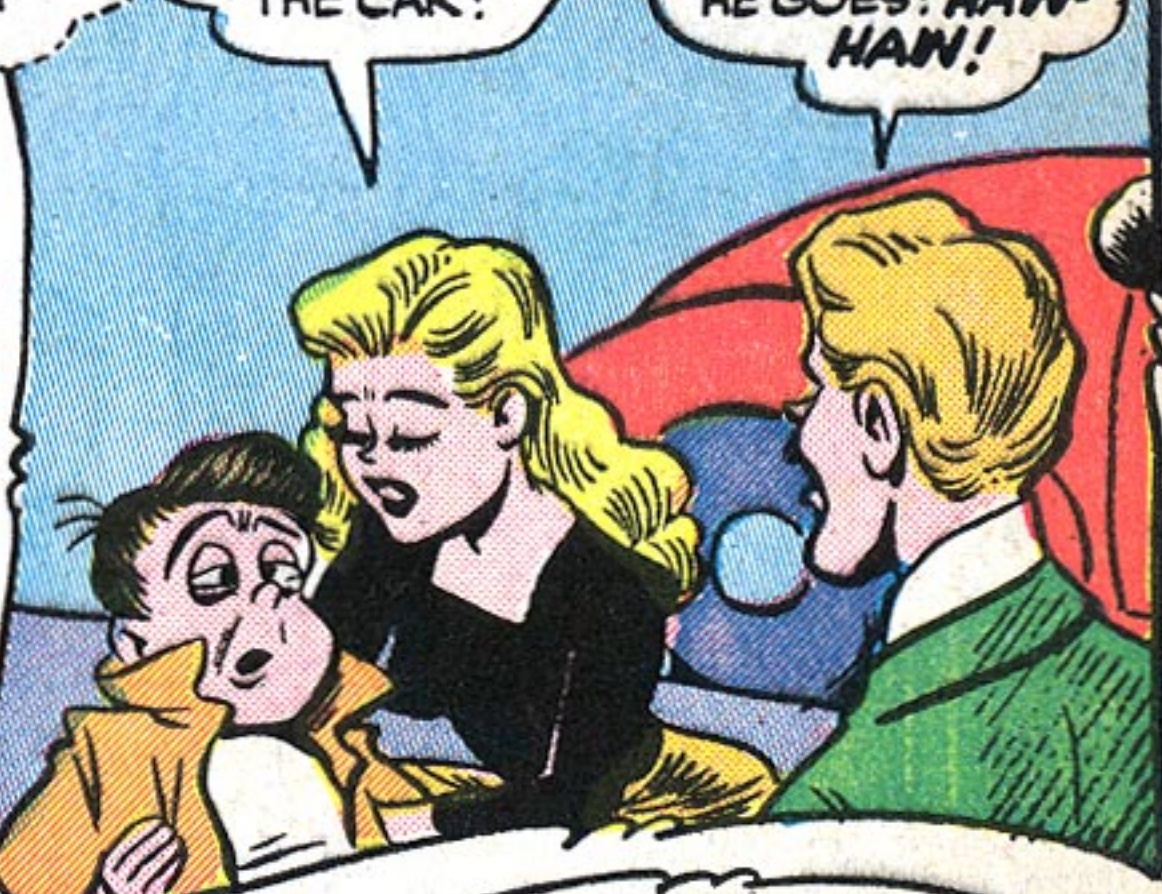
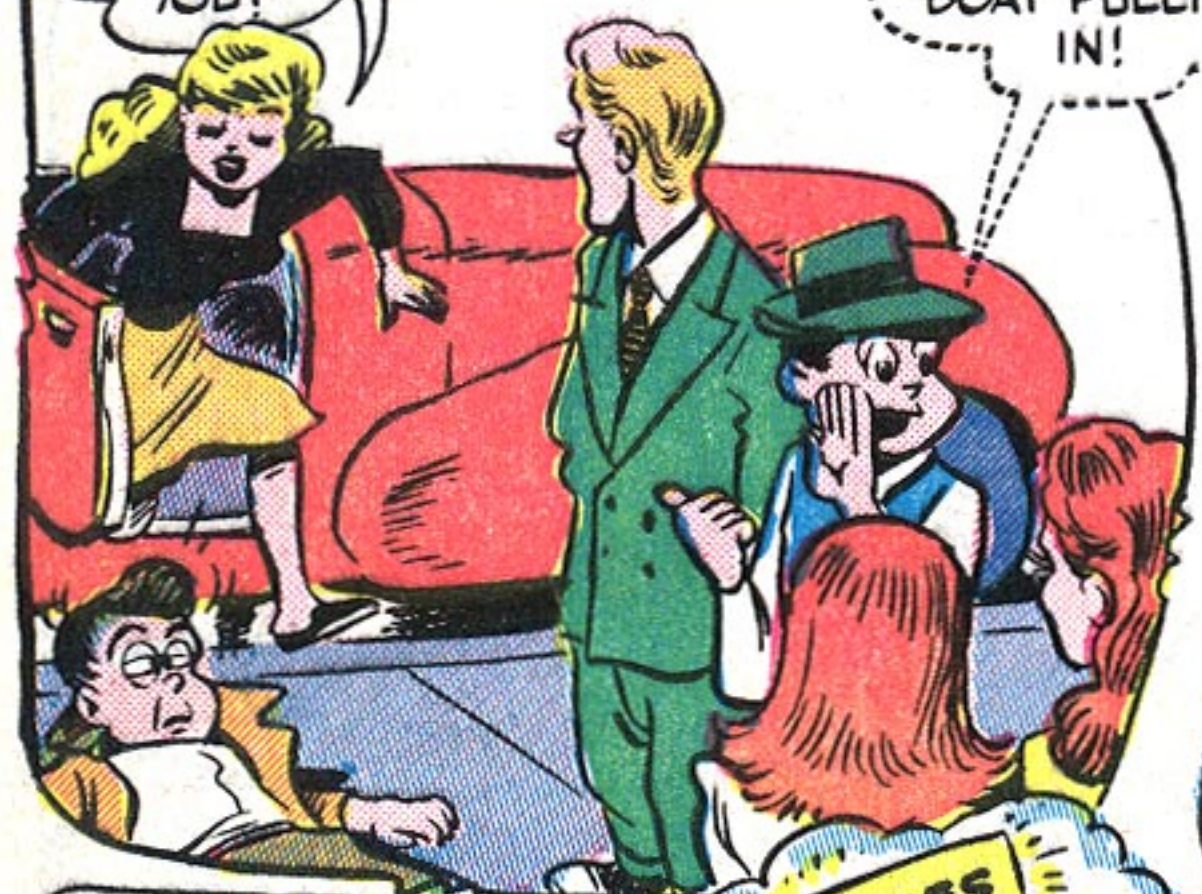
COOKIE!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
WHO HIT  
YOU?

NOBODY HIT  
HIM, ANGELPUSS!  
HE FAINTED!

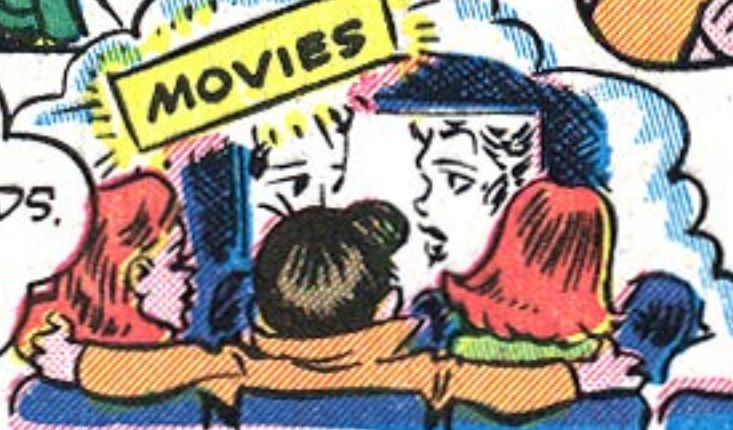
SCRAM, YOU  
TWO, BEFORE YOU  
MAKE TROUBLE!  
THIS IS HIS DREAM-  
BOAT PULLIN'  
IN!

FAINTED? OH,  
YOU POOR THING!  
COME, I'LL TAKE  
YOU HOME IN  
THE CAR!

YEAH... I WALK UP  
BEHIND HIM AN' SAY  
'STICK 'EM UP!'  
AN' PLOP! DOWN  
HE GOES! HAW-  
HAN!



YA SEE, HIM AN' JIT ARE  
COMIN' OUTA THE MOVIES  
WITH A COUPLA REDHEADS,  
AN' HE'S BRAGGIN' ABOUT  
HOW HE'S AS TOUGH AS  
HUMPHREY BOGART  
... SO I...



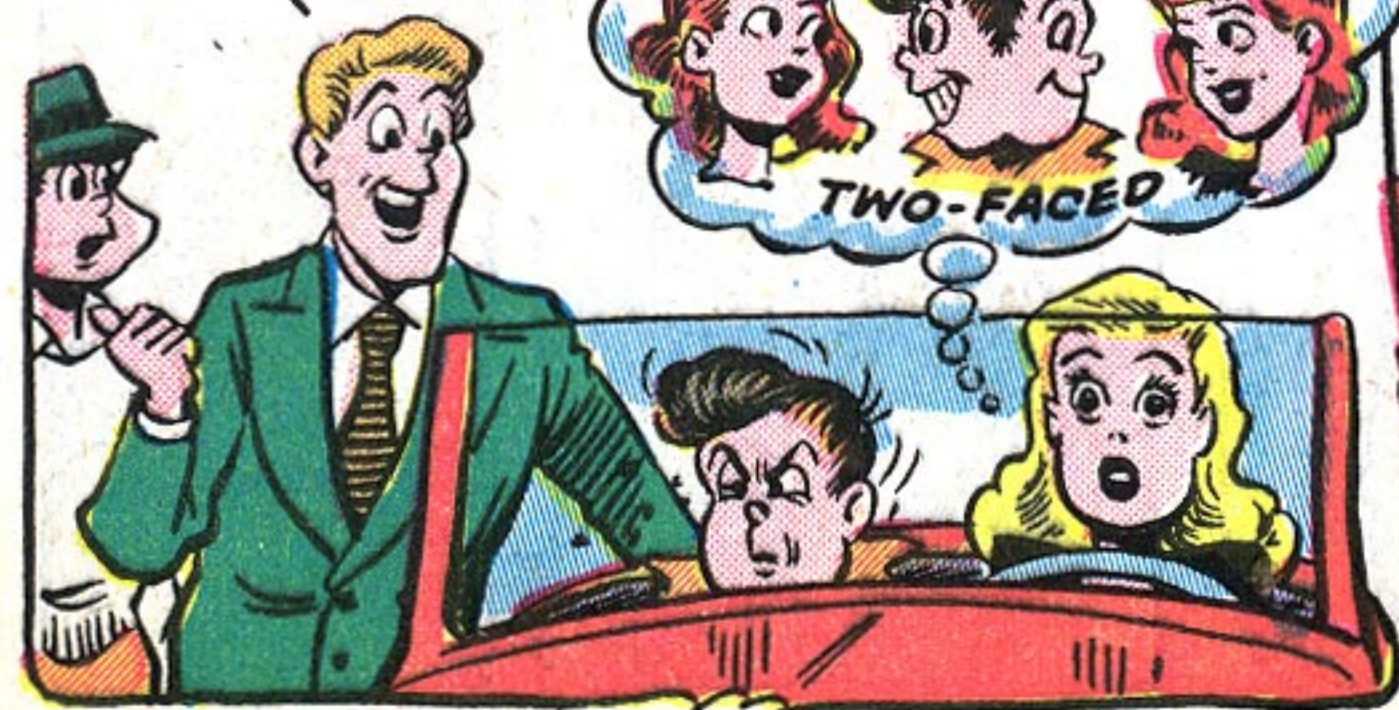
COUPLA REDHEADS



TWO-FACED

GET OUT, YOU ... YOU  
TWO-TIMER! I NEVER  
WANT TO SPEAK TO  
YOU AGAIN!

B-BUT  
ANGELPUSS...?!?





JEEPERS, COOKIE, IF YOU EXPECT  
TA LIVE MUCH LONGER, YA  
**BETTER START GETTIN'**  
TOUGH LIKE THAT GUY  
BOGART!

YOU'RE NOT  
KIDDIN'! AN'  
**I'M STARTIN'**  
RIGHT  
NOW!

**OUTA MY  
WAY, MUTT!**

**ULP!**

**WHOOOOSH!**

**THAT DID IT,  
COOKIE! NOW**  
IF YOU CAN JUST  
STAY IN **THAT**  
FRAME OF MIND,  
YOU'LL BE  
OKAY!

BOY... I MUST BE  
**SLIPPIN'!** IMAGINE  
ME JUMPIN' FER A  
LITTLE GINK LIKE  
**HIM!**

**THERE! THAT**  
OUGHTA TAKE  
CARE OF **THIS**  
SITUATION!

**OW!**

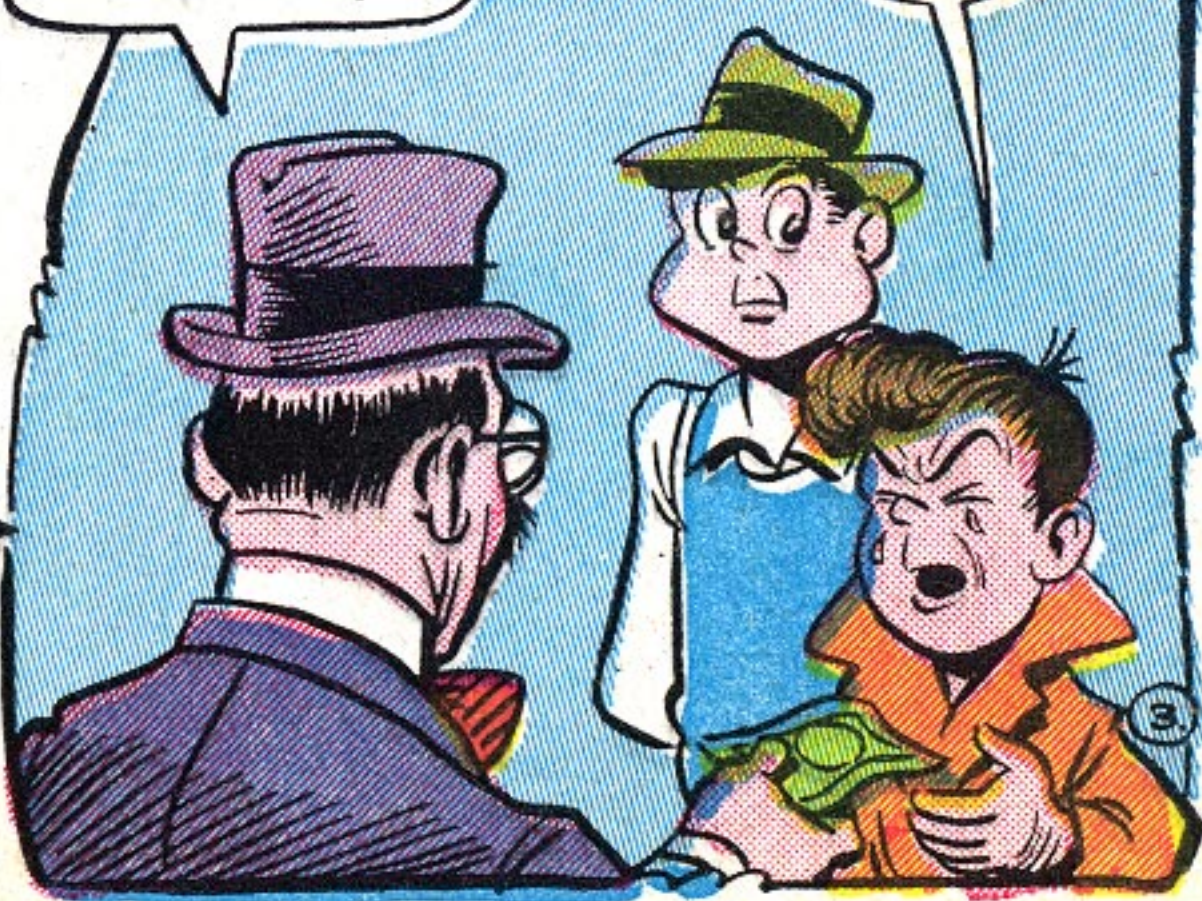
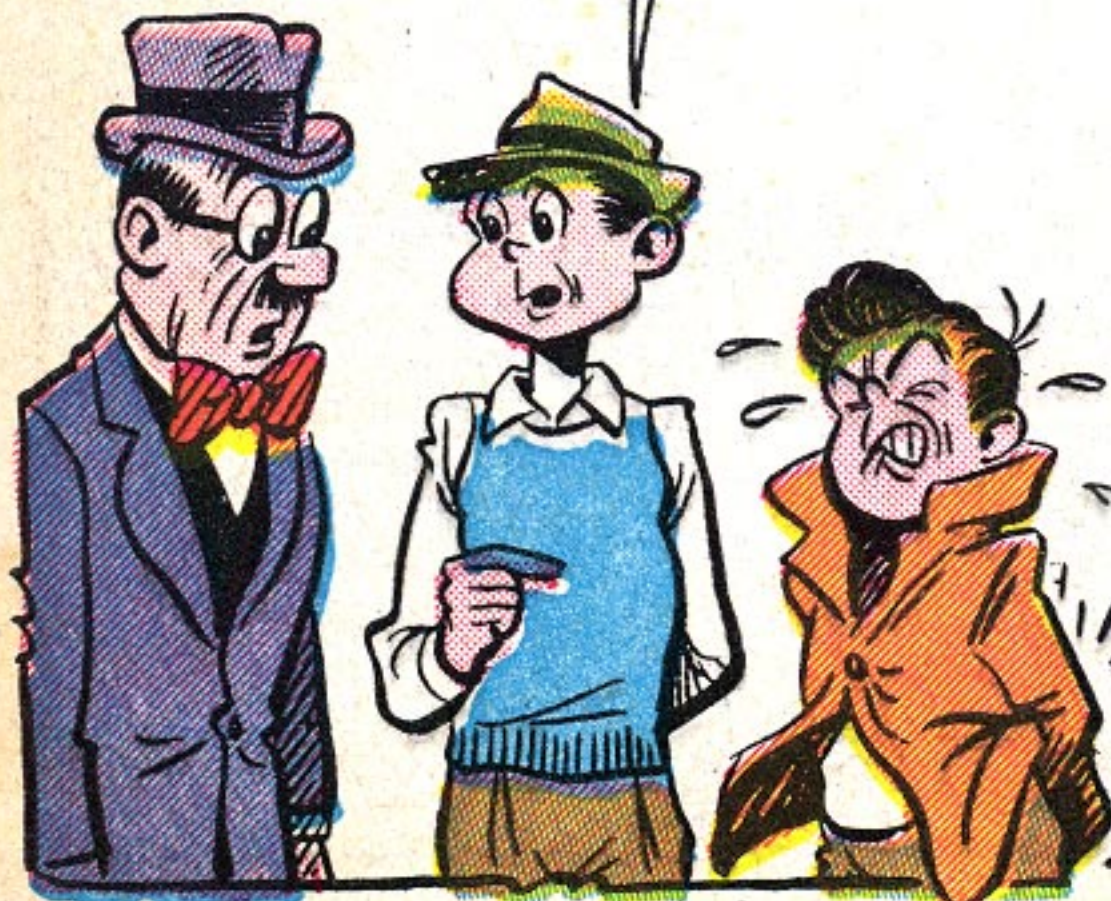
**QUIET,  
COOK! HERE**  
COMES  
YER POP!

WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
WITH **HIM?**

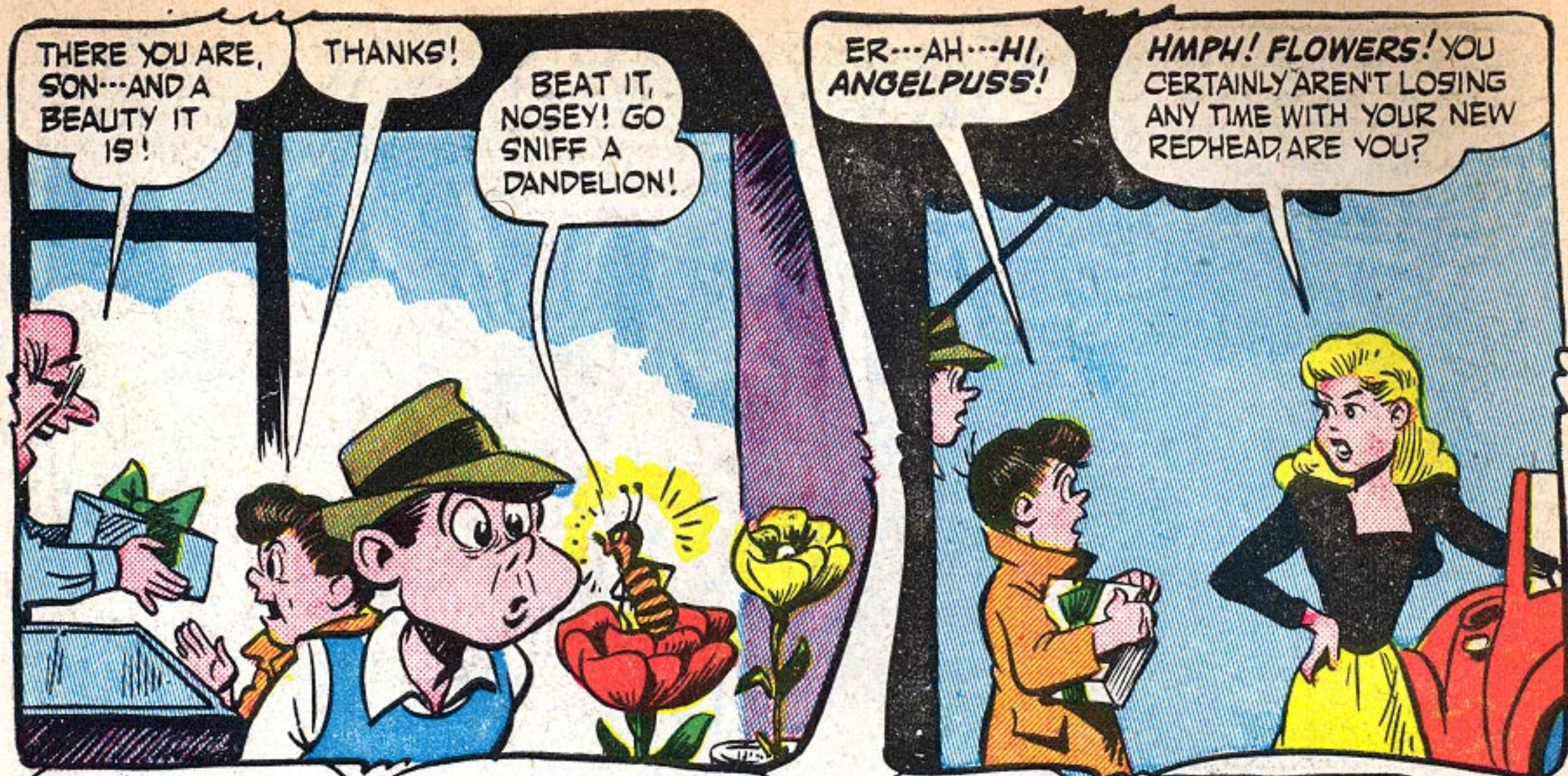
HE'S  
GOT A  
**BITE!**

WELL, SCRATCH IT AND RUN AN  
ERRAND FOR ME! GO OVER  
TO THE FLORIST AND BUY A  
NICE CORSAGE FOR YOUR  
MOTHER! HERE'S THE MONEY  
... **HURRY!**

OKAY,  
POP!







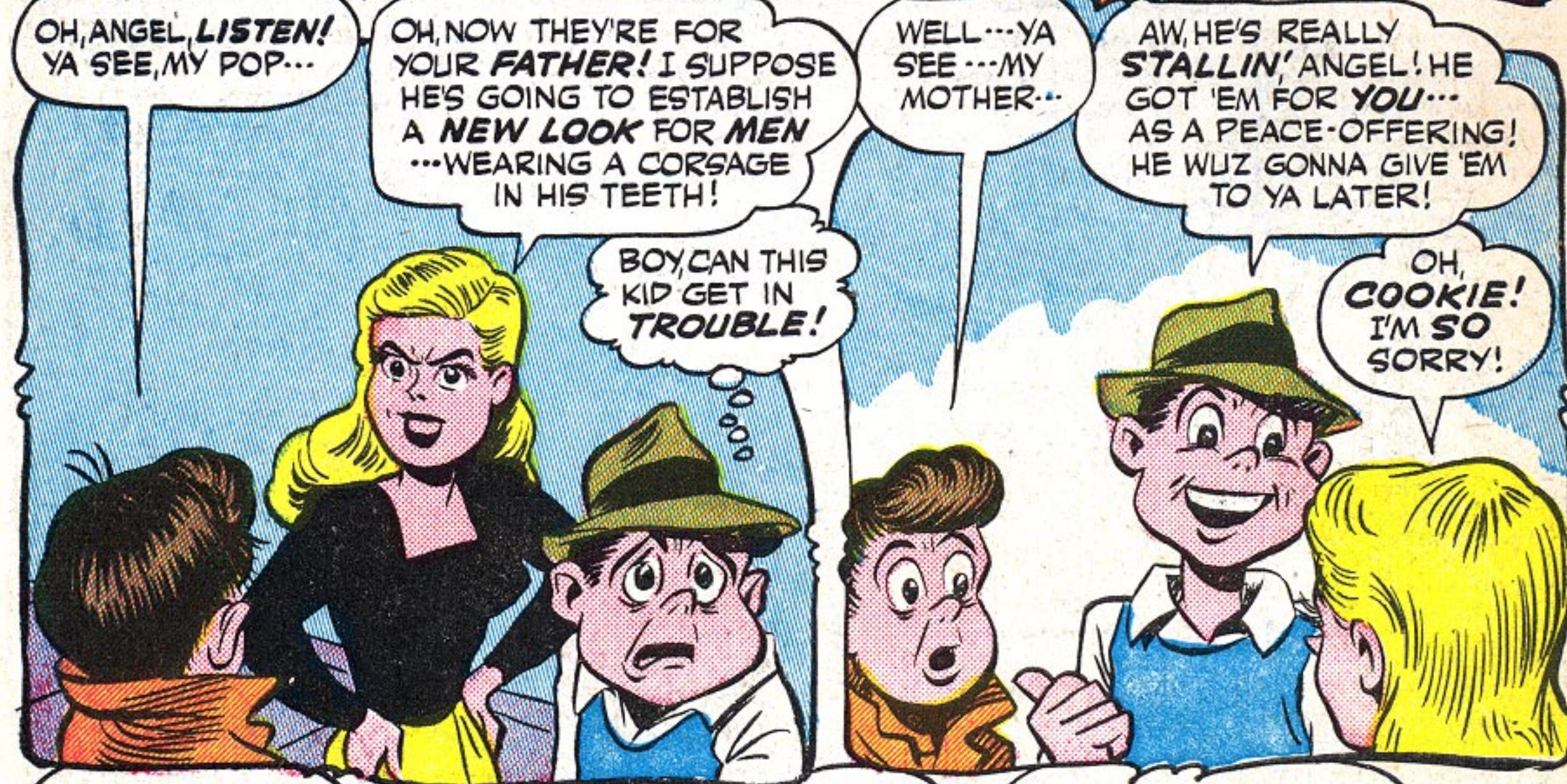
THERE YOU ARE, SON...AND A BEAUTY IT IS!

THANKS!

BEAT IT, NOSEY! GO SNIFF A DANDELION!

ER...AH...HI, ANGELPUSS!

HMPH! FLOWERS! YOU CERTAINLY AREN'T LOSING ANY TIME WITH YOUR NEW REDHEAD, ARE YOU?



OH, ANGEL, LISTEN! YA SEE, MY POP...

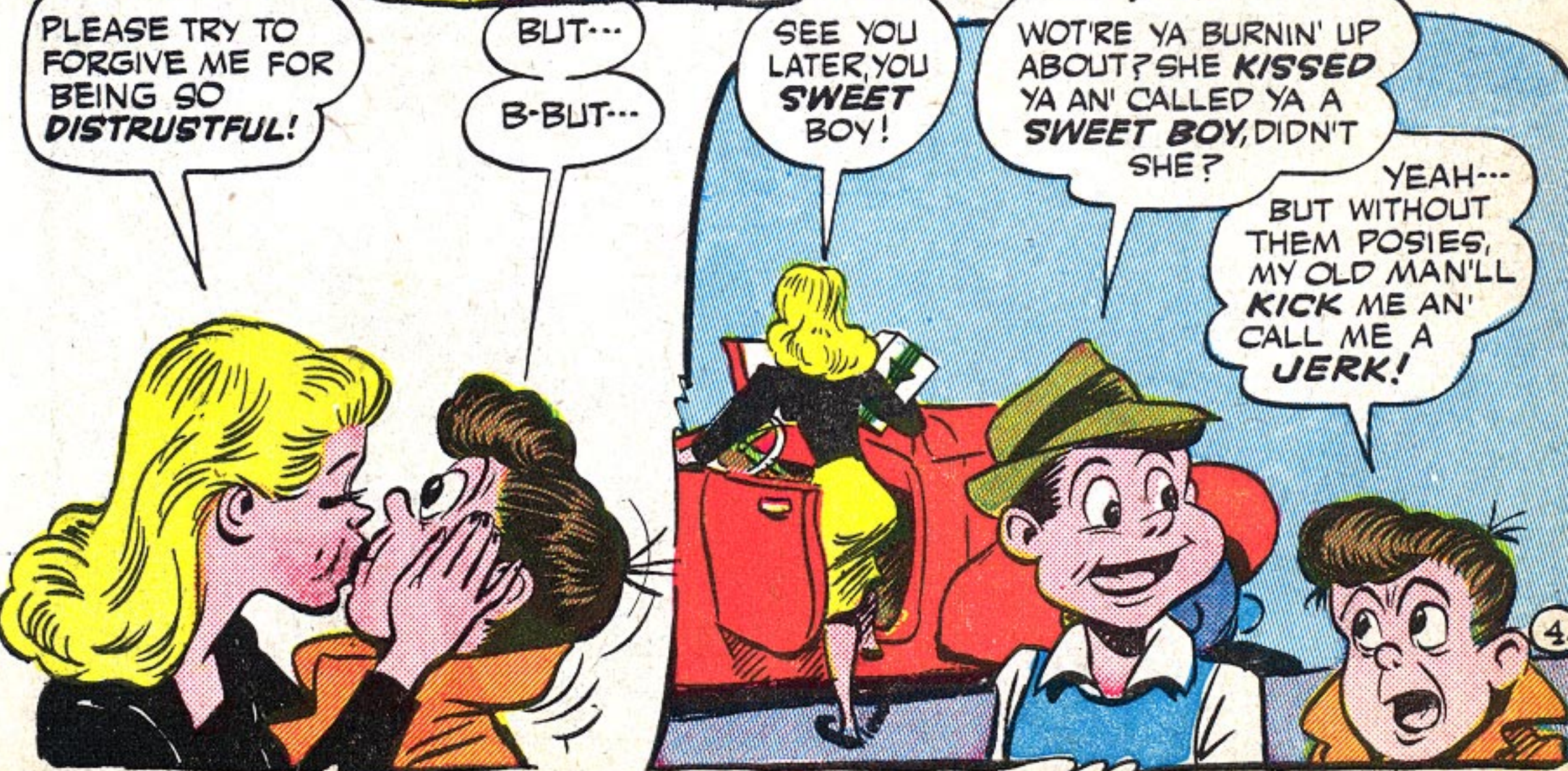
OH, NOW THEY'RE FOR YOUR *FATHER*! I SUPPOSE HE'S GOING TO ESTABLISH A *NEW LOOK* FOR MEN...WEARING A CORSAGE IN HIS TEETH!

WELL...YA SEE...MY MOTHER...

AW, HE'S REALLY *STALLIN'* ANGEL! HE GOT 'EM FOR *YOU*... AS A PEACE-OFFERING! HE WUZ GONNA GIVE 'EM TO YA LATER!

BOY, CAN THIS KID GET IN TROUBLE!

OH, *COOKIE*! I'M SO SORRY!



PLEASE TRY TO FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO *DISTRUSTFUL*!

BUT...

B-BUT...

SEE YOU LATER, YOU *SWEET BOY*!

WOT'RE YA BURNIN' UP ABOUT? SHE *KISSED* YA AN' CALLED YA A *SWEET BOY*, DIDN'T SHE?

YEAH... BUT WITHOUT THEM POSIES, MY OLD MAN'LL *KICK* ME AN' CALL ME A *JERK*!

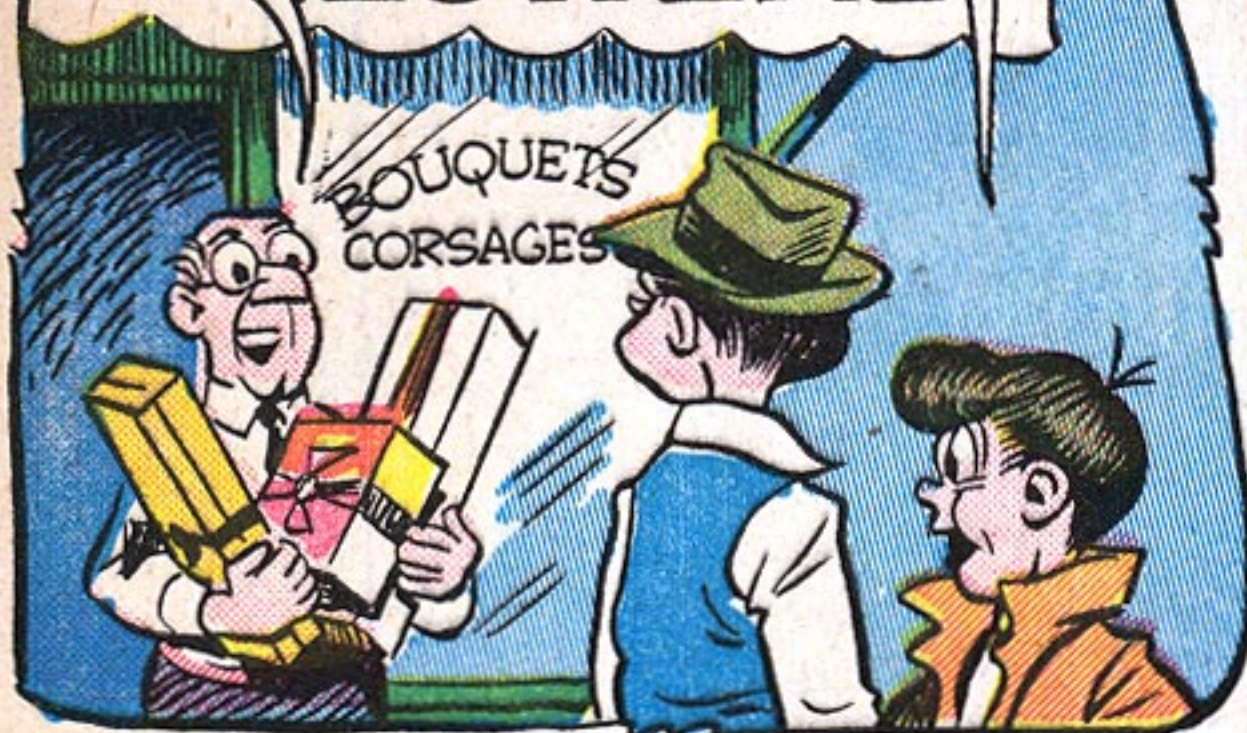


I JUST SAW WHAT HAPPENED, SO LOOK! IF YOU'LL MAKE THESE FEW DELIVERIES FOR ME, I'LL REPLACE THAT CORSAGE FOR YOU... FREE OF CHARGE!

MISTER, YOU MUST BE SANTA CLAUS! ...LET'S GO!

**FLOWERS**

BOUQUETS  
CORSAGES



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS... LET'S LOOK IN ON ANGELPUSS!

VERY SWEET,

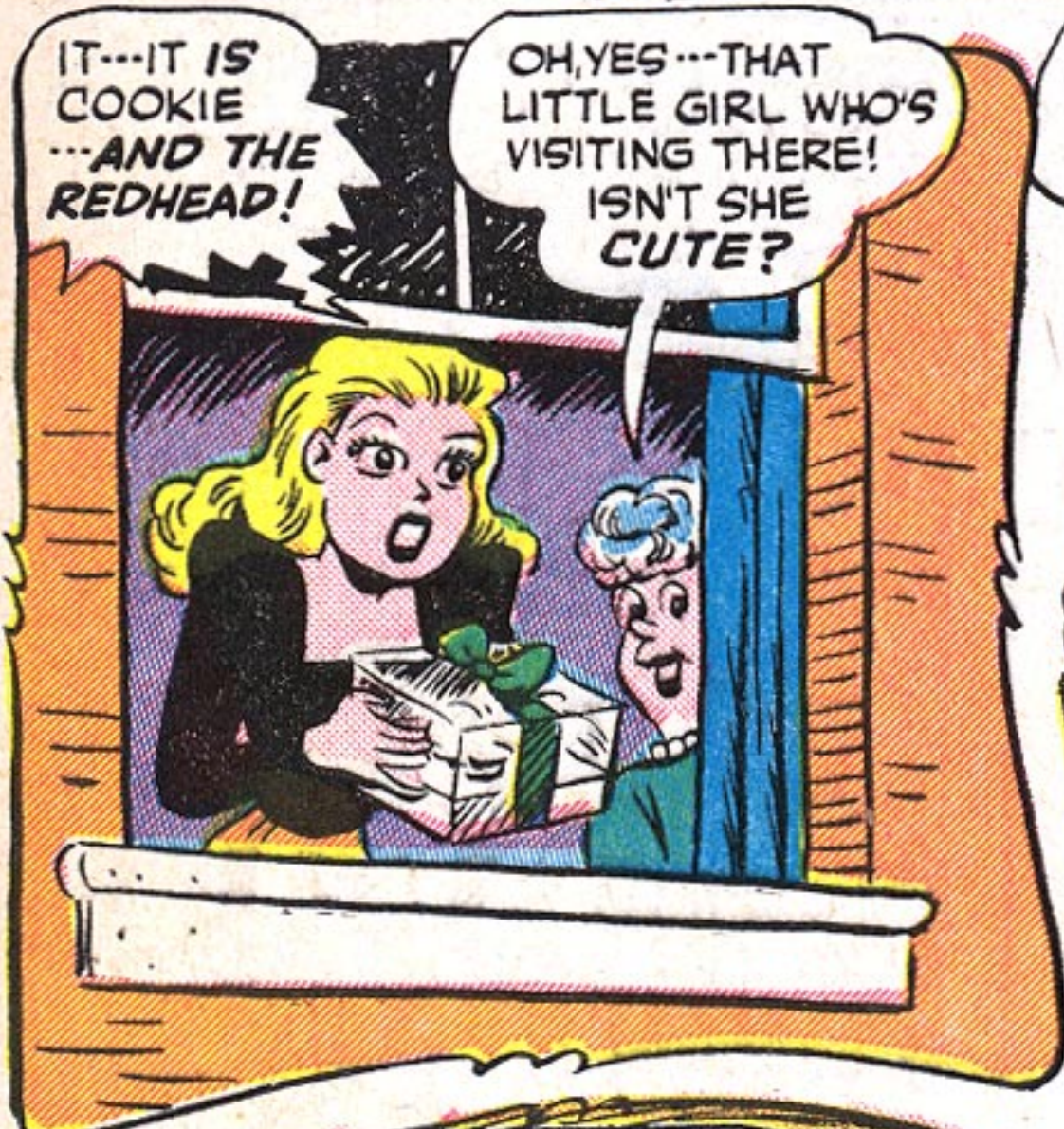
OH, MOTHER... WASN'T IT SWEET OF COOKIE TO GIVE ME THIS CORSAGE?

DEAR... BUT IT SEEMS YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE HE'S SWEET TO! ISN'T THAT COOKIE AT THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR... WITH FLOWERS?



IT... IT IS COOKIE ...AND THE REDHEAD!

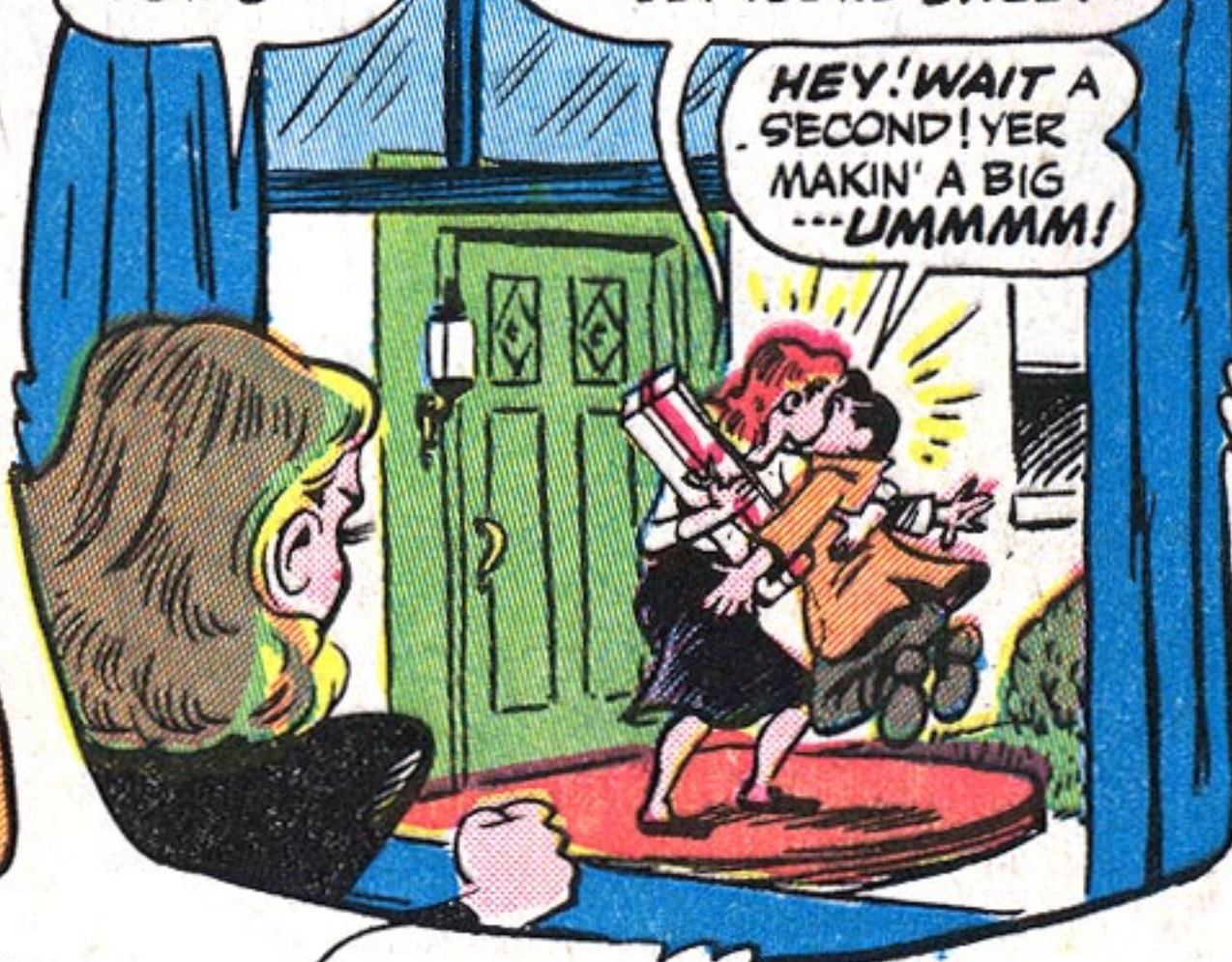
OH, YES... THAT LITTLE GIRL WHO'S VISITING THERE! ISN'T SHE CUTE?



CUTE, SCHMOOT! I'LL BREAK HER SNOOT! @\*!!! \*@!!!@

FLOWERS! OH, YOU DARLING! YOU MAY NOT BE HUMPHREY BOGART ... BUT YOU'RE SWEET!

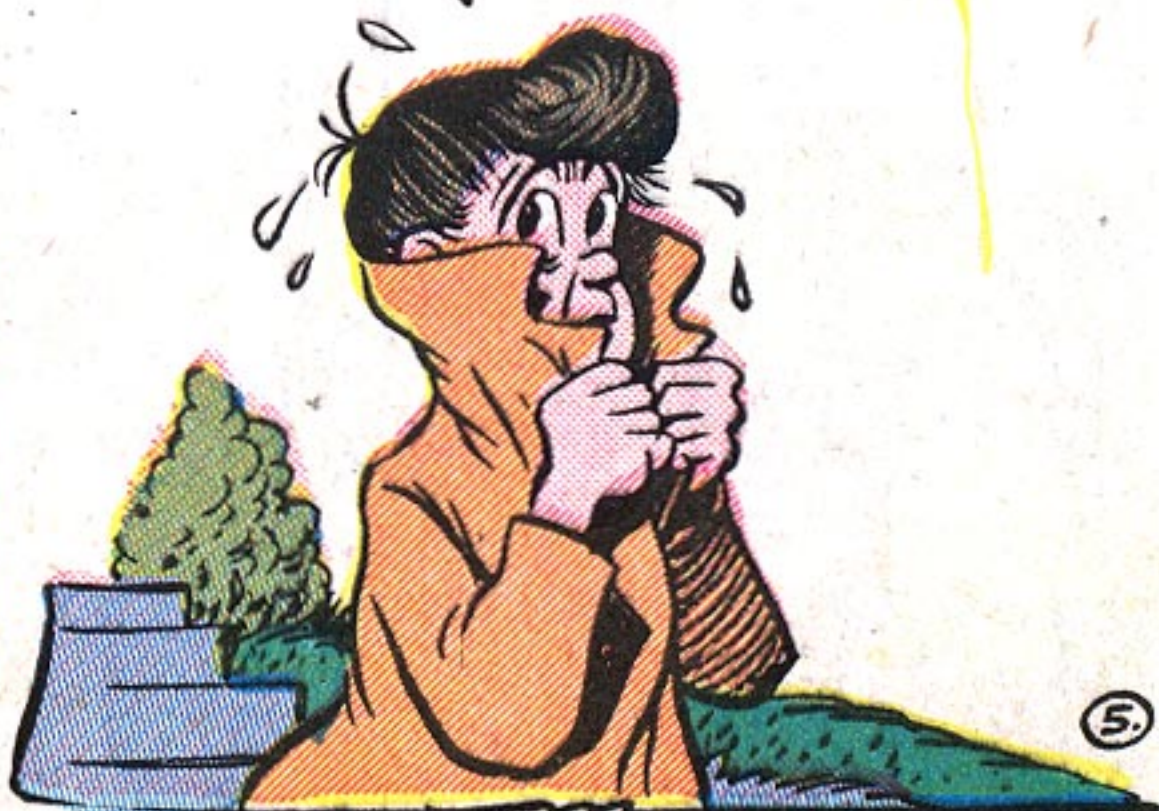
HEY! WAIT A SECOND! YER MAKIN' A BIG ... UMMMM!



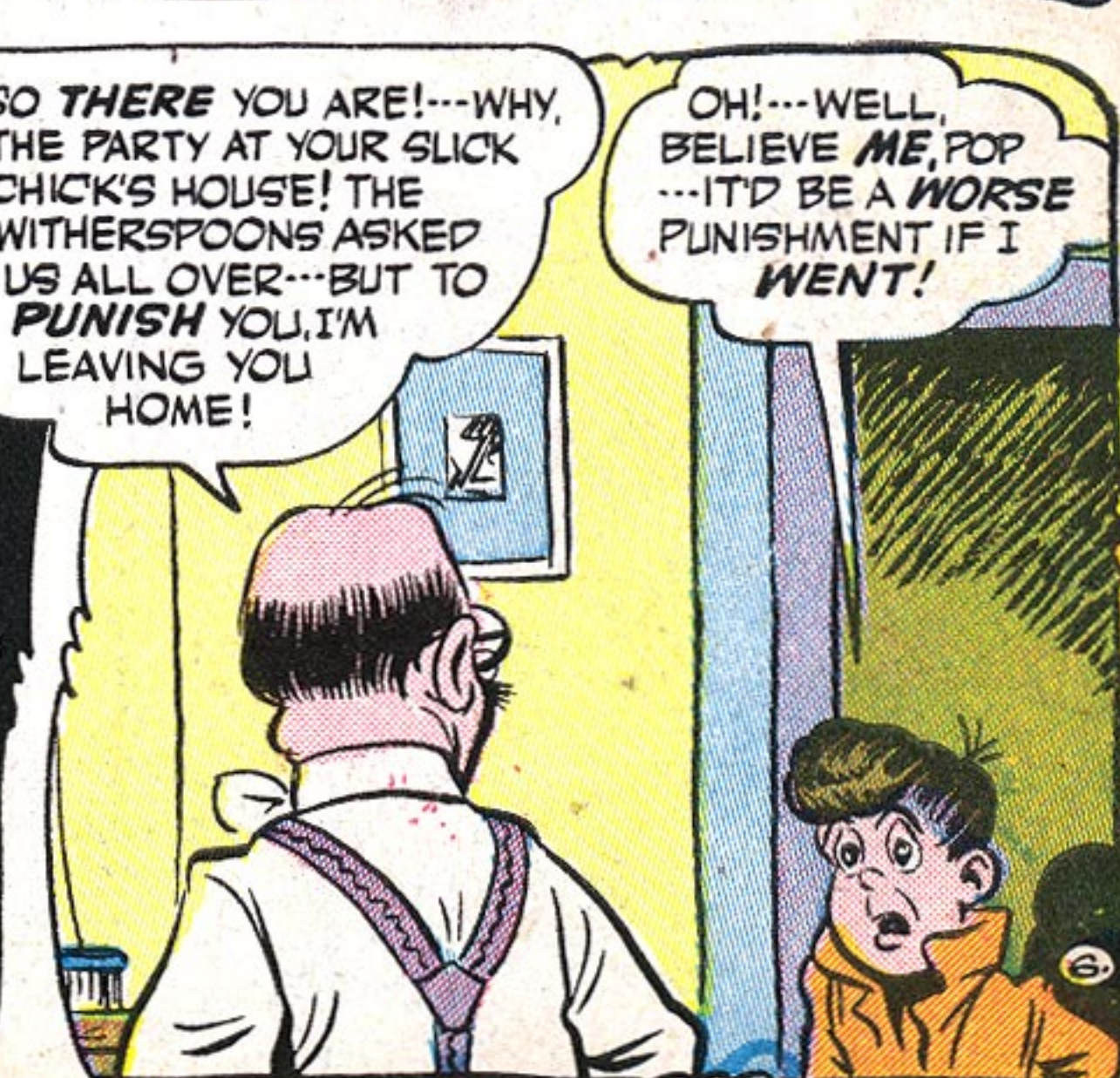
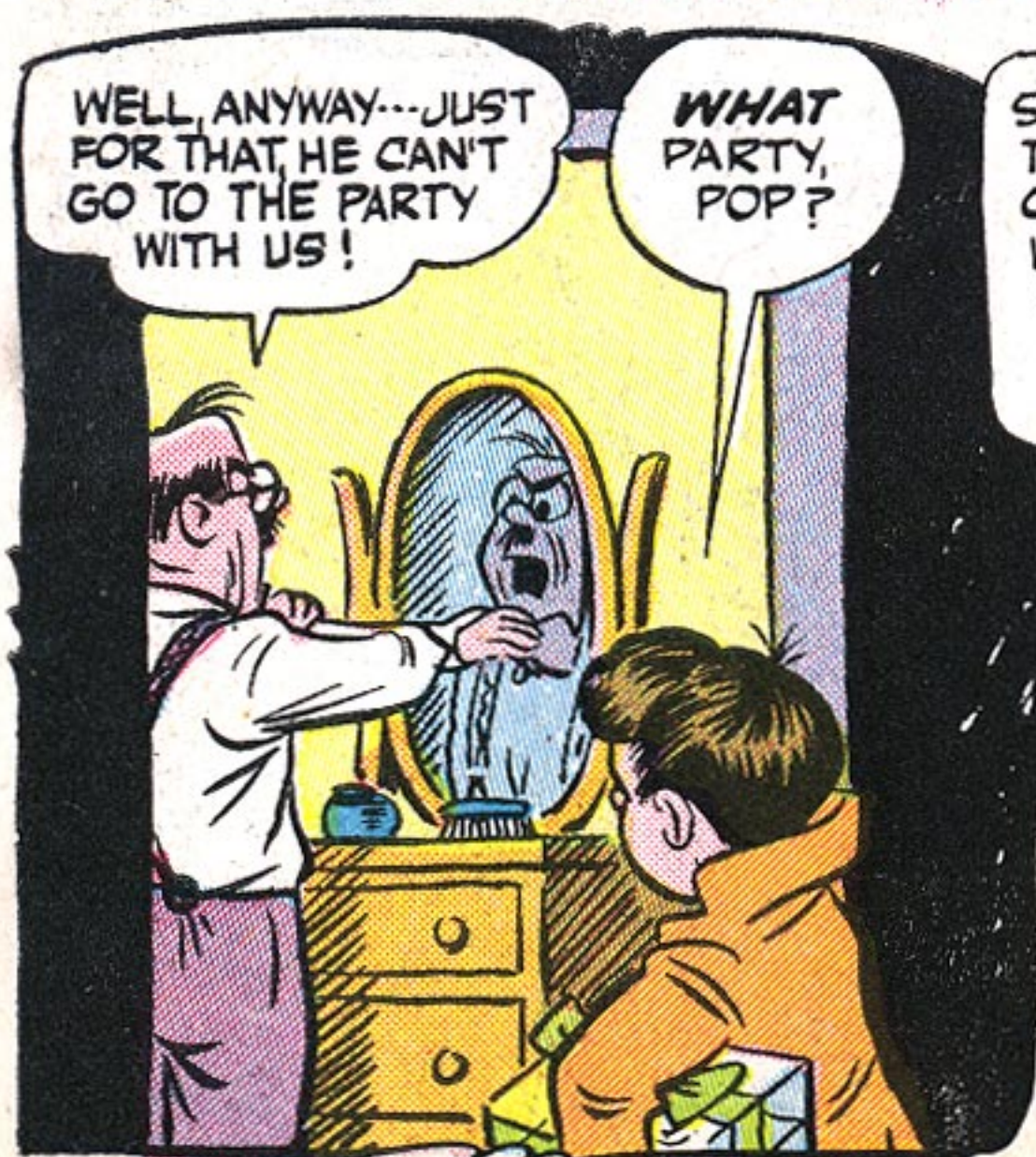
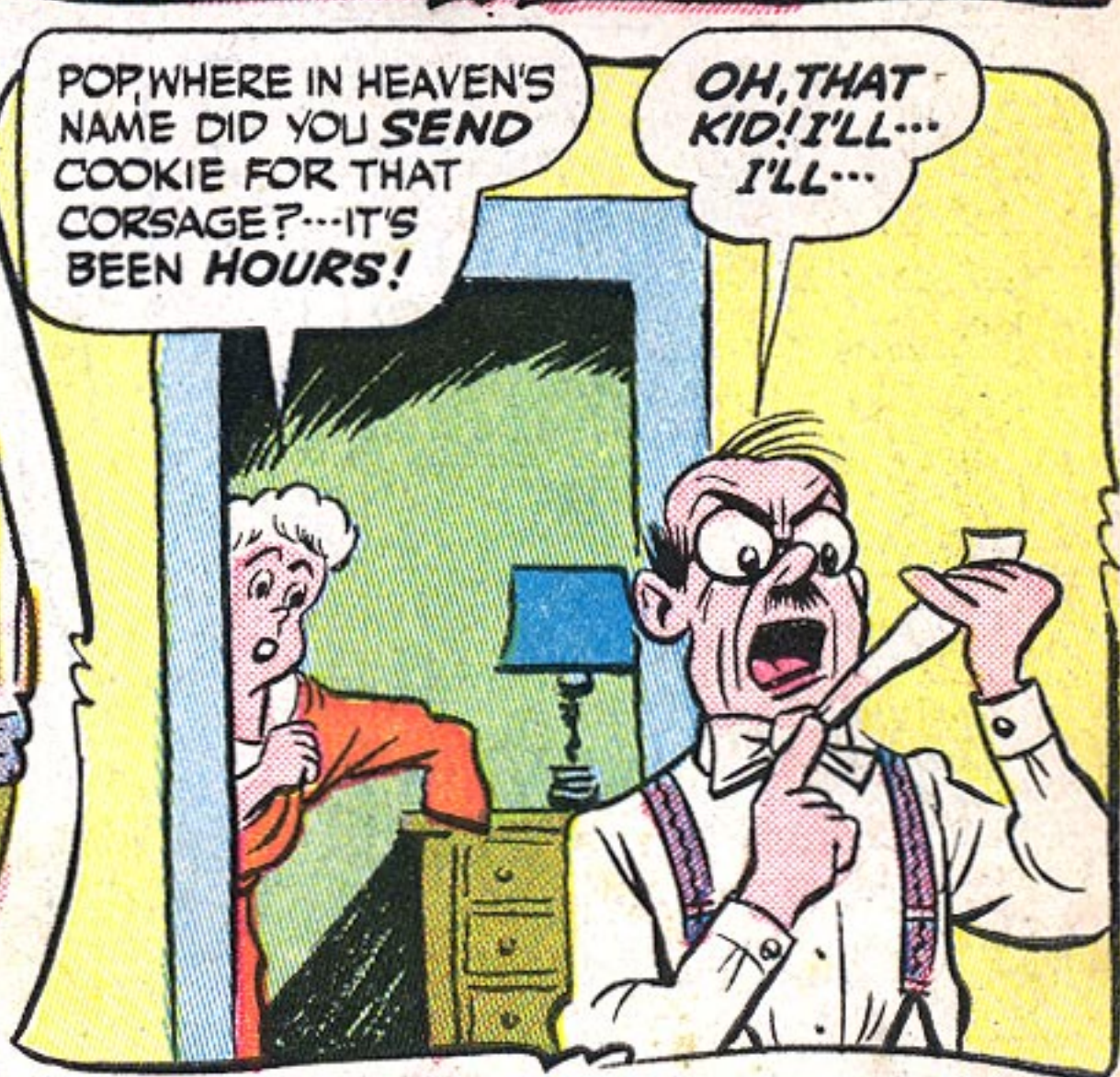
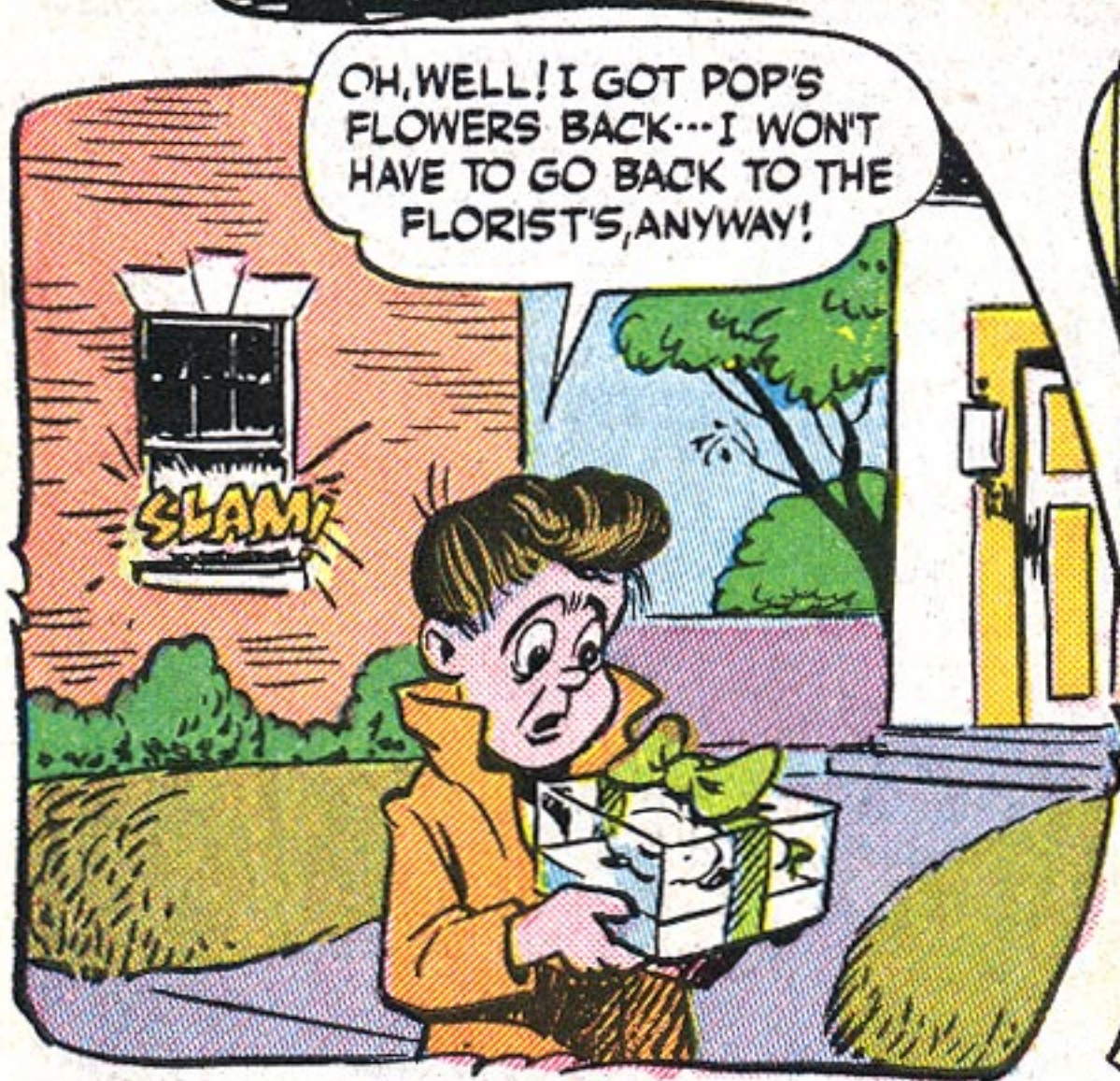
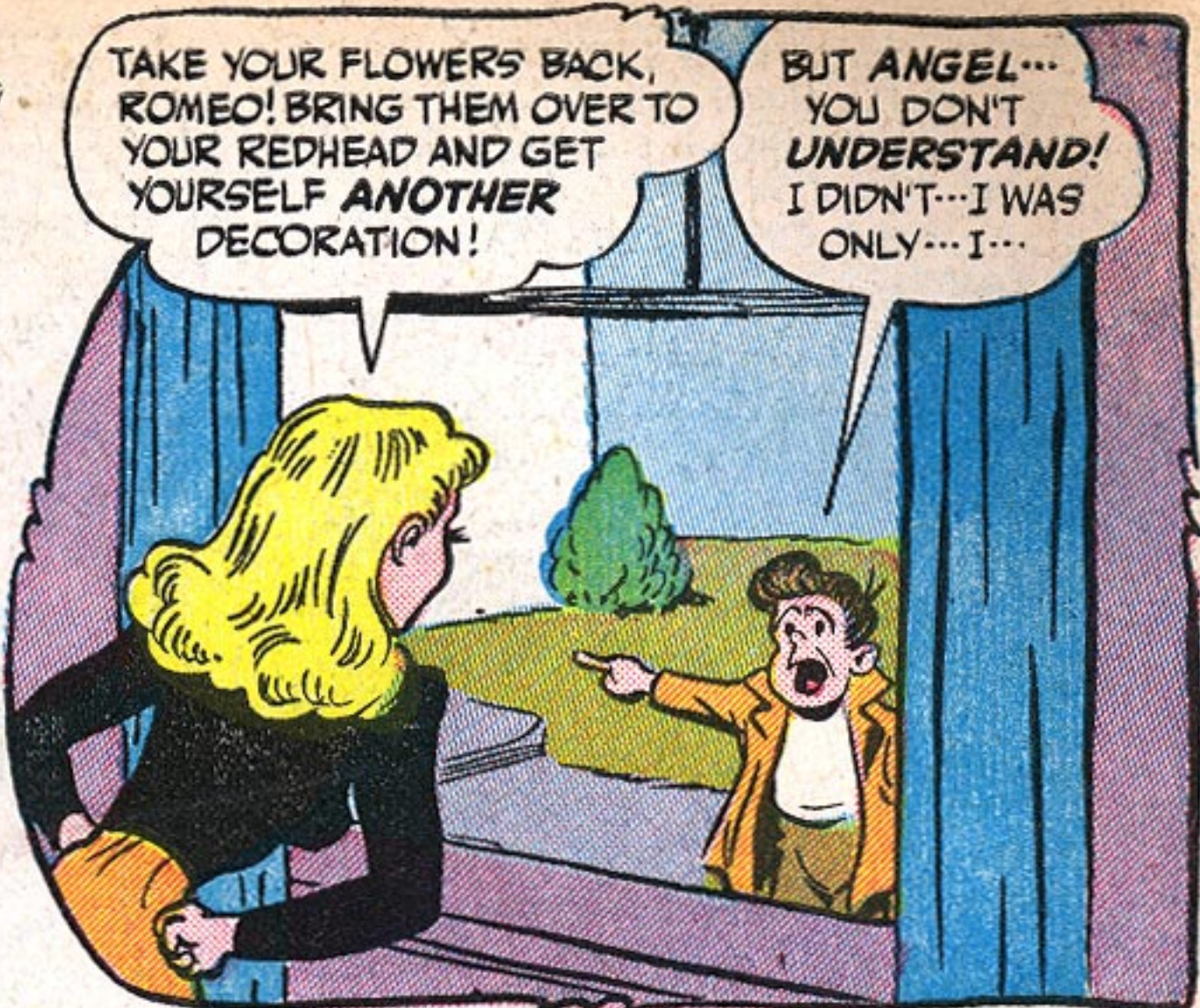
GR-RRR! I WISH I KNEW HOW TO MAKE AN ATOM BOMB!



U-JEEPERS! I ONLY HOPE ANGELPUSS DIDN'T SEE THAT!



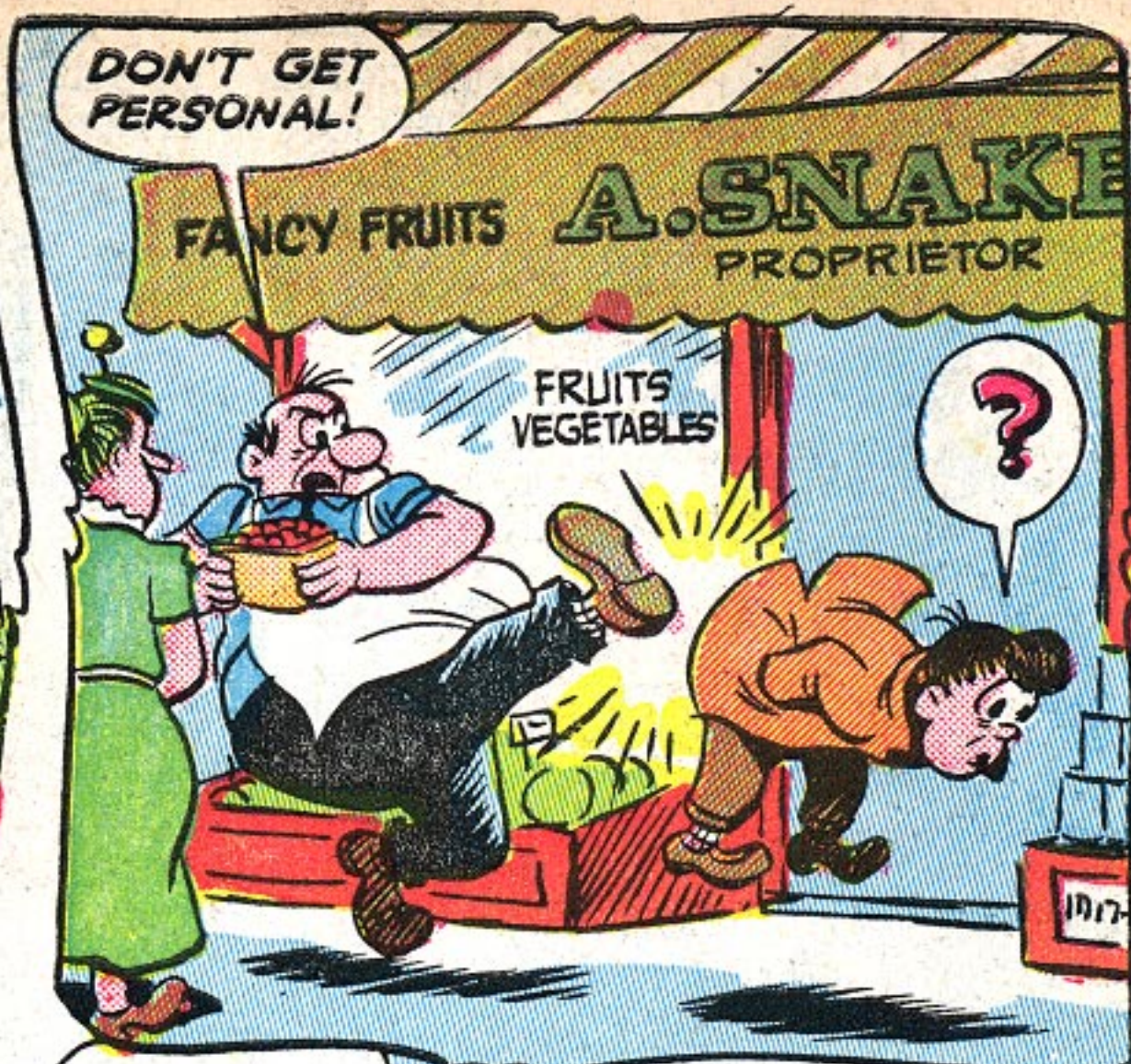








JEEPERS... I FEEL SO LOW, I COULD WALK UNDER A SNAKE'S BELLY!



DON'T GET PERSONAL!

FANCY FRUITS

A. SNAKE PROPRIETOR

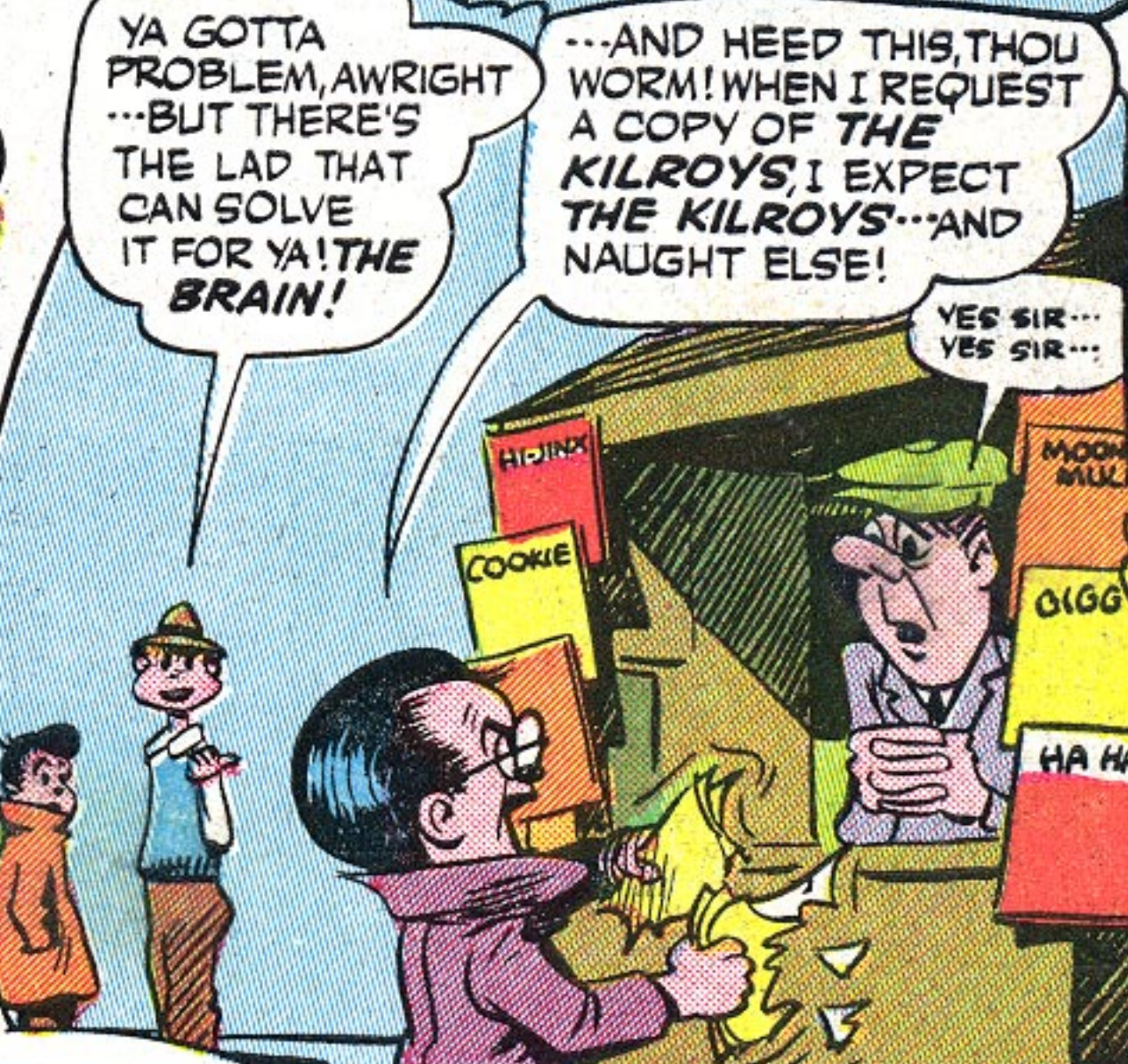
FRUITS VEGETABLES

?



HI, COOKIE! ...WOT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

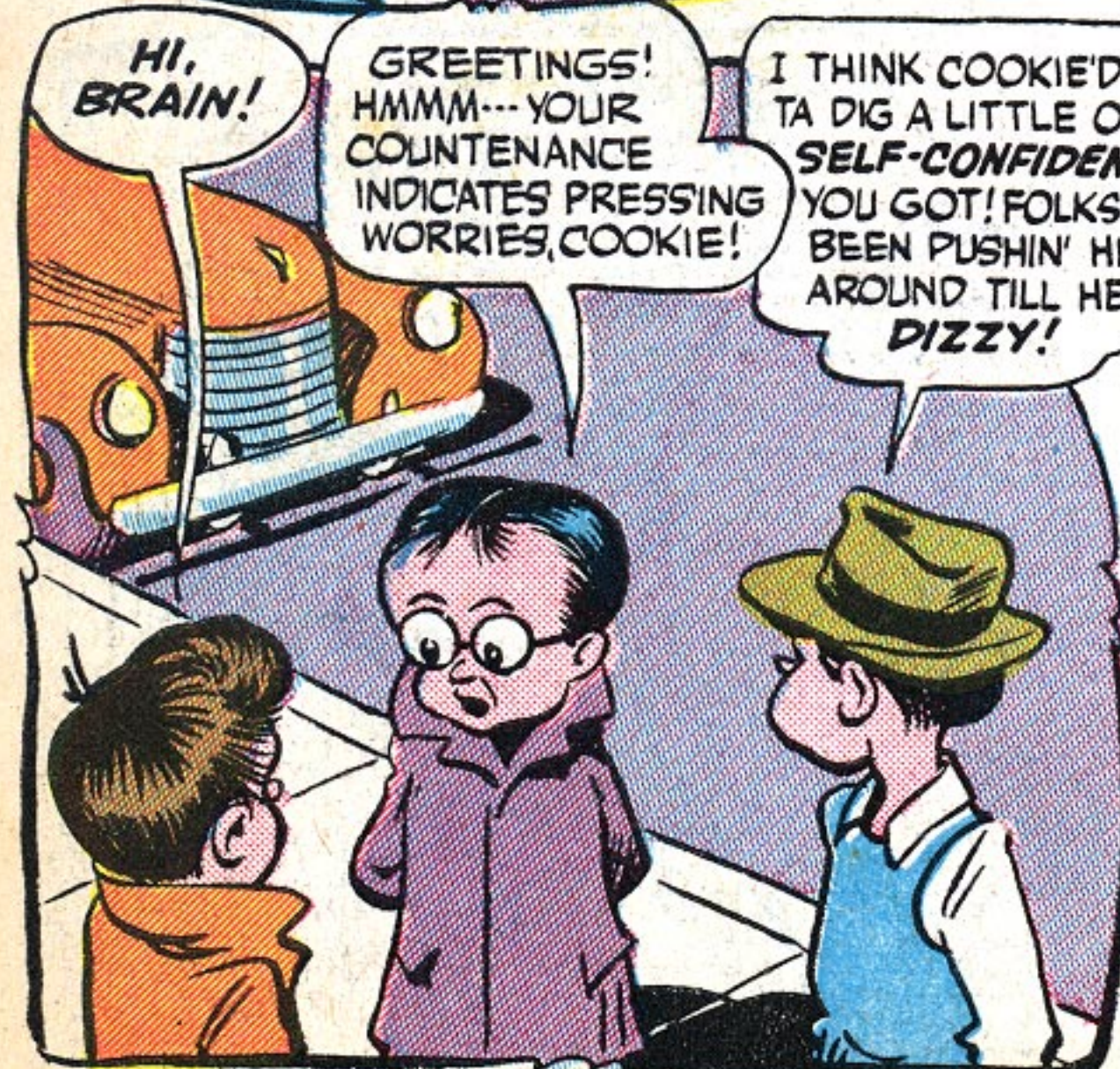
WHO CARES? WOT I WANNA KNOW IS, WOT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I GET IN TROUBLE NO MATTER WOT I DO!



YA GOTTA PROBLEM, AWRIGHT ...BUT THERE'S THE LAD THAT CAN SOLVE IT FOR YA! THE BRAIN!

...AND HEED THIS, THOU WORM! WHEN I REQUEST A COPY OF THE KILROYS, I EXPECT THE KILROYS... AND NAUGHT ELSE!

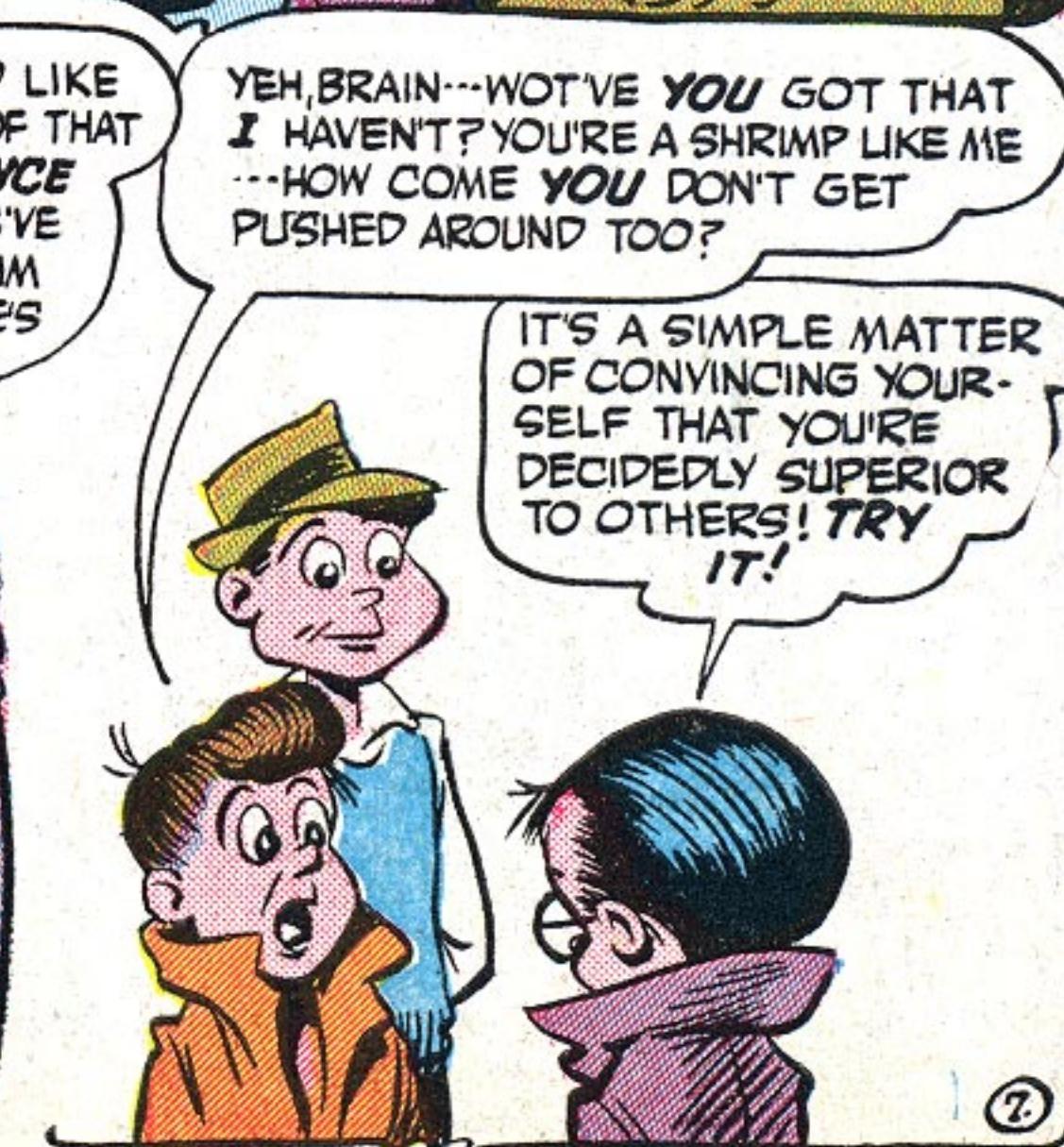
YES SIR... YES SIR...



HI, BRAIN!

GREETINGS! HMMM... YOUR COUNTENANCE INDICATES PRESSING WORRIES, COOKIE!

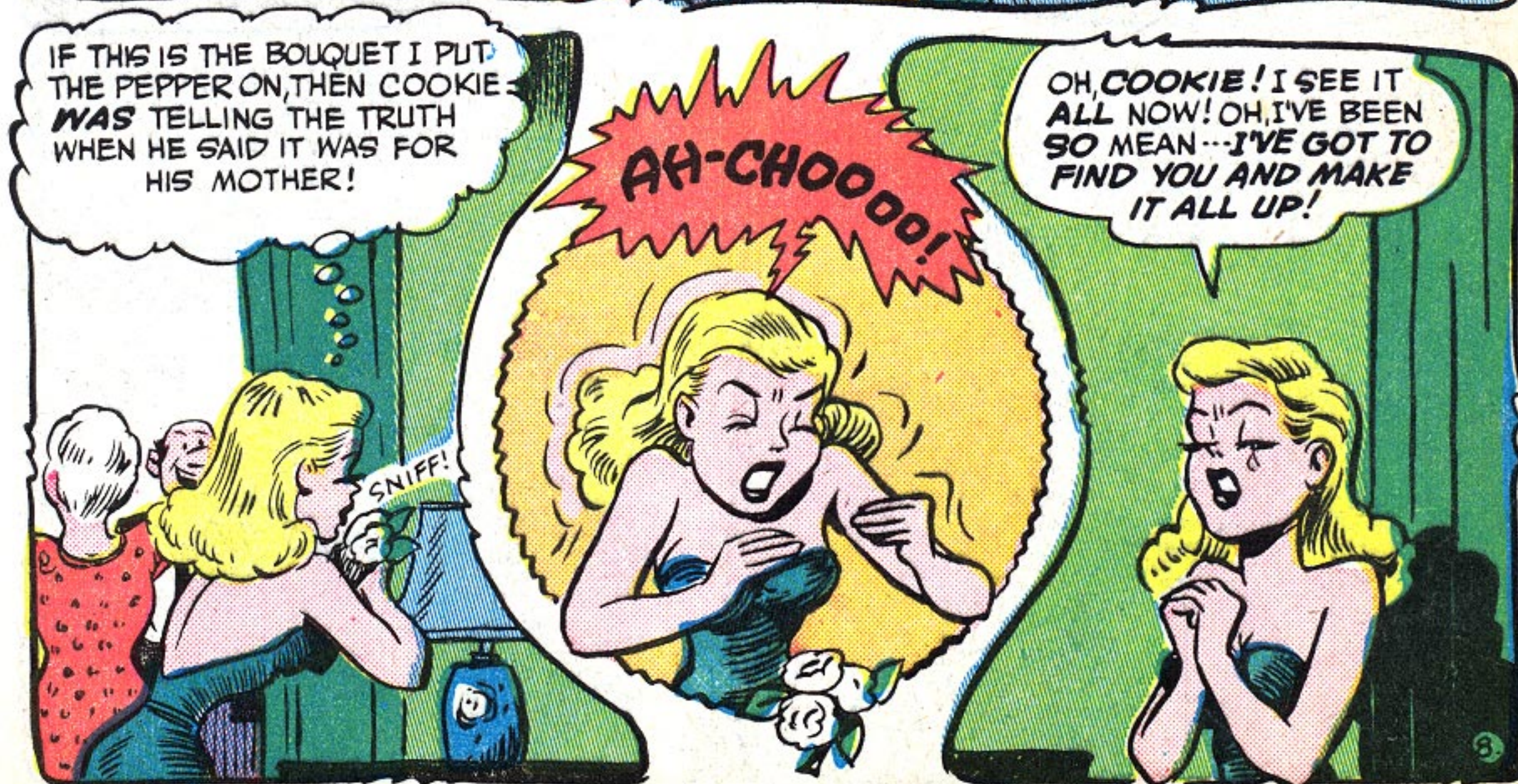
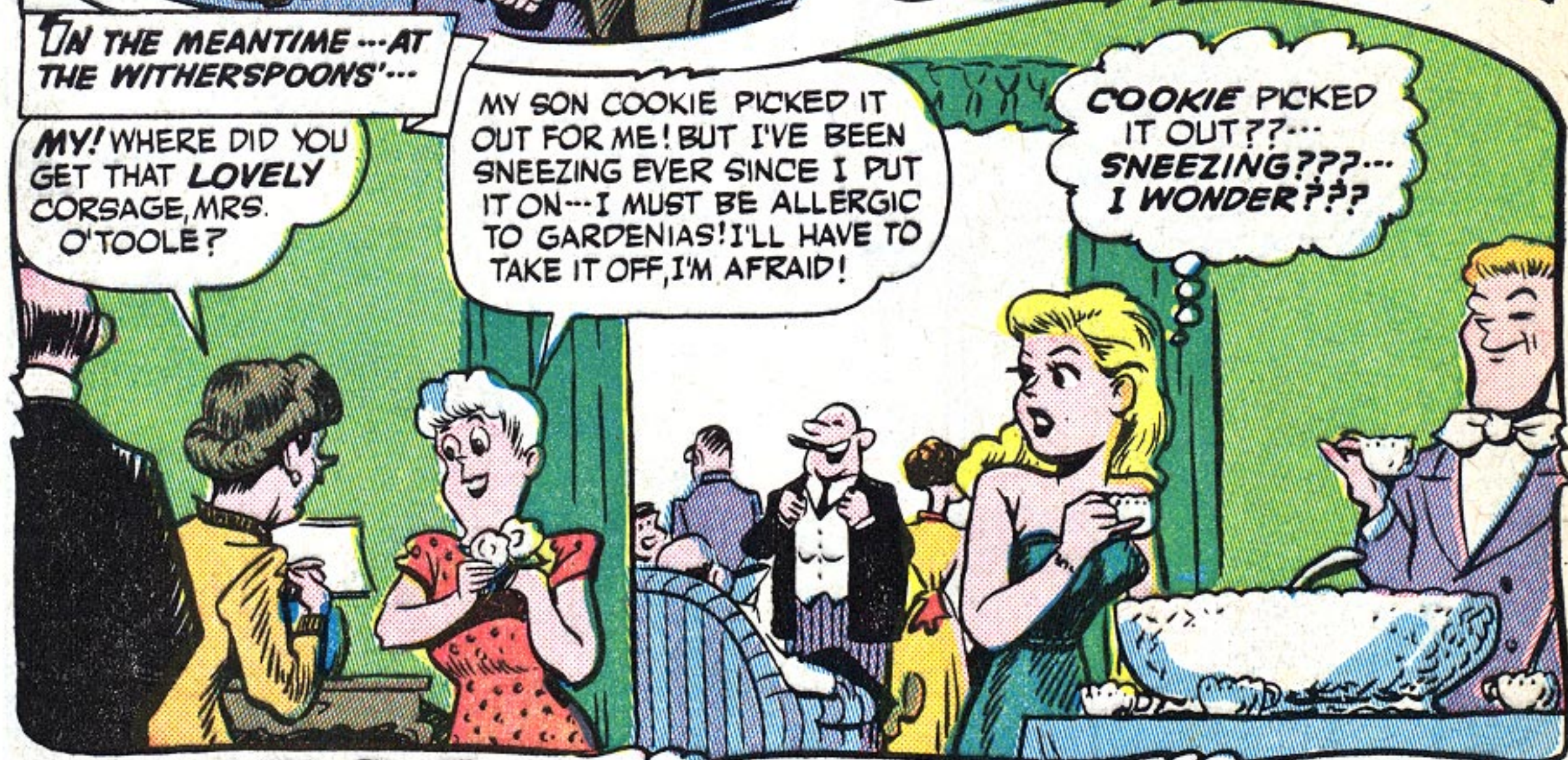
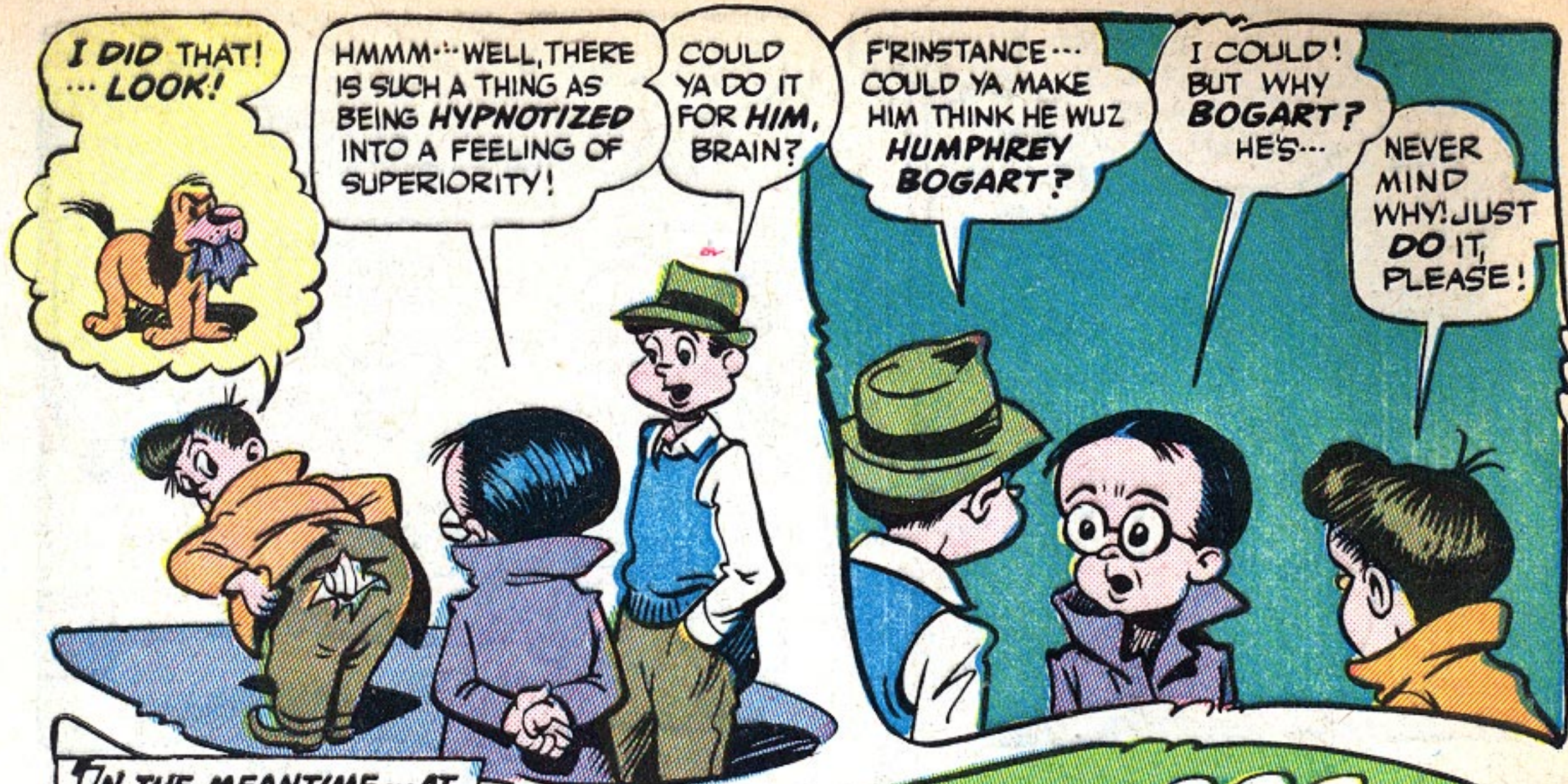
I THINK COOKIE'D LIKE TA DIG A LITTLE OF THAT SELF-CONFIDENCE YOU GOT! FOLKS'VE BEEN PUSHIN' HIM AROUND TILL HE'S DIZZY!



YEH, BRAIN... WOT'VE YOU GOT THAT I HAVEN'T? YOU'RE A SHRIMP LIKE ME ...HOW COME YOU DON'T GET PUSHED AROUND TOO?

IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF CONVINCING YOURSELF THAT YOU'RE DECIDEDLY SUPERIOR TO OTHERS! TRY IT!

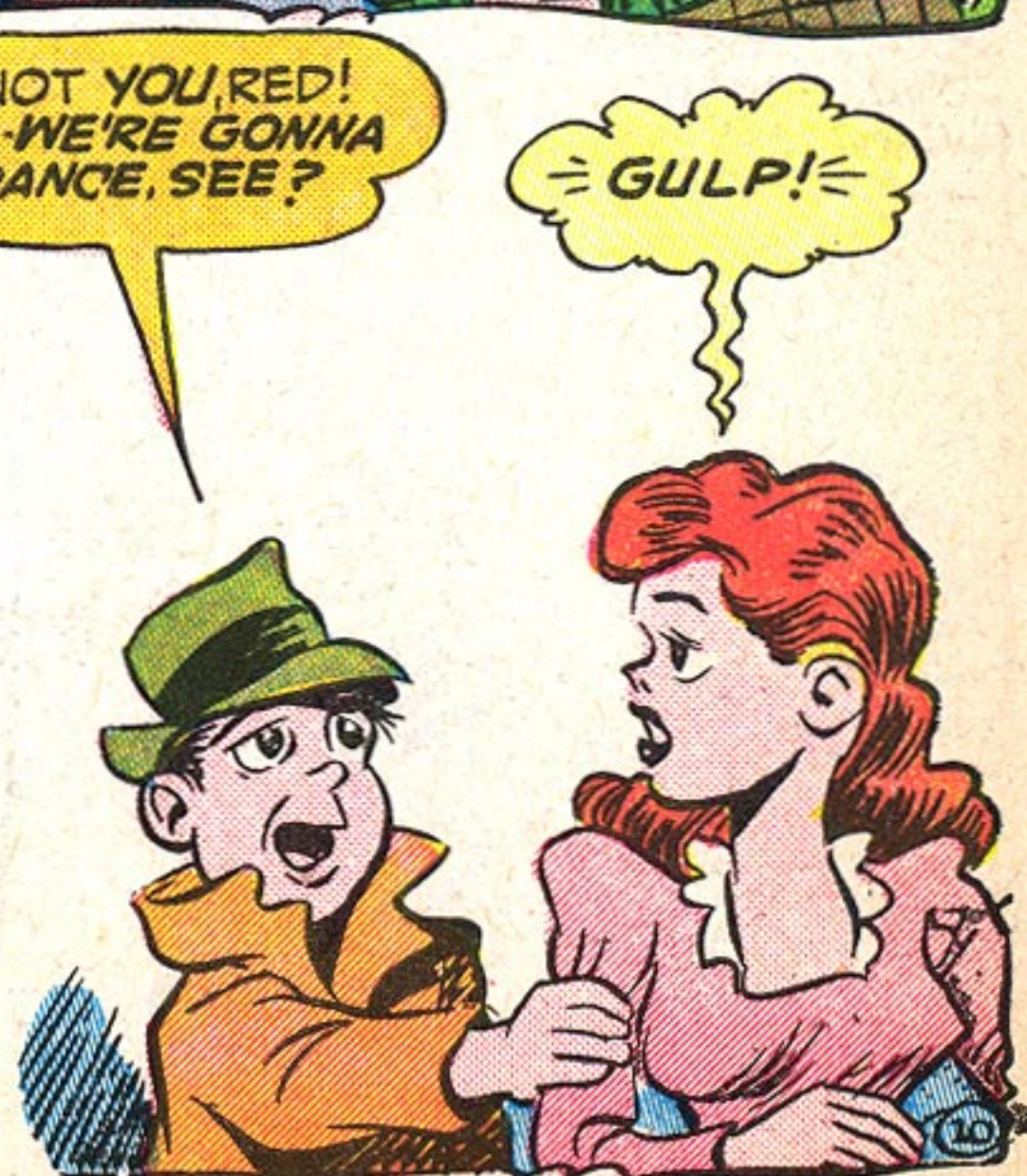
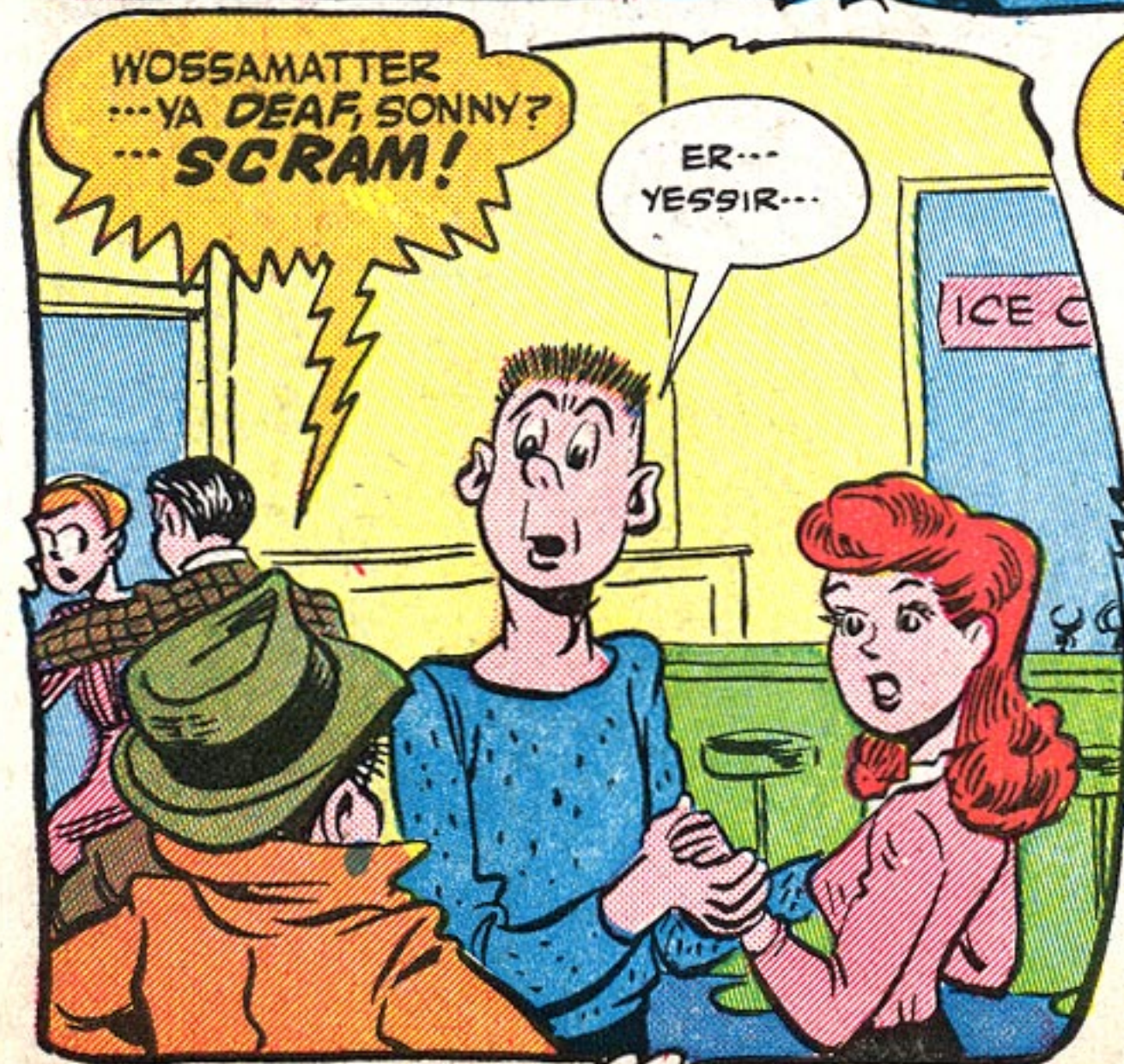
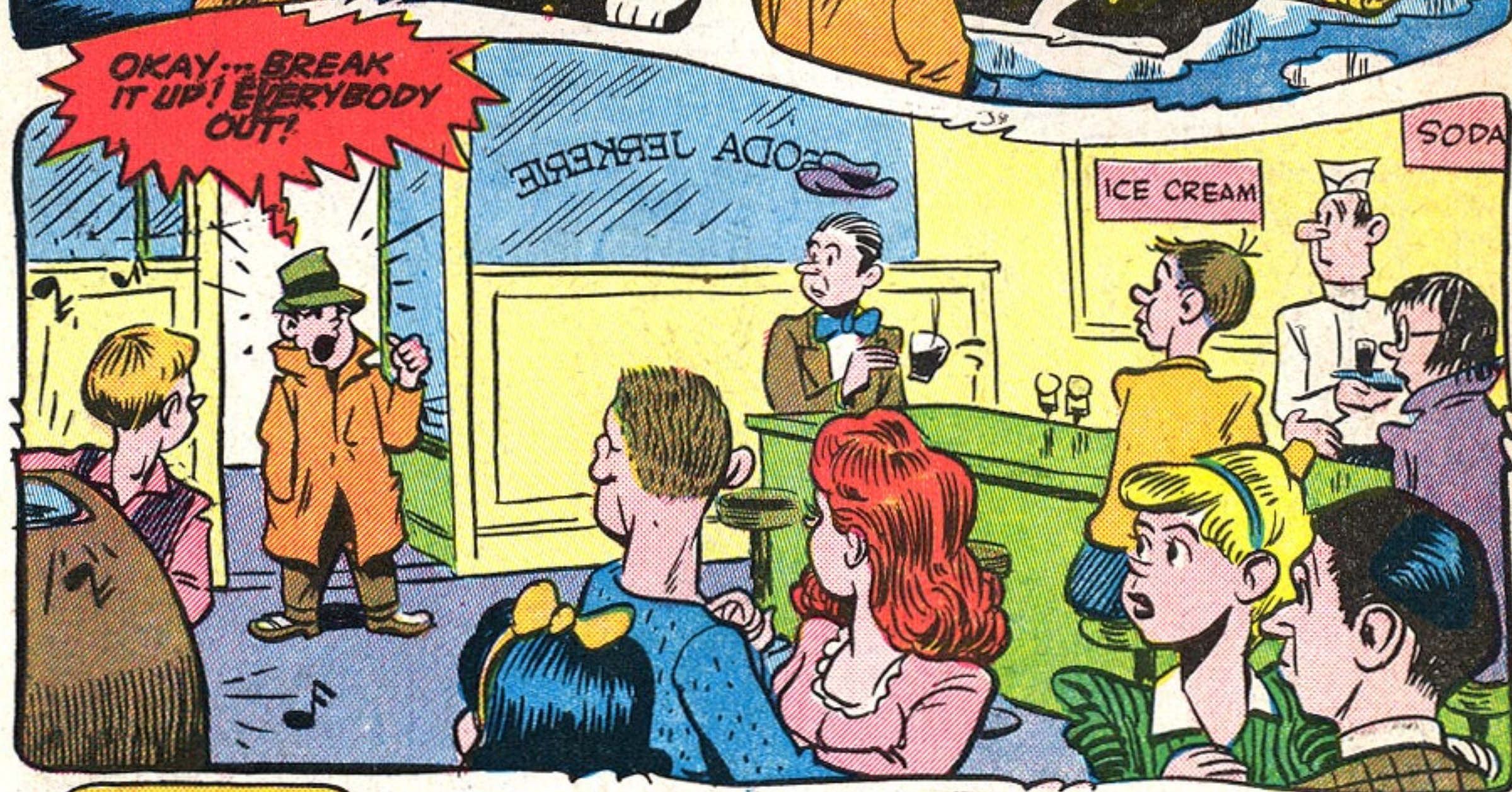
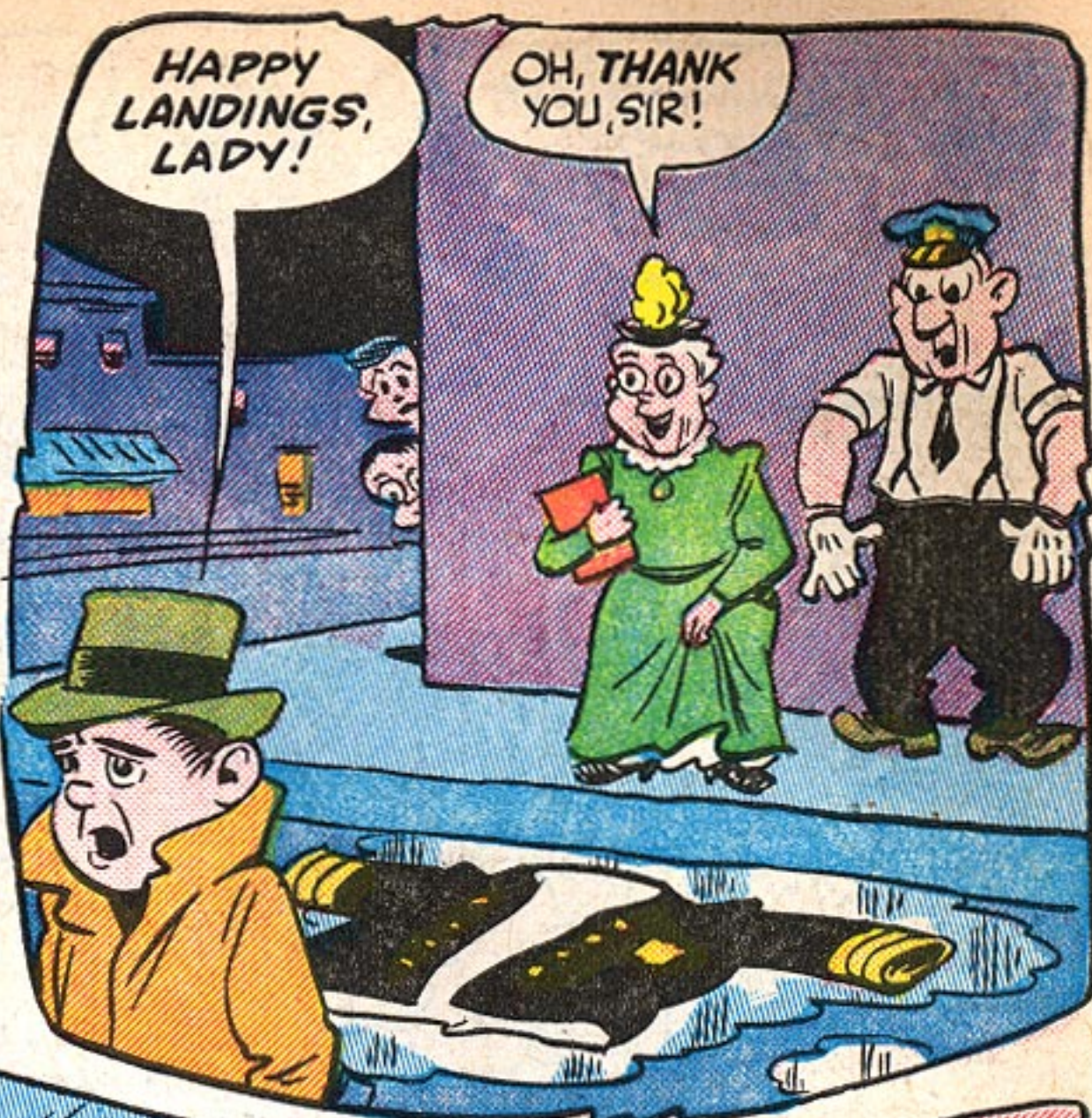








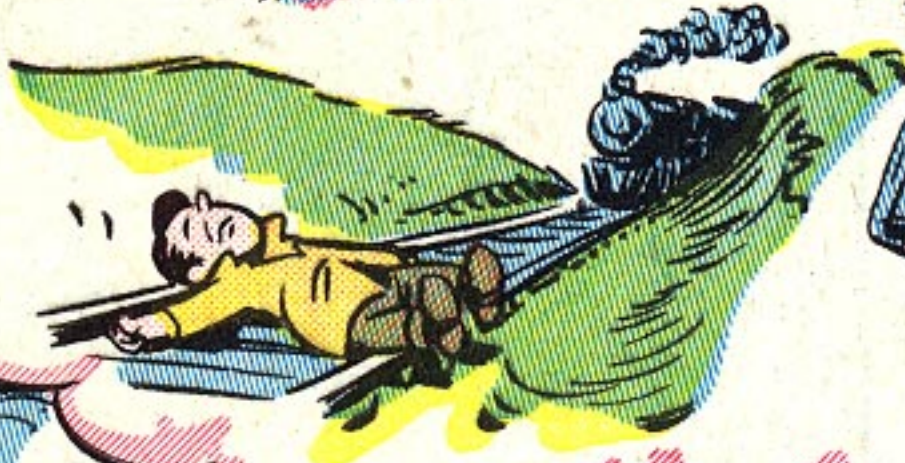






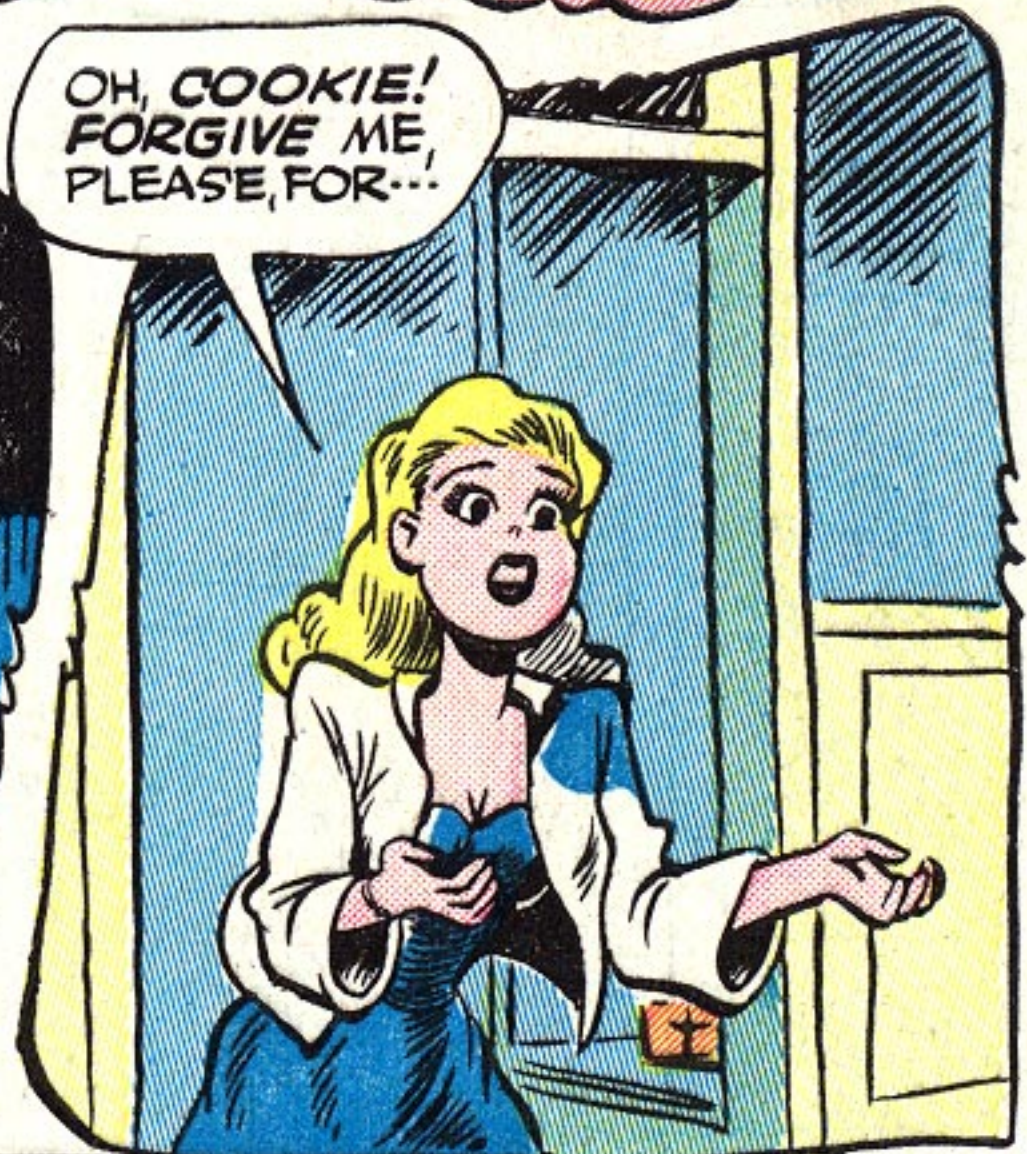
OH, COOKIE---WHAT HAVE I DONE? I DO HOPE I FIND YOU BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

FAREWELL, CROOL WORLD!



AT LAST I FIND YOU---A TRAGIC LITTLE FIGURE, SITTING ALONE WITH YOUR SORROWS! OH, YOU DEAR!

OH, COOKIE! FORGIVE ME, PLEASE, FOR...

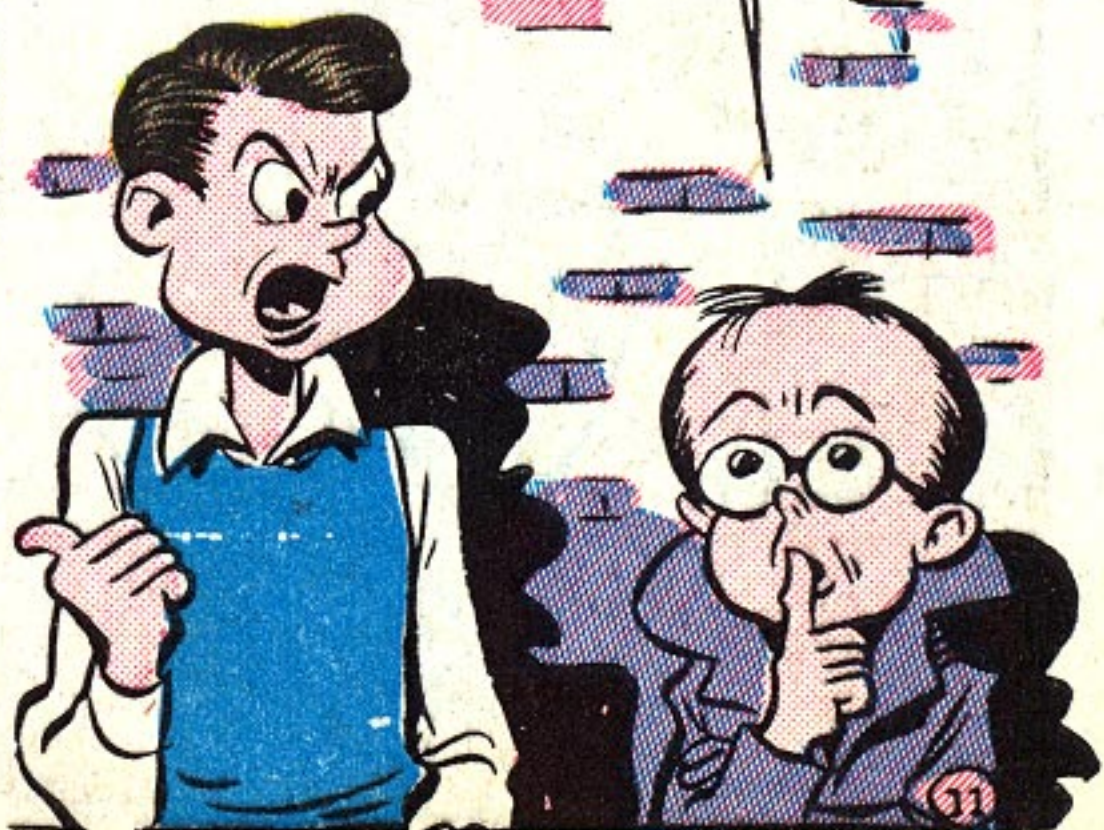
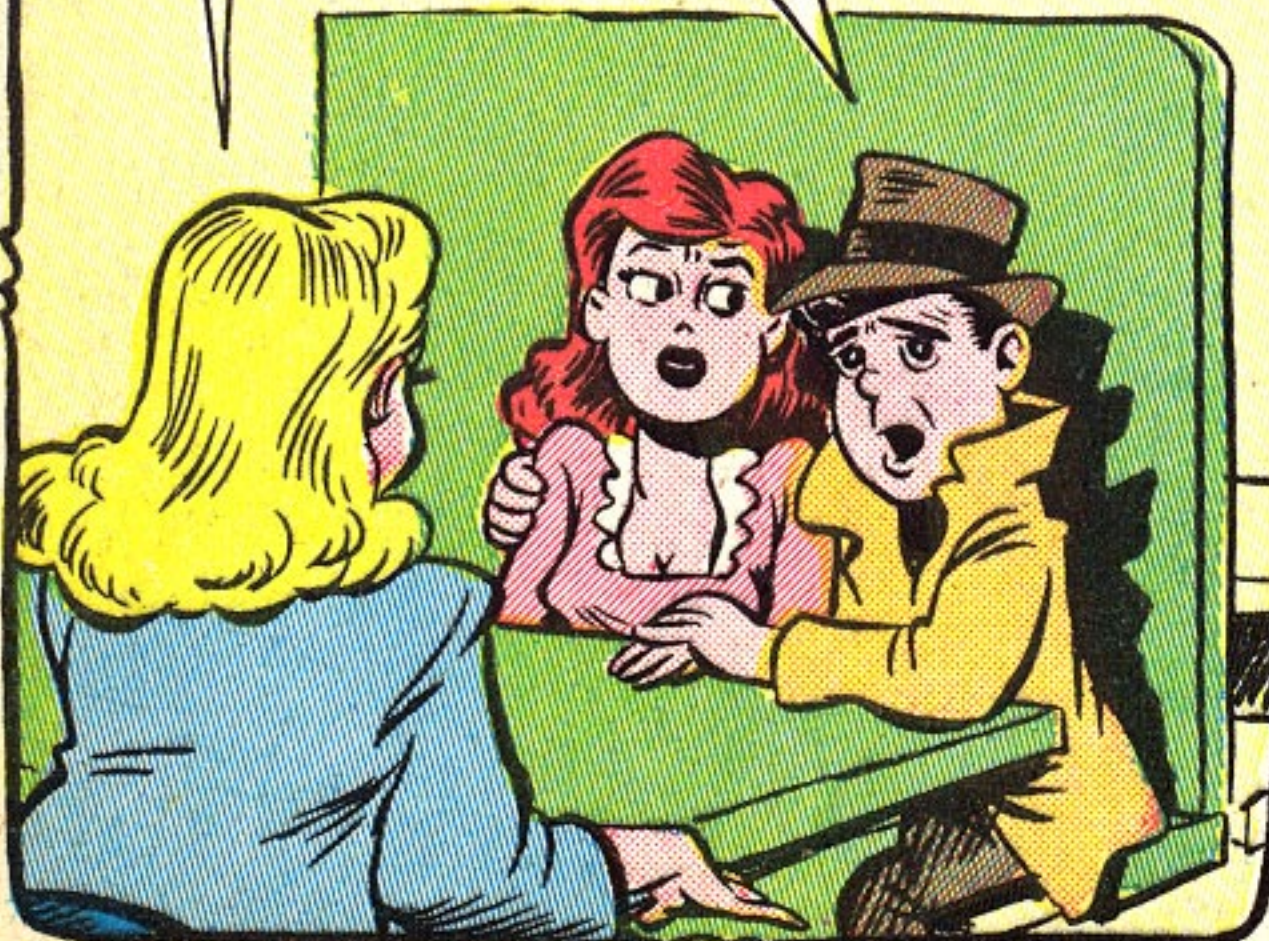


FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, WHAT'S THIS?!?

WOT'S IT TO YOU, BABY? ... BEAT IT!

WELL, THINK FAST, BRAIN! THIS IS A MESS NOW--- AN' YOU GOT HIM INTO IT!

SILENCE, FOOL! I'M THINKING!





THAT DOES IT! THAT'S THE  
LAST TIME I WANT TO LAY  
EYES ON THAT LITTLE...  
THAT LITTLE...

AH... MISS  
WITHERSPOON!  
MAY I SPEAK WITH  
YOU FOR A  
MOMENT?

SO

?

SCRAM,  
BRICKTOP!

HMMMM...

HOLY SOX!  
WO'D YA DO,  
BRAIN? HYPNOTIZE  
HER, TOO?

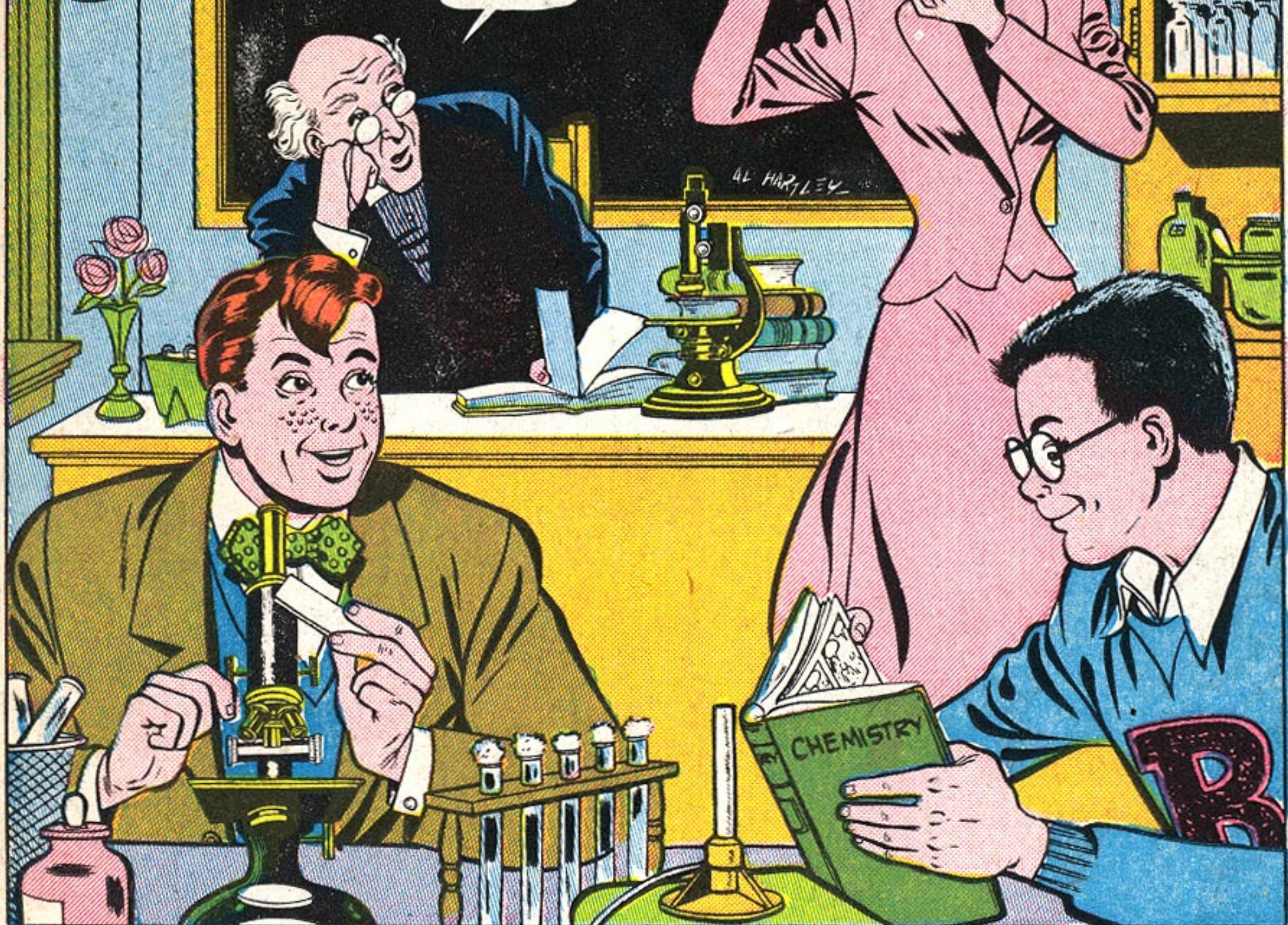
I DID! AND  
NOW SHE THINKS  
SHE'S LAUREN  
BACALL!



# The GIRL FRIEND

DEBBIE, WHAT IS CHEMISTRY'S GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION?

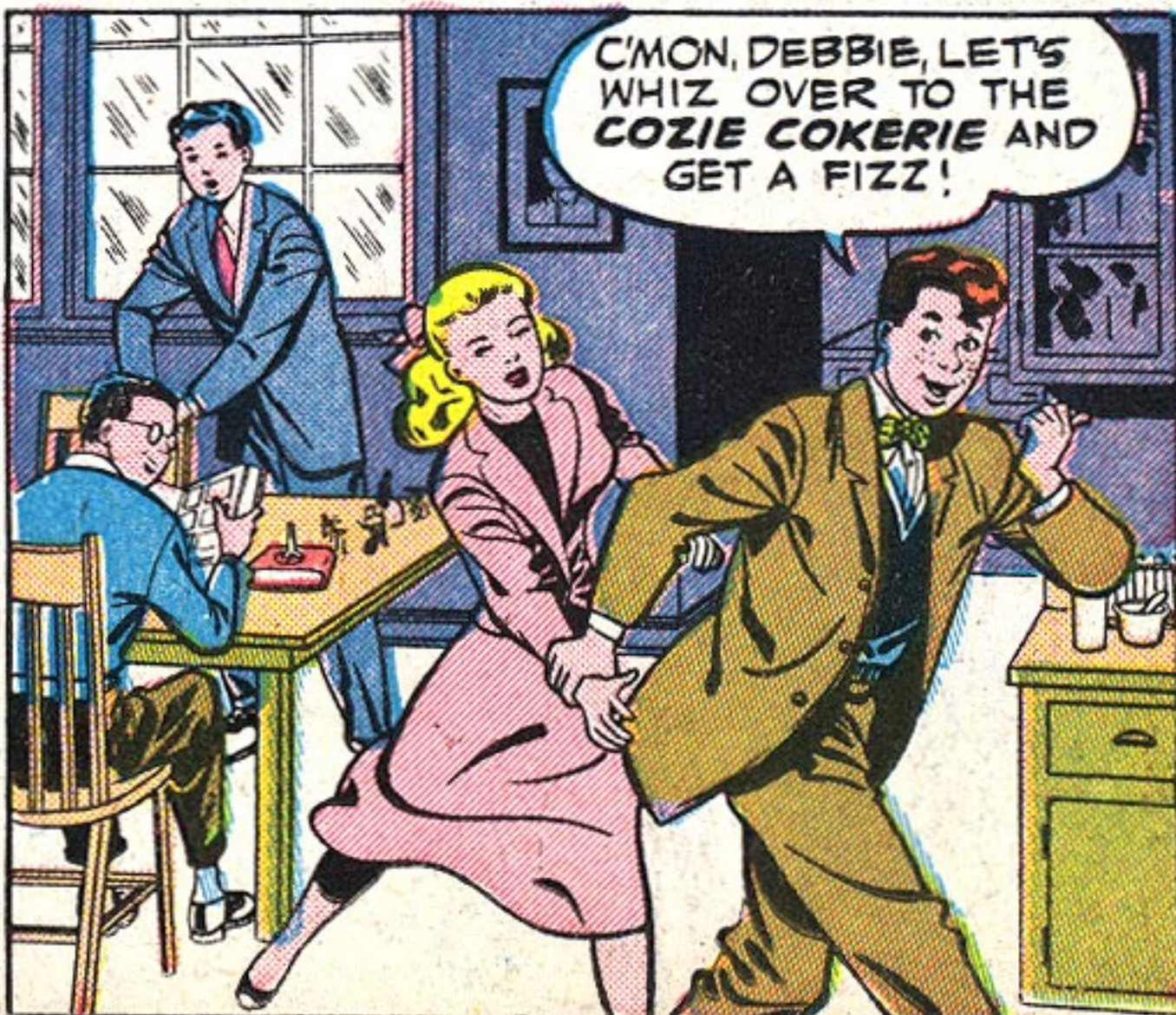
COSMETICS!



CLASS DISMISSED, PUPILS! THOSE WHO WISH TO REMAIN TO COMPLETE THEIR EXPERIMENTS MAY DO SO! JUST DON'T BLOW UP THE JOINT!



C'MON, DEBBIE, LET'S WHIZ OVER TO THE COZIE COKERIE AND GET A FIZZ!

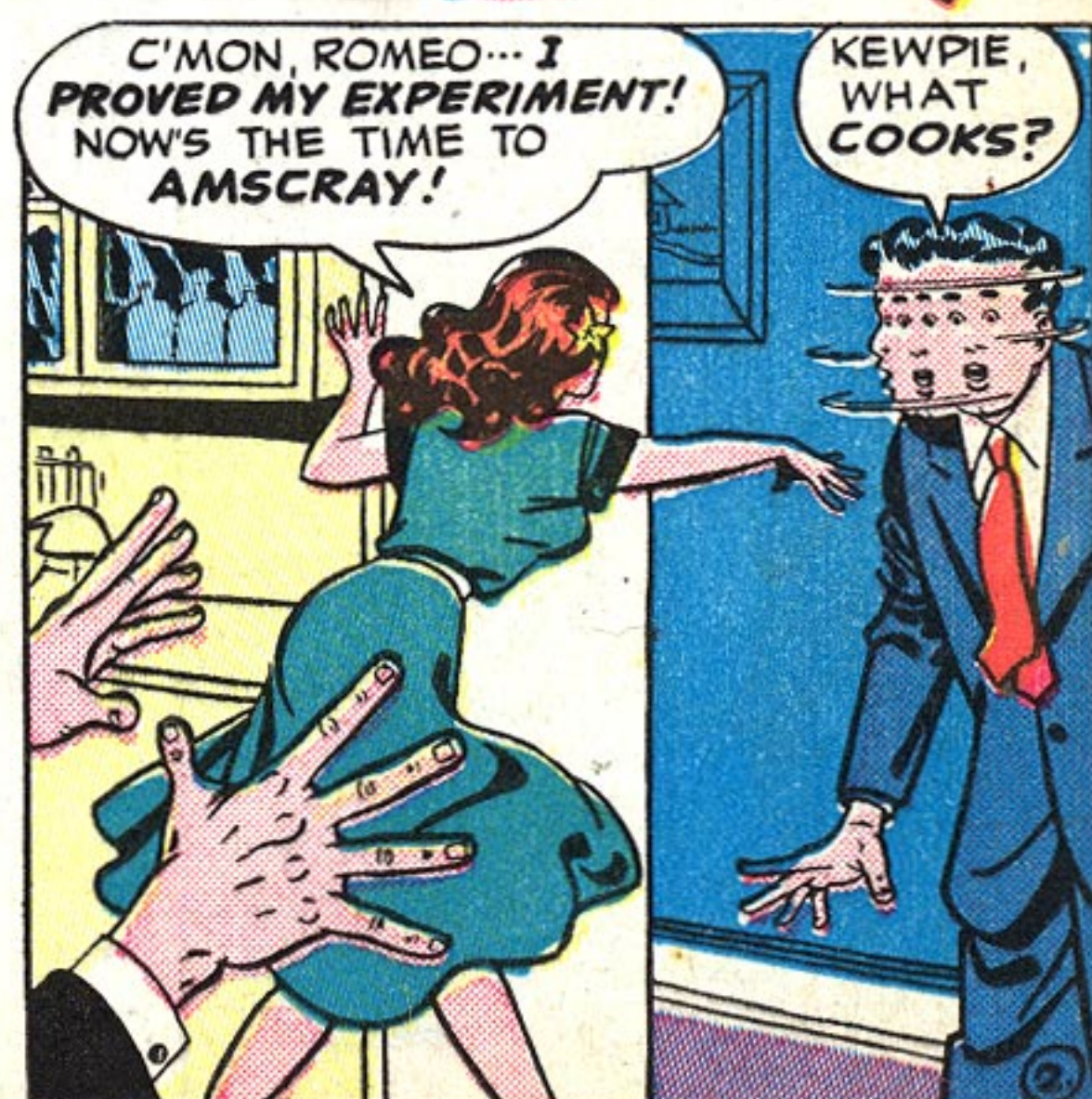
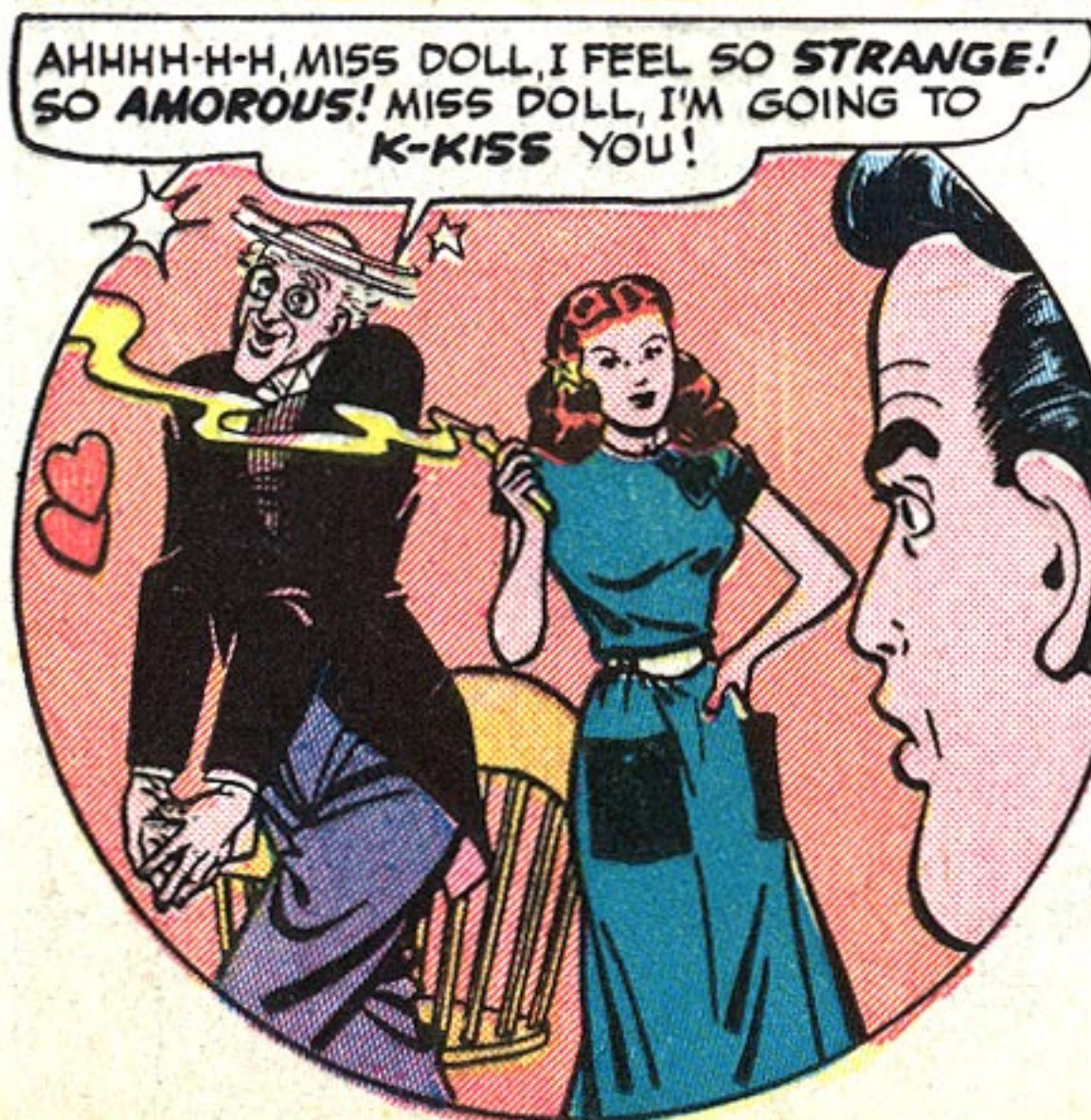
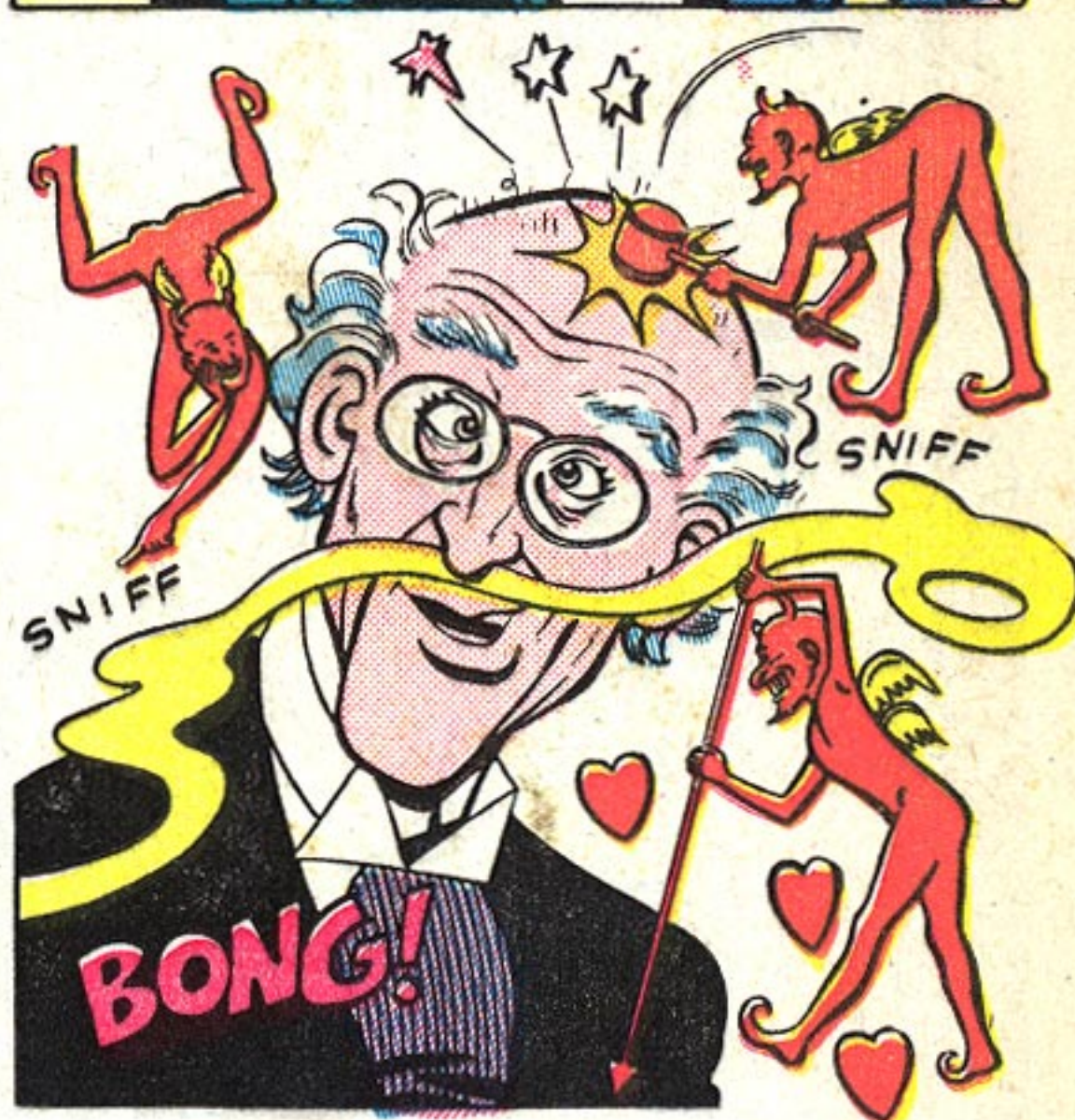






WAIT, ROMEO!  
I THINK I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING HERE!

LISTEN, KEWPIE... PICKLES HAS  
WHAT I'M AFTER... **DEBBIE**!  
SHE'S THE FORMULA FOR  
MY HAPPINESS!





I CALL THIS **ATOMIC BALM**, ROMEO, AND IF IT WORKS ON AN OLD FUDDY-DUDDY LIKE **PROFESSOR MANKEY**, IT'LL WORK ON **ANYONE!**

HUH?

I'VE CONCOCTED A **SUPER PERFUME!** ONE WHIFF... AND ANY MAN IS HELPLESS TO A GIRL'S CHARMS! HE BECOMES AN **AMOROUS SLAVE!**

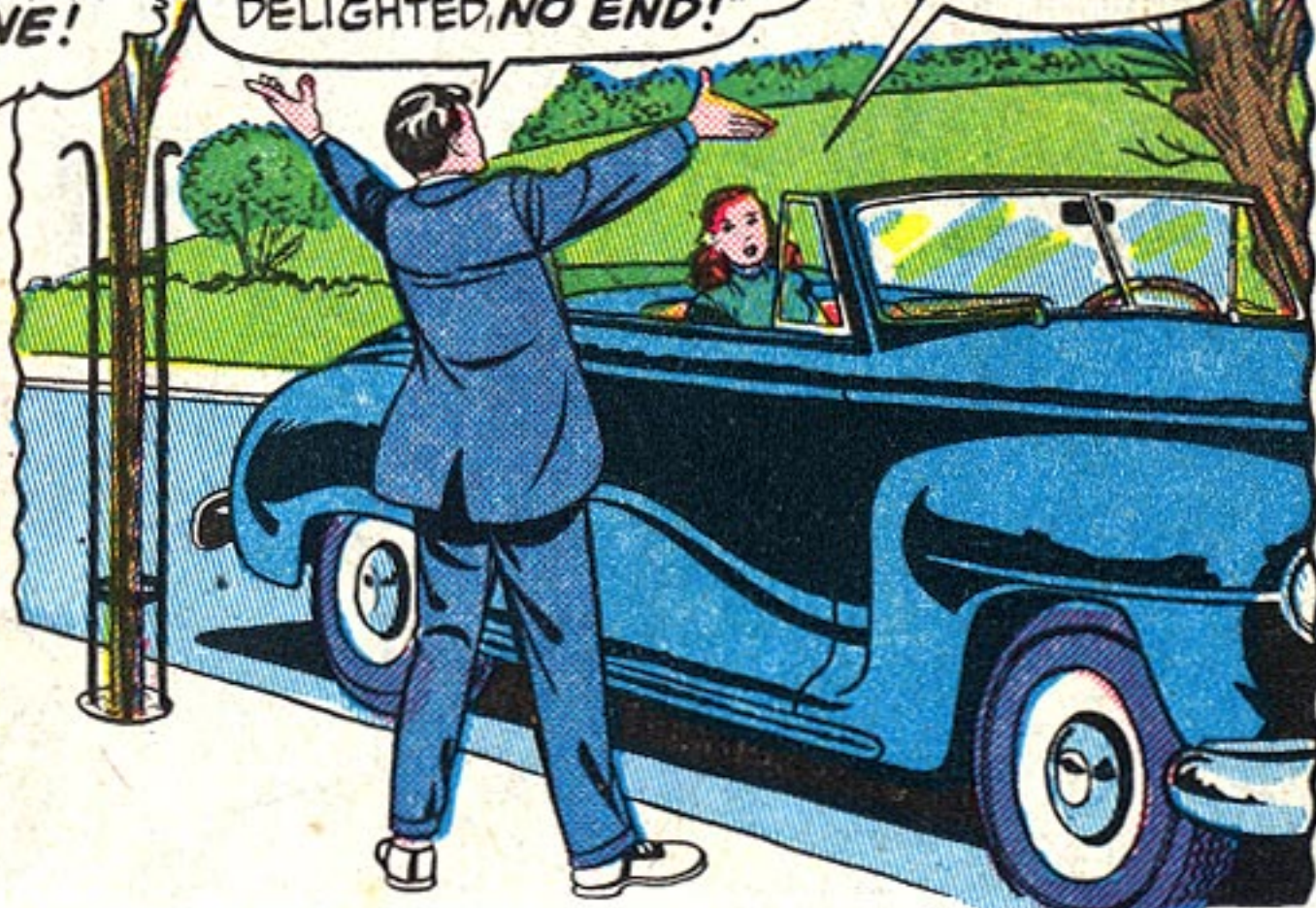
I GET IT! I'LL USE IT ON **DEBBIE**, HUH?

WHAT? WASTE MY WONDERFUL DISCOVERY ON **YOUR** ROMANCE? **NO, ROMEO, I'LL USE IT ON PICKLES!** AND **DEBBIE** WILL BE SO FURIOUS SHE'LL FALL INTO YOUR WAITING ARMS!

BUT **MORE** IMPORTANT, **PICKLES** WILL FALL INTO **MINE!**

KEWPIE, YOU'RE **TERRIFIC!** AS THE FIREFLY SAID WHEN HE BACKED INTO THE MEAT CHOPPER, "I'M DELIGHTED, **NO END!**"

GOOD! NOW LET'S GET OVER TO THE **COZIE COKERIE!**



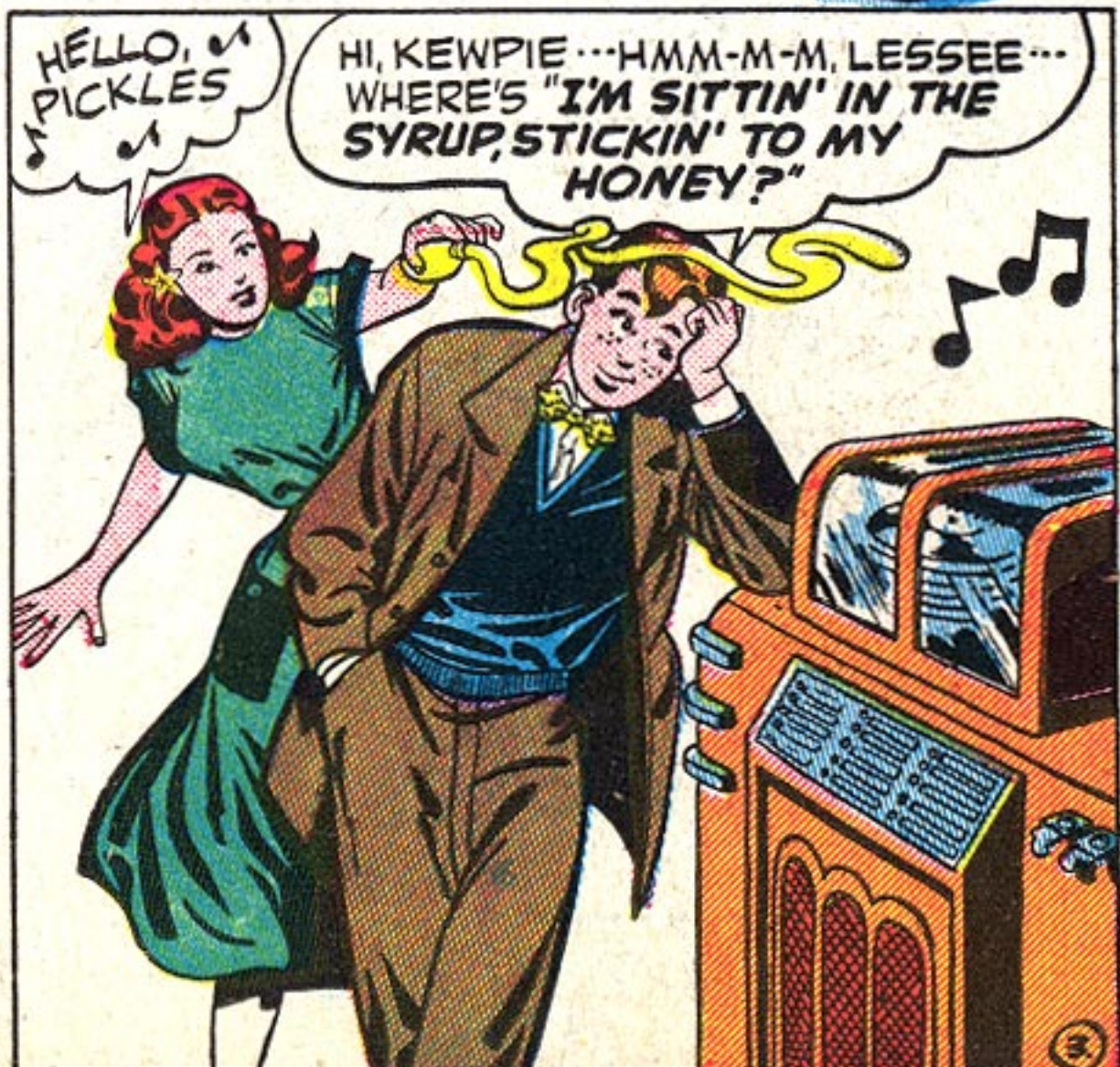
AT THE **COZIE COKERIE...**

**ODAS**

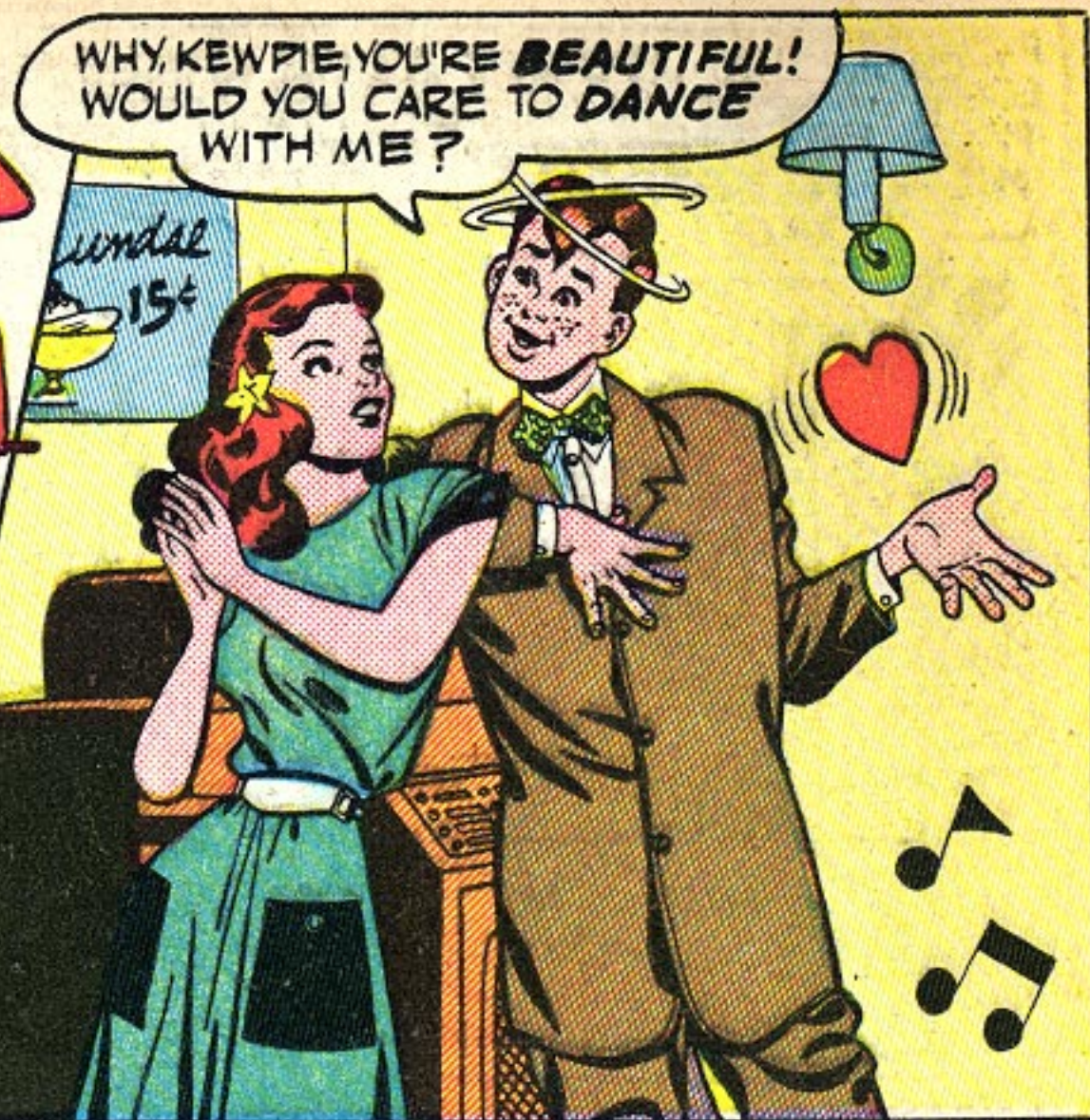
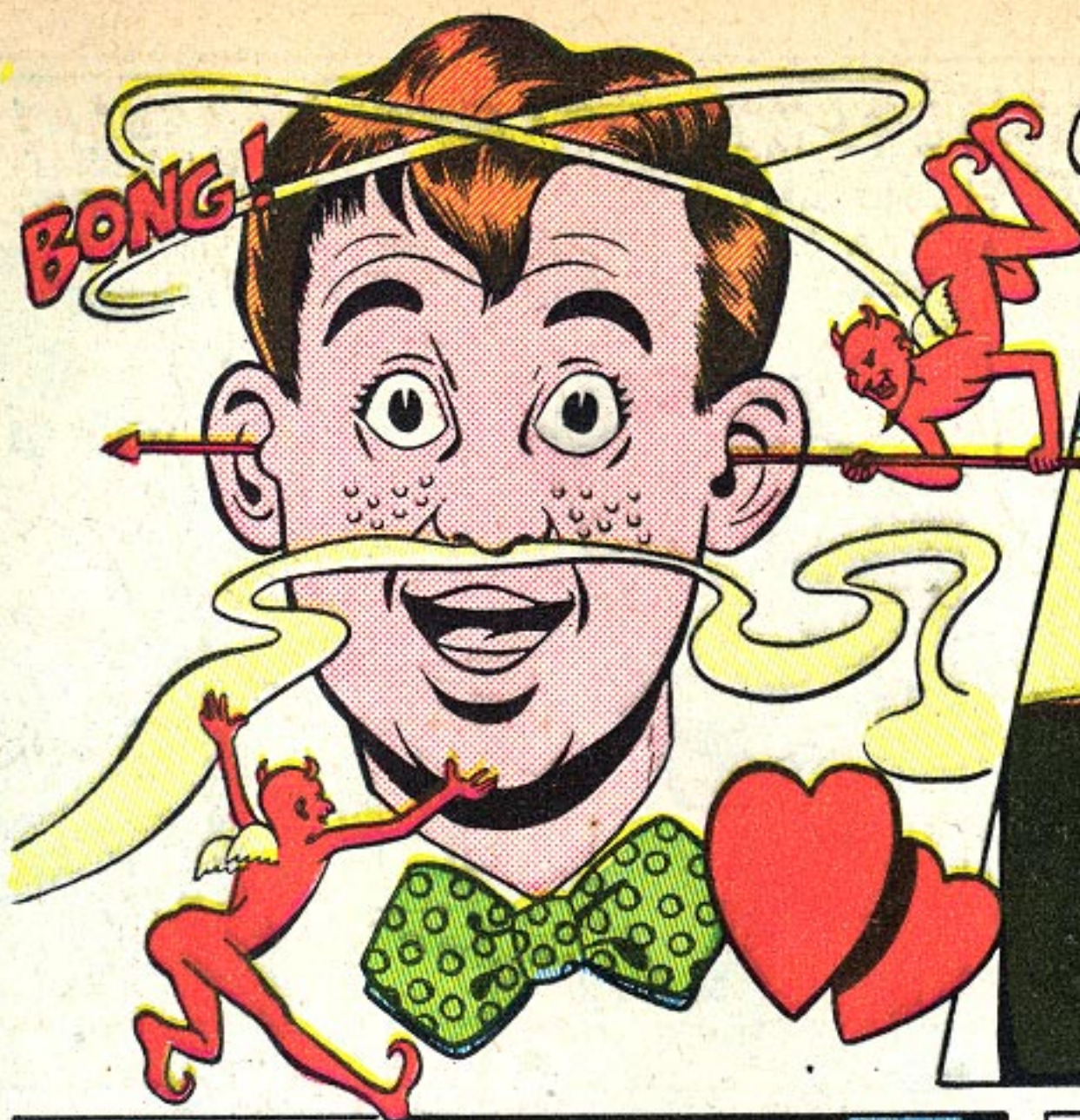
**PICKLES** IS ALONE AT THE JUKE BOX!...HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, **KEWPIE...GET BUSY!**

HELLO, **PICKLES**

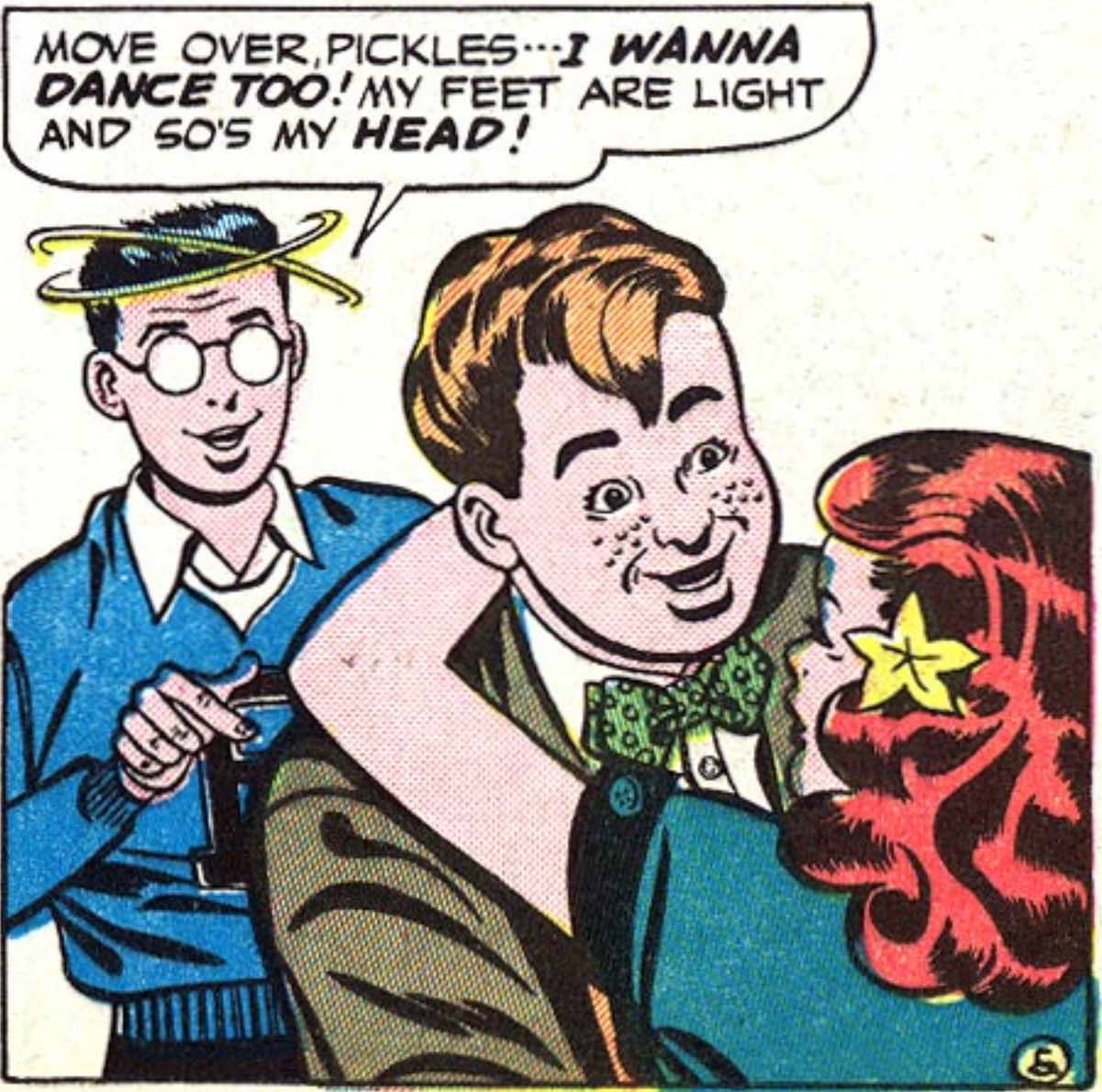
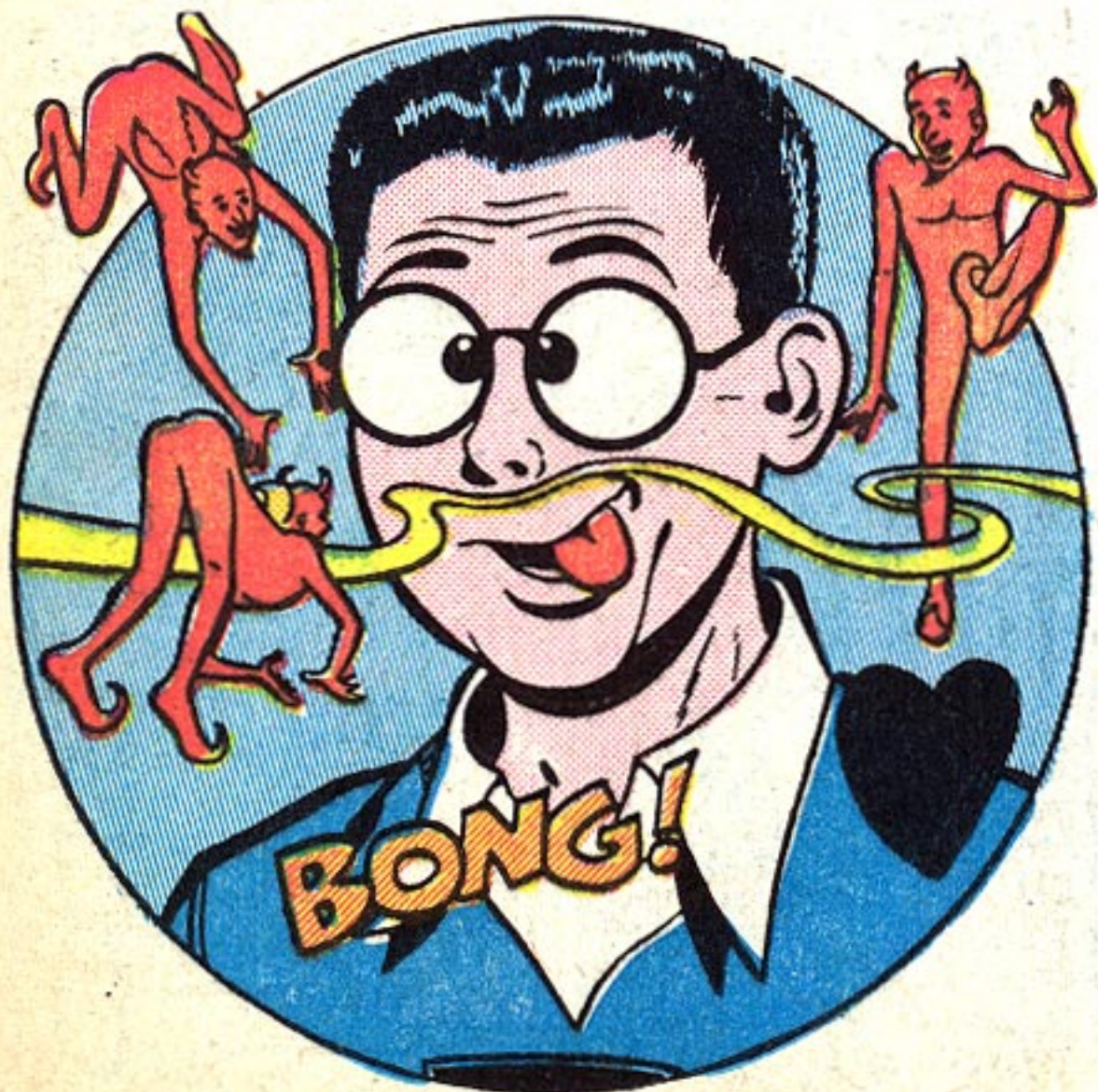
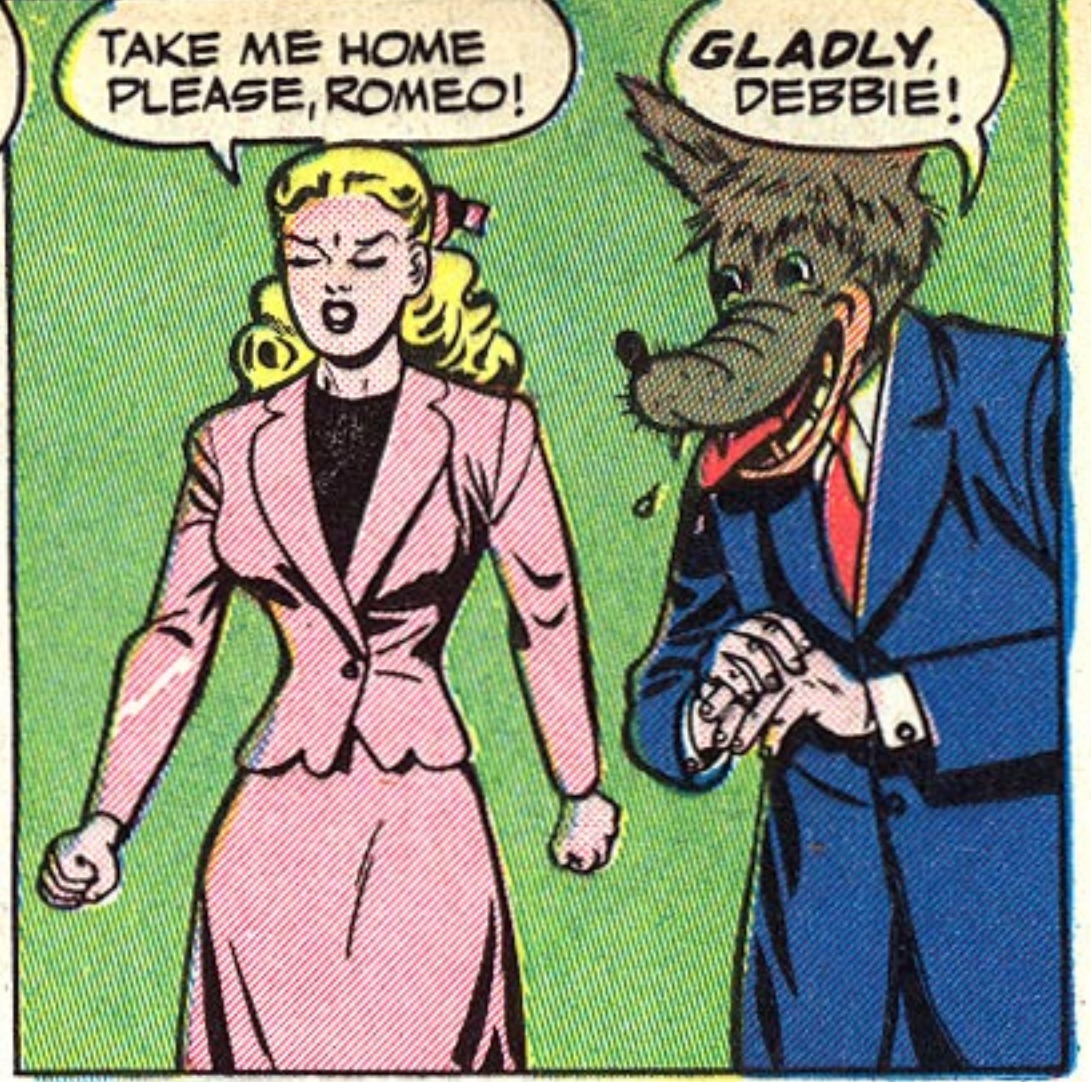
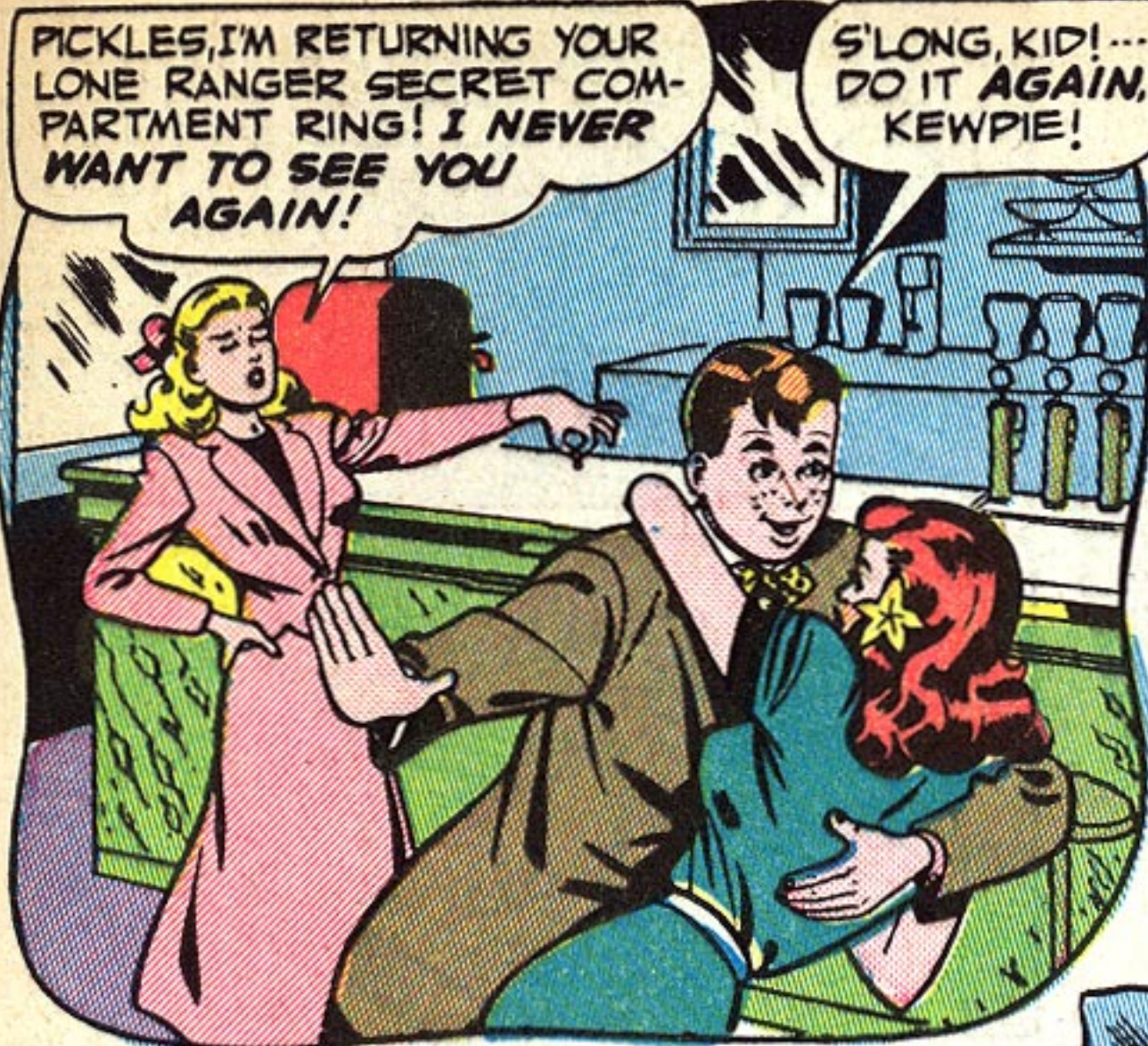
HI, **KEWPIE**...HMM-M-M, LESSEE... WHERE'S "I'M SITTIN' IN THE SYRUP, STICKIN' TO MY HONEY?"



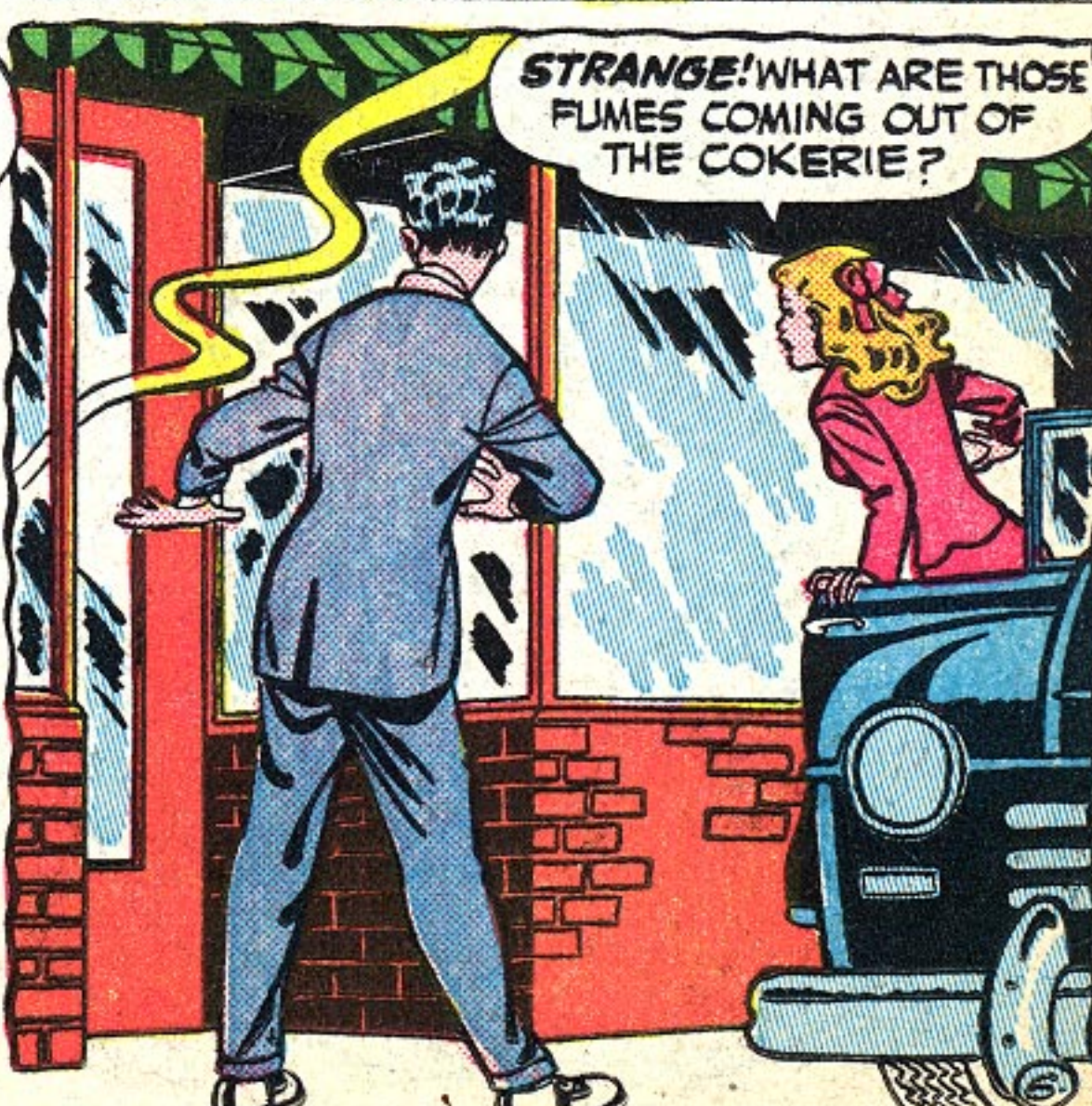
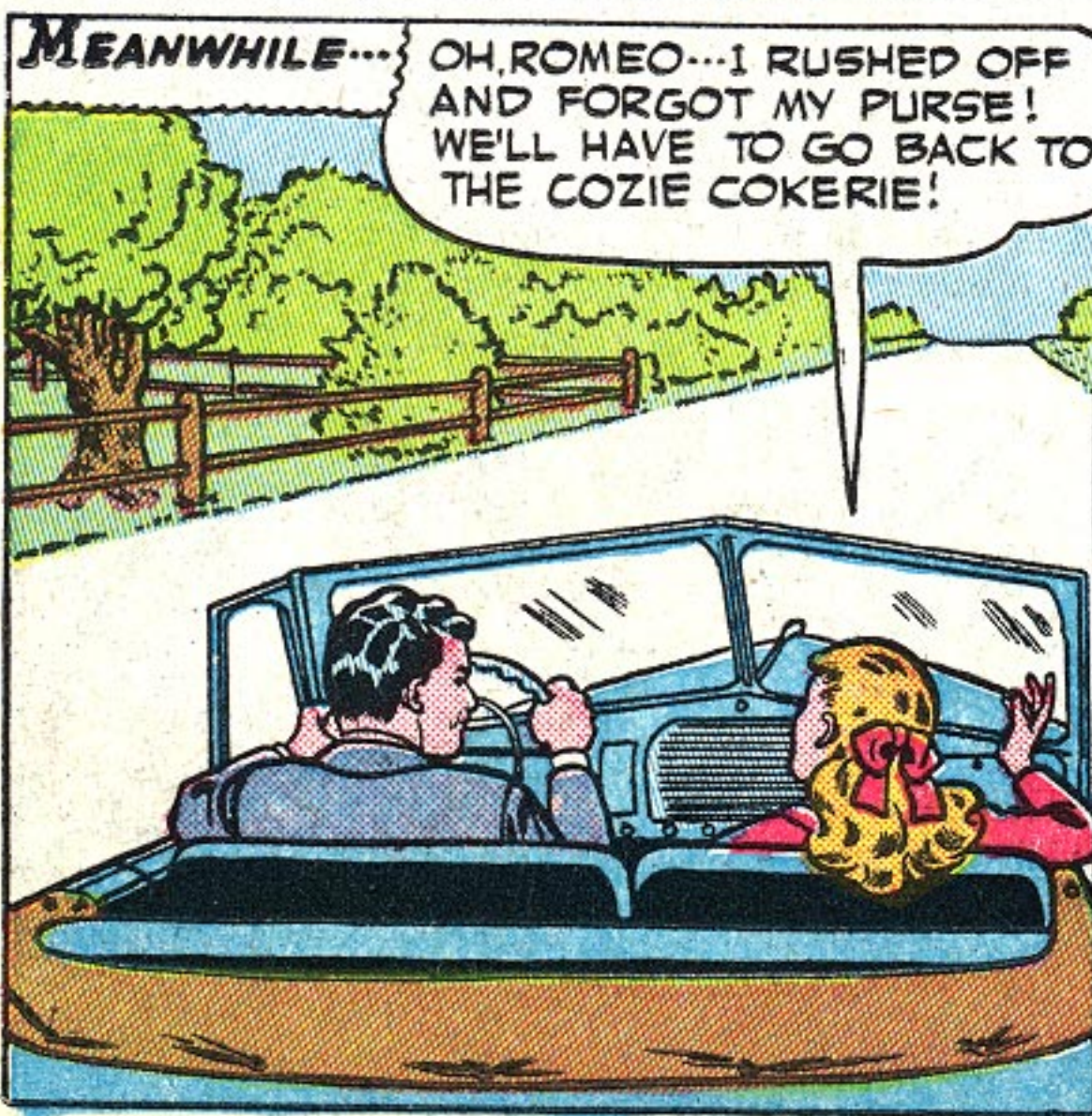
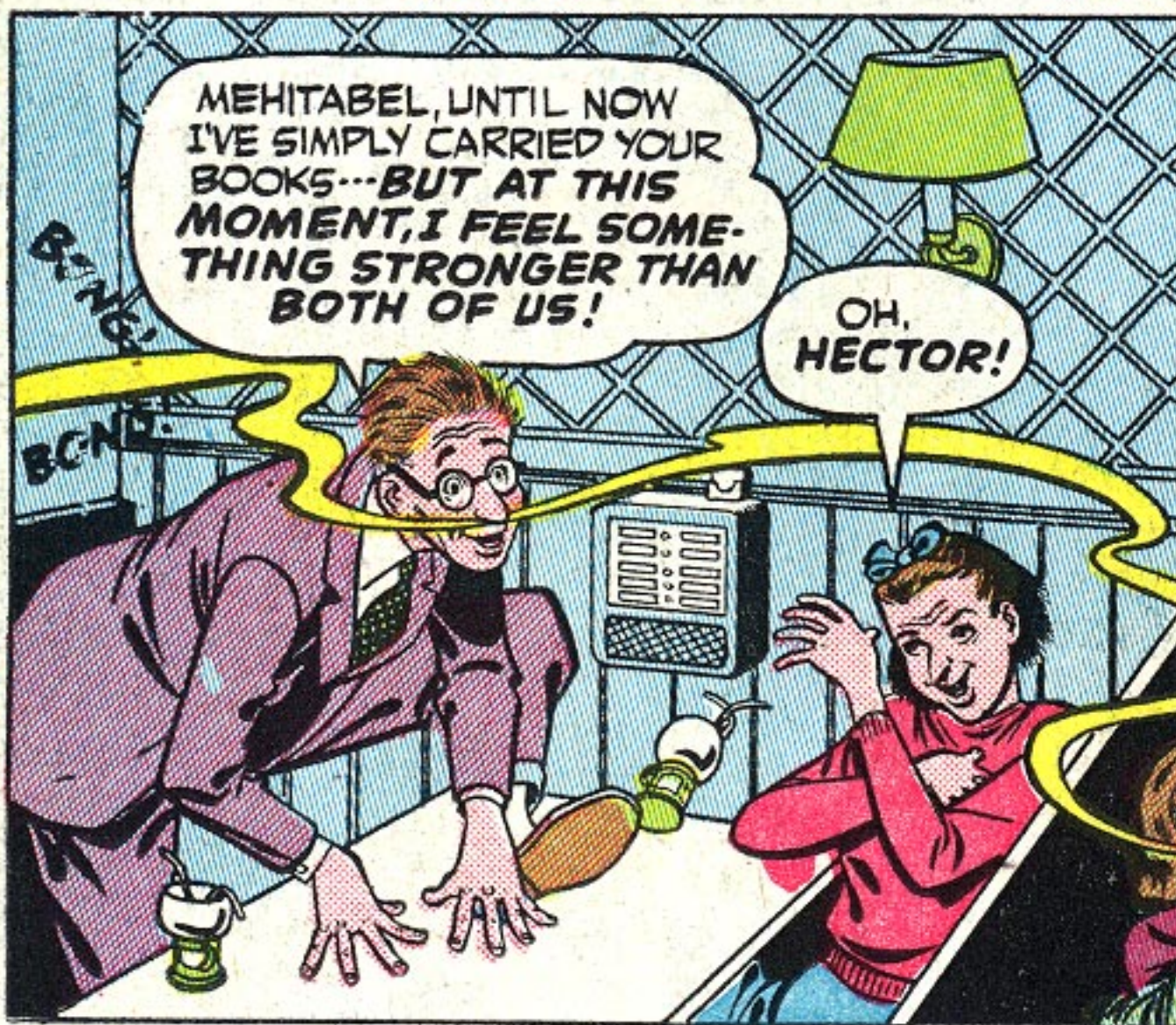
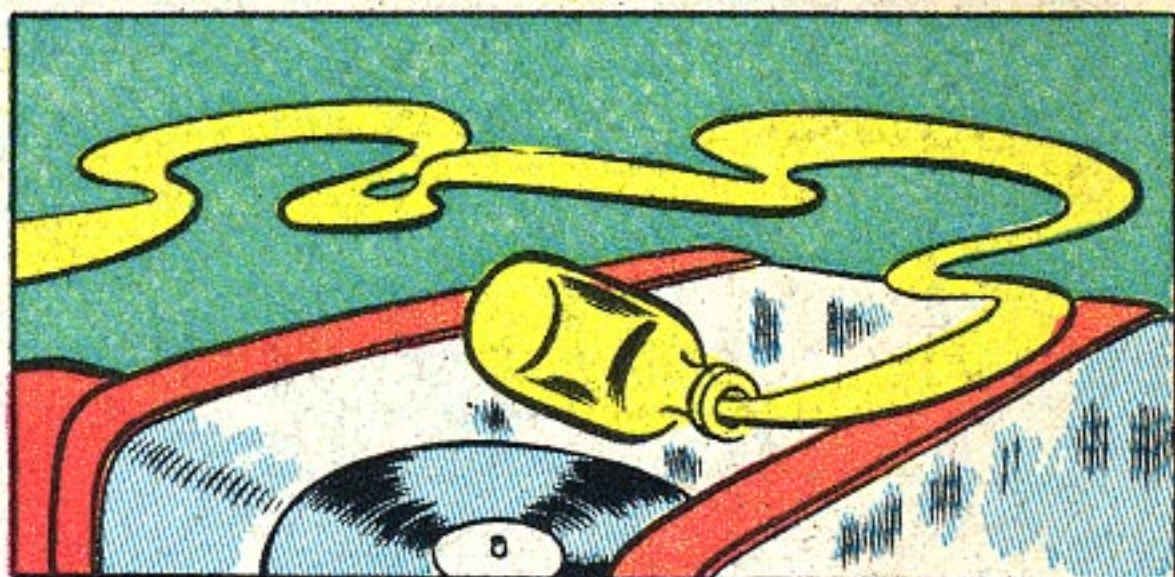
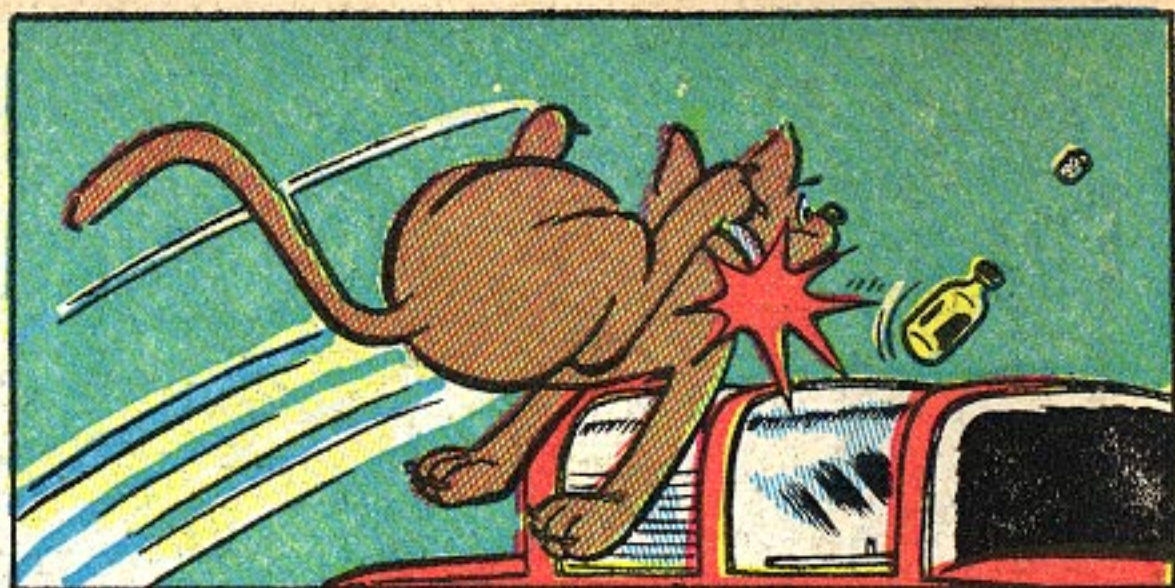
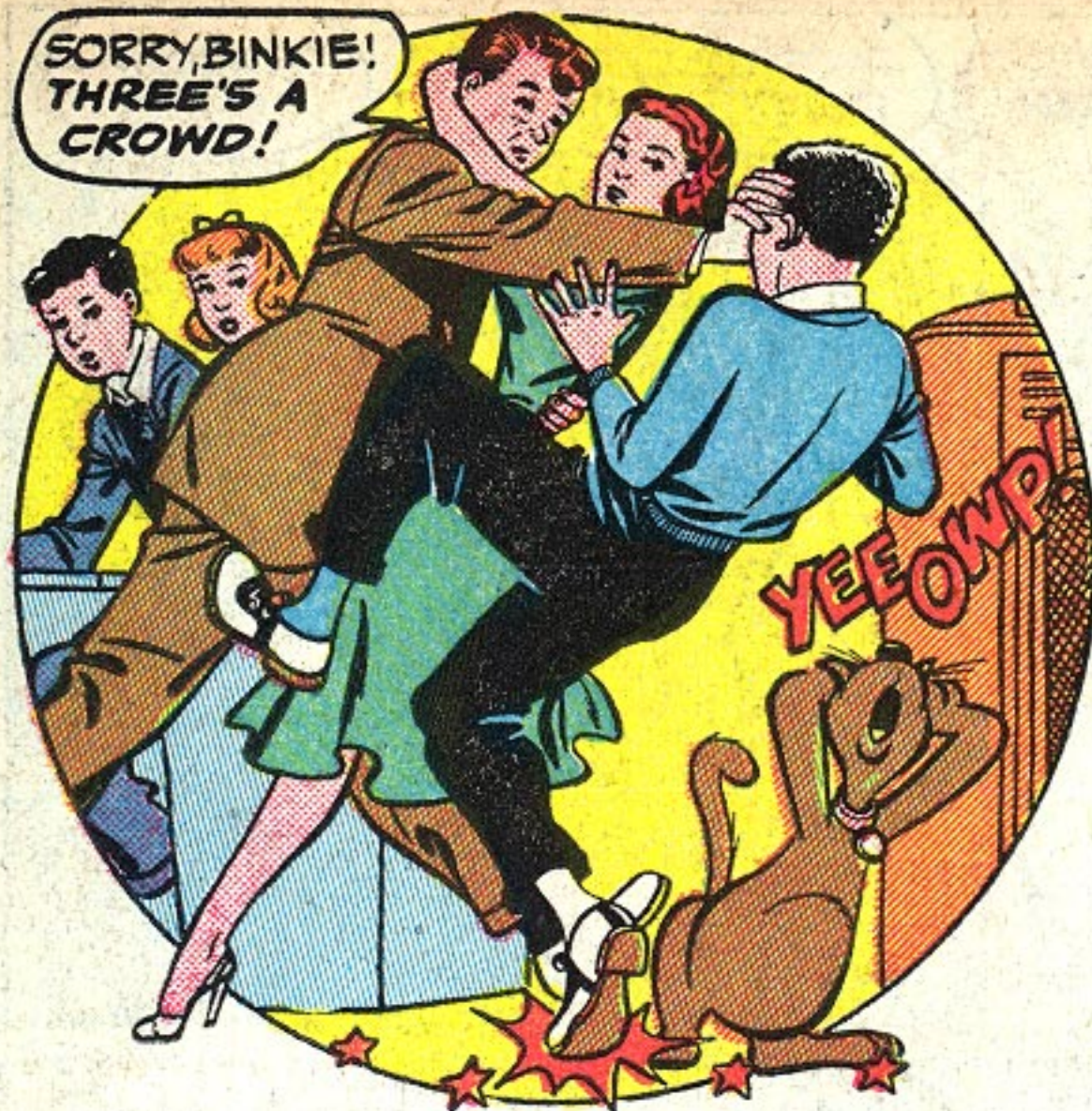






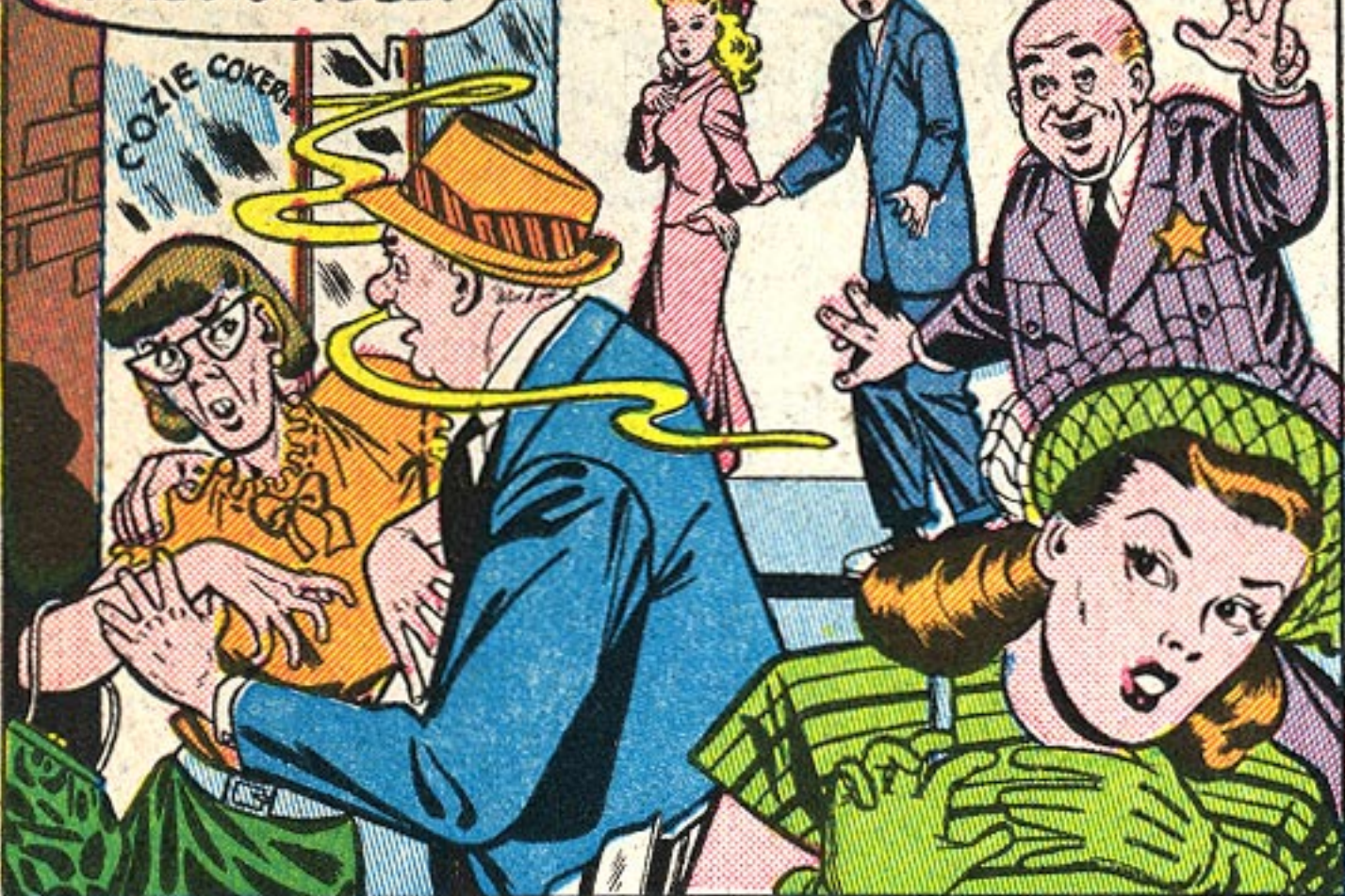






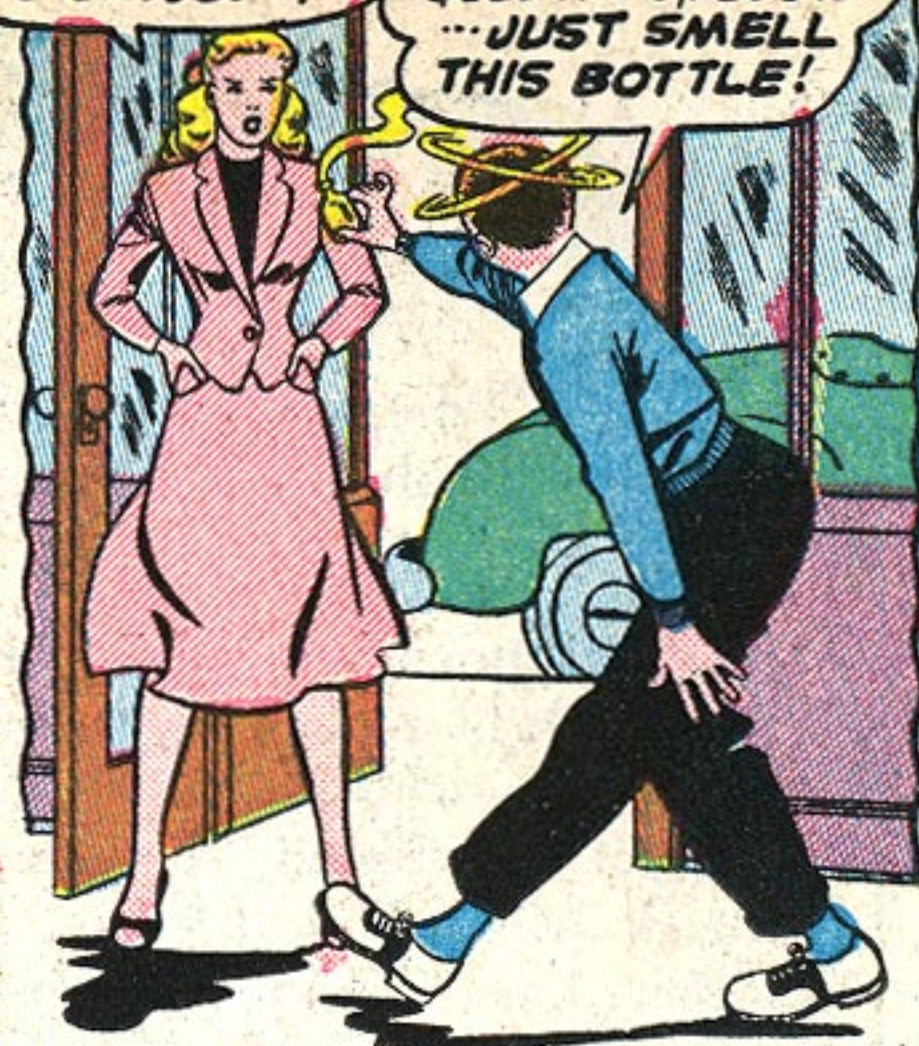


MADAM, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE... BUT BELIEVE ME, YOU'RE IRRESISTIBLE!



WHAT'S GOT INTO EVERYBODY?

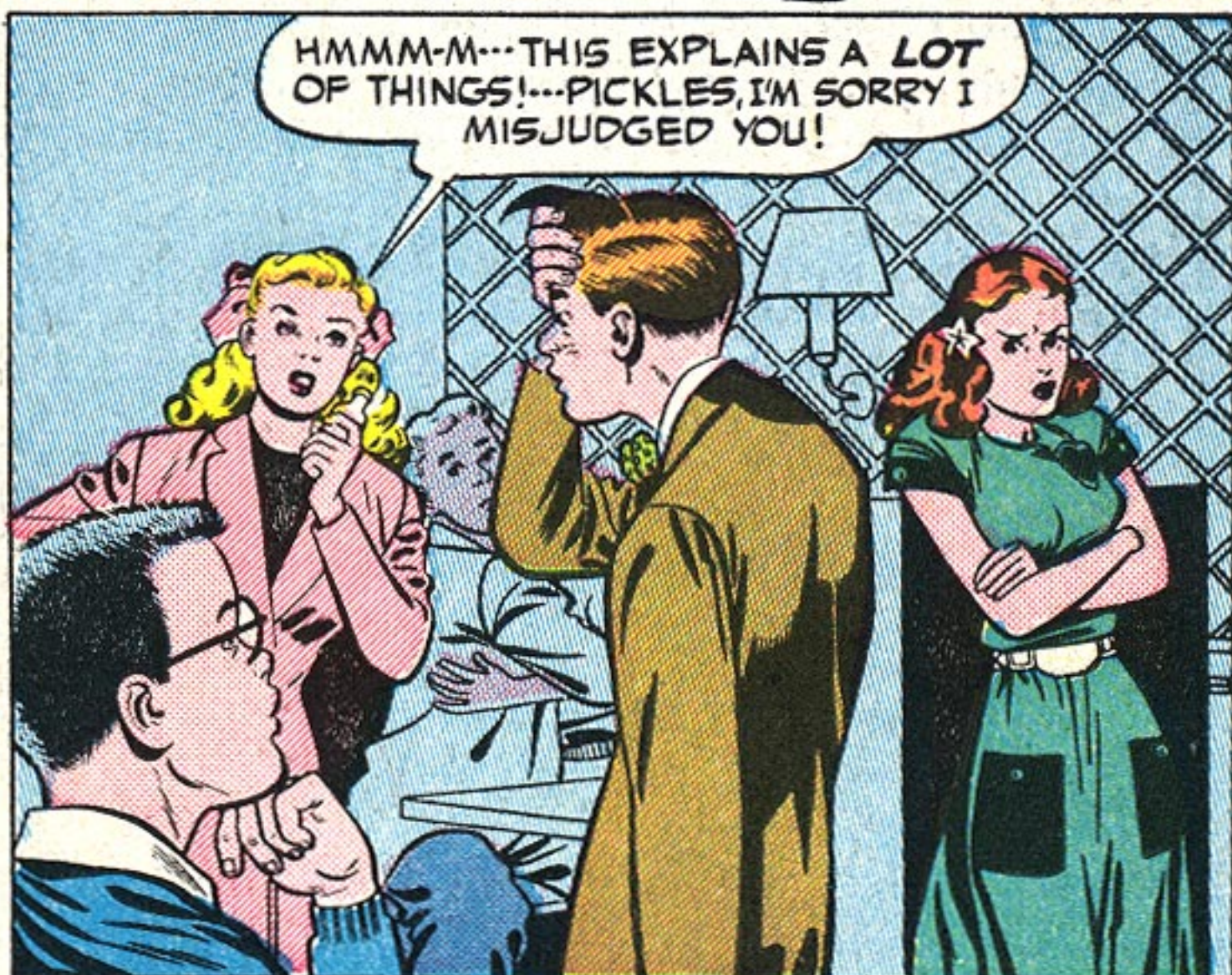
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, DEBBIE... JUST SMELL THIS BOTTLE!



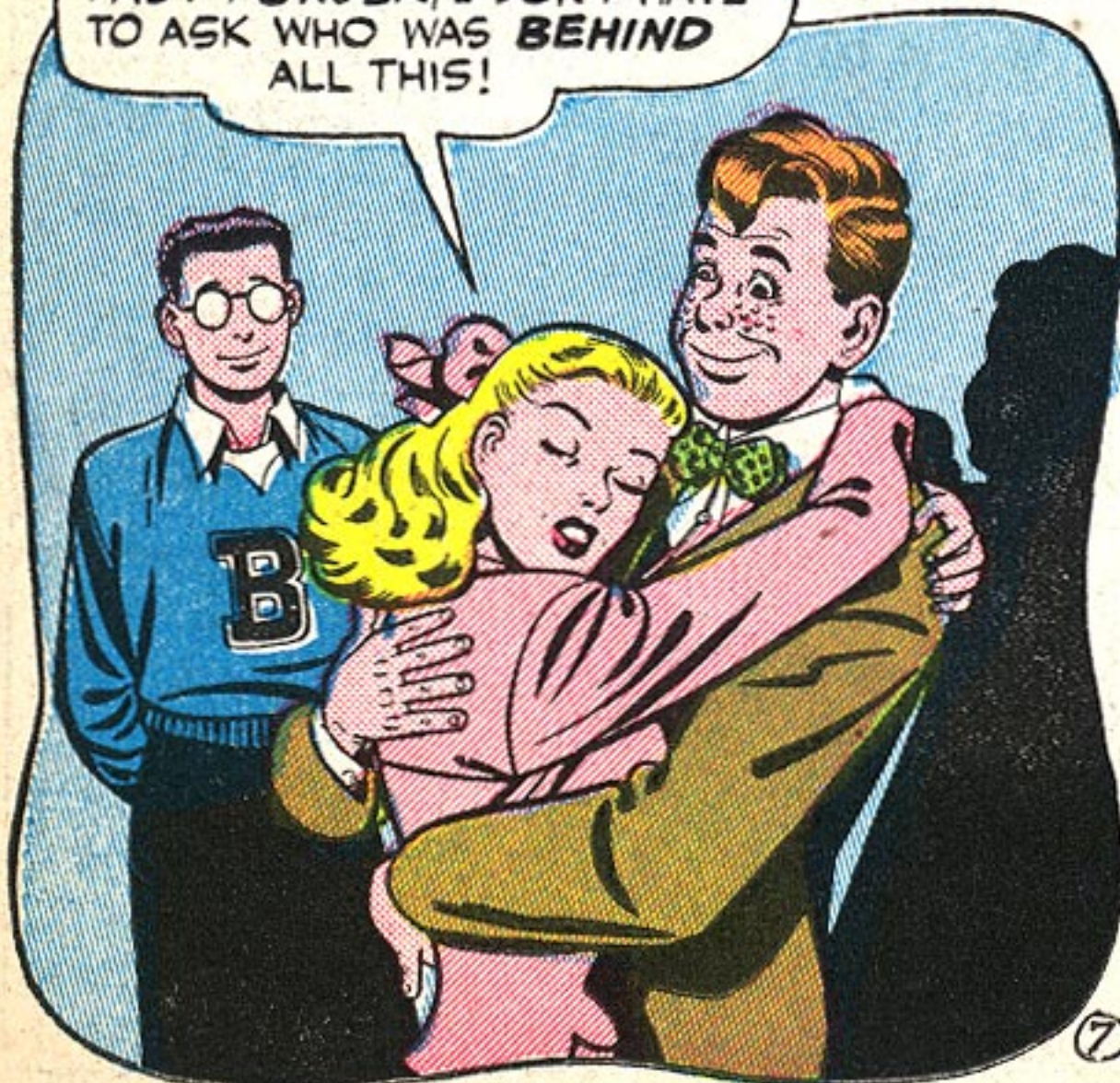
OH, NUTS! THE JOINT'S CRAWLING WITH ATOMIC BALM... I'D BETTER EXIT!



HMMM-M... THIS EXPLAINS A LOT OF THINGS!... PICKLES, I'M SORRY I MISJUDGED YOU!



--AND SINCE ROMEO TOOK A FAST POWDER, I DON'T HAVE TO ASK WHO WAS BEHIND ALL THIS!



YEAH, IN THE HANDS OF THE WRONG PARTY, THAT STUFF IS DANGEROUS! I GUESS INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF ATOMIC BALM IS THE ONLY ANSWER!





# JITTERBUCK *uses the* BOOK

**“WHY,”** demanded Jitterbuck Jones balefully, “does everythin’ hafta happen ta me?”

As he spoke, he stared down into the impish face of three-year-old Chester Fleagle, who stared right back at him. Jit was about to make another remark when Mrs. Fleagle, Chester’s mother, hastened into the room.

“Now I’ll be gone a very short time,” she told Jit, “and I know you can handle Chester well. Just remember that he’s a *sensitive* child and needs *special* attention. If you have any problems, just consult this *wonderful book*! Oootchy-oootchy-kitchy!” she added to Chester. “Be a little darling while mother is gone!”

Mrs. Fleagle departed, leaving behind her a large red volume.

Chester, who had maintained a strict silence up to then, suddenly let out a terrific yelp and pointed to the staircase. “What’s the matter, kid?” Jit asked. “Wanna go downstairs?”

He started towards the staircase—and then it happened. That was a mighty invisible cord stretched across the top landing! Jit didn’t see it. He didn’t see much of anything as he tripped over the cord and went rocketing down the staircase, hitting every step twice.

“Ooh!” he moaned, feeling himself for broken bones. “Who tied that cord across th’ . . . hmm, I’m beginning ta guess!” His voice became coaxing as he crooned, “Chester? Where are you, Chester?”

Little Chester Fleagle was out in

the garden, trampling on the flower bed. Jit advanced towards him, murder in his heart. “Oh, Chester . . .” he began. “Chester, did you . . . spl! Skrsh! Hey!”

In all his childish innocence, Chester had managed to turn the garden hose on Jitterbuck . . . full force! Jit was splashed from head to toe, soaked to the skin!

“Grrr!” he set his teeth. “Wait’ll I get dried up! I’ll take care of you!”

In the bathroom, he towelled himself briskly, planning what he would *like* to do to little Chester Fleagle. When he was as dry as he could get, Jit turned the knob on the bathroom door and, to his horror, found that *someone* had locked him in!

“Guess who!” he muttered grimly, balancing himself on the rim of the bathtub, preparatory to climbing out the window. “Sensitive little Chester Fleagle! Wait’ll I get out, just wait!”

When Mrs. Fleagle came home, a half-hour later, a happy sight met her eyes. There was Jitterbuck, swinging in the porch hammock, while little Chester sat quietly in a chair nearby.

“Oootchy-kitchy!” the fond mother greeted her little son. And to Jit, “Well! I can see you had no trouble at all! Did the book help? I always think ‘Understanding Baby’ is the most *helpful* volume!”

“You kin say *that* again!” Jit smiled. He was thinking fondly of the nice, thumping sound “Understanding Baby” had made when it had connected violently with little Chester Fleagle’s seat!



# COOKIE

THIS IS GOING TO HURT  
ME MORE THAN IT DOES  
YOU, SON!

YOU CAN  
SAY THAT  
AGAIN,  
POP!

Home  
Sweet  
Home

BUT I TELL  
YOU... I'M  
SEVENTEEN  
YEARS  
OLD!

LOOK, SONNY, YA MAY BE  
A BIG BOY TO YOUR MAMA,  
BUT TO ME YOU'RE JUST A  
BOUNCIN' BABY!--

...AN' THERE'S A LAW  
THAT SEZ I CAN'T SELL  
CIGARS TO KIDS! SO  
SCRAM!

SMOKE  
GLUE  
MIXTURE

SMOKE  
BUCKY

CIGARS

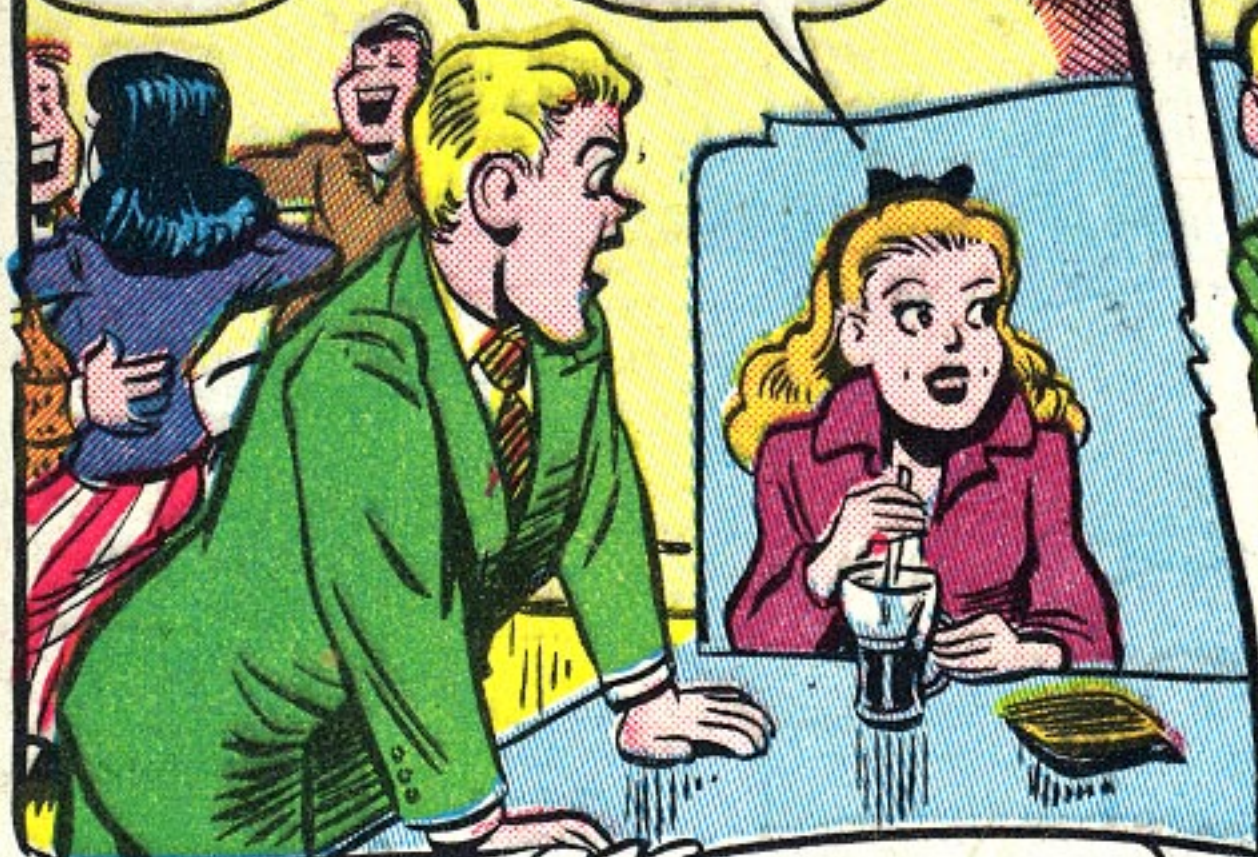
OKAY,  
OKAY!



**WHILE AT THE SODA JERKERIE...**

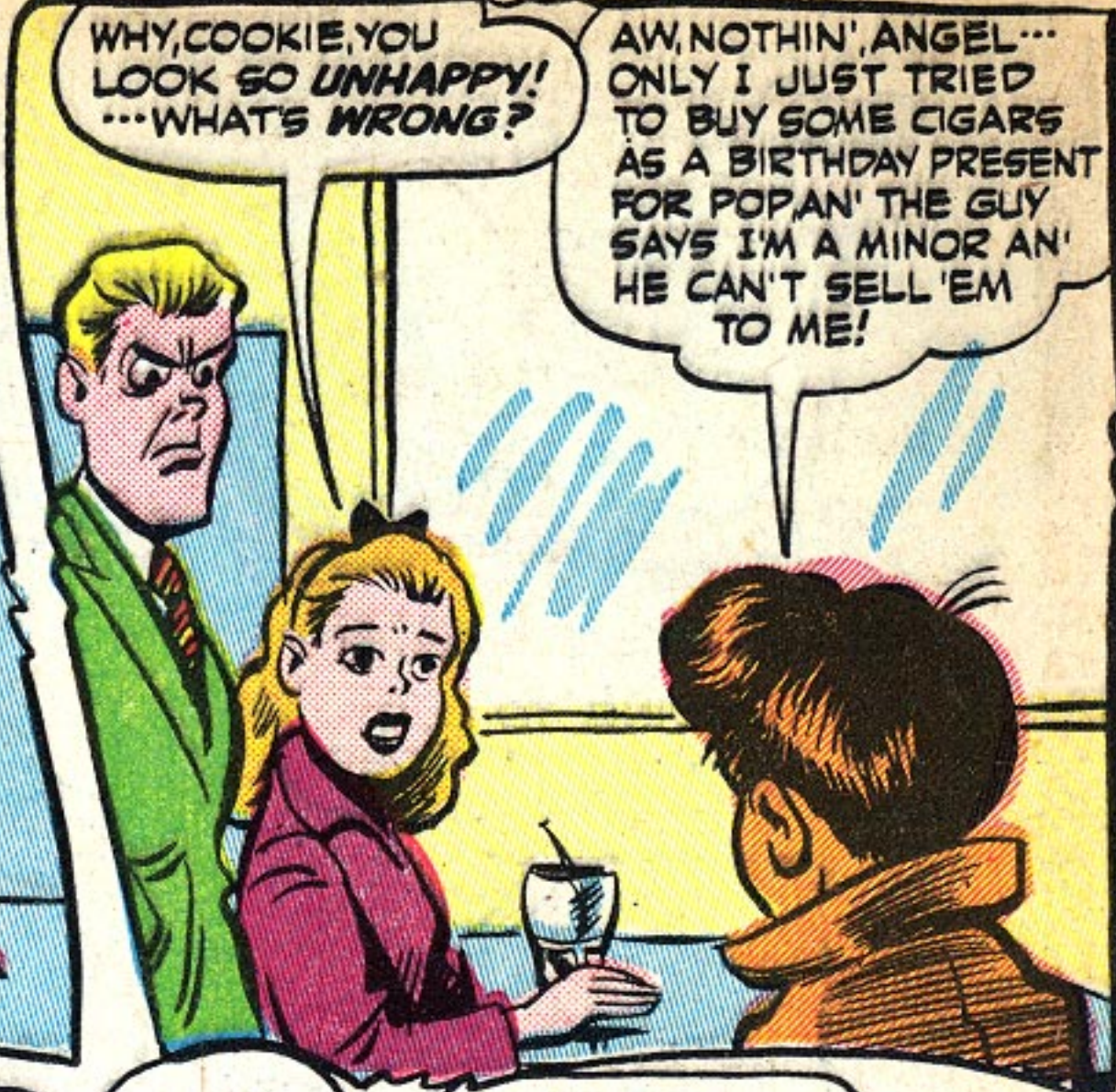
AW, C'MON, ANGELPUSS... LET'S DANCE!

NO, ZOOT... I'M WAITING FOR COOKIE! ...OH, HERE HE COMES NOW!



WHY, COOKIE, YOU LOOK SO UNHAPPY! ...WHAT'S WRONG?

AW, NOTHIN', ANGEL... ONLY I JUST TRIED TO BUY SOME CIGARS AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR POP, AN' THE GUY SAYS I'M A MINOR AN' HE CAN'T SELL 'EM TO ME!



GOODNESS! WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD MAKE HIM THINK YOU'RE A MINOR?

WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YOU RIGHT ALONG! BECAUSE HE'S AN **ECONOMY-SIZED SHRIMP**! ...NOW TAKE ME! I'M...

WHY, YOU... I'LL...

WAIT, COOKIE!

...OKAY, ZOOT... IF YOU'RE SUCH A MAN-OF-THE-WORLD TYPE, WHY DON'T YOU BUY THOSE CIGARS FOR COOKIE?



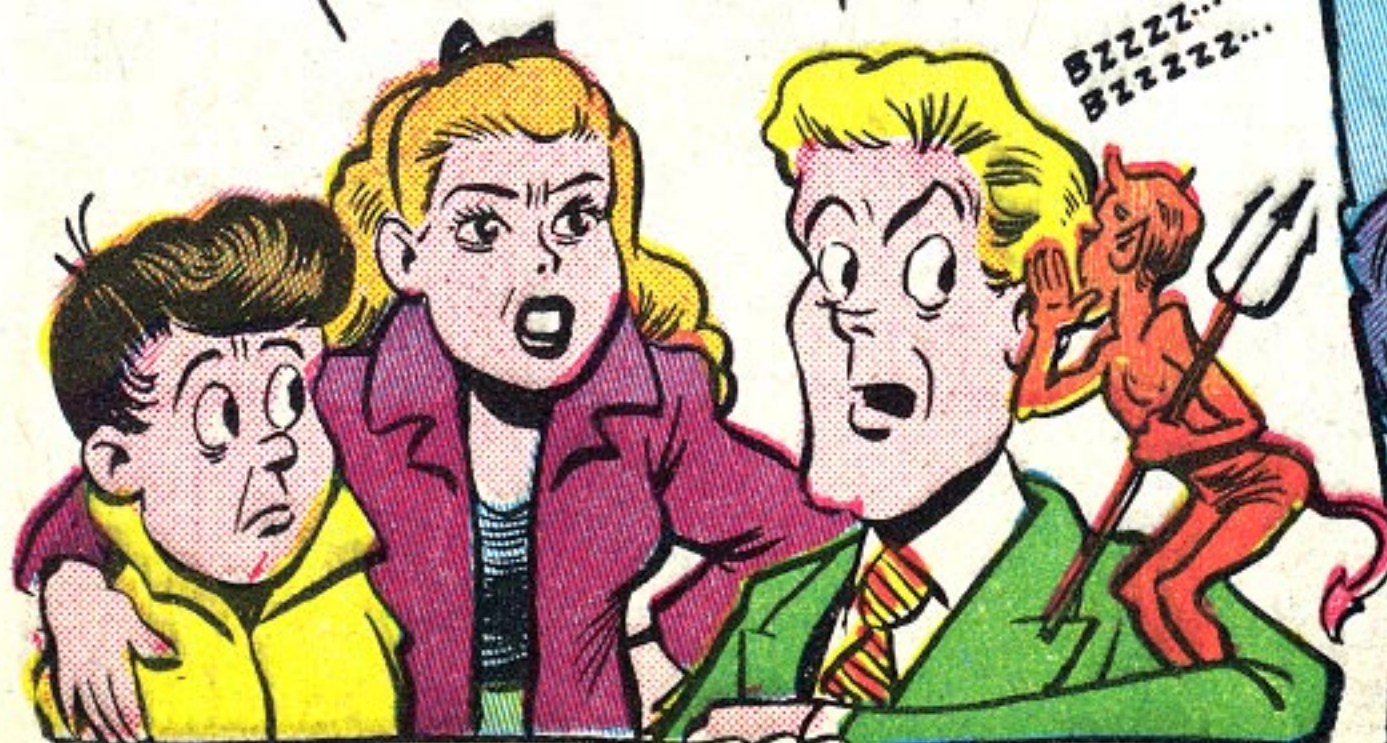
I THINK YOU'RE **MEAN**! AFTER ALL, IT'S FOR HIS FATHER'S BIRTHDAY!

ER...WELL...LOOK, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! GIMME THE DOUGH, COOKIE!



**BALONEY!**

SURE I'LL BUY HIS OLD MAN A BIRTHDAY PRESENT...YEAH... ONE THAT HE'LL ENJOY SO MUCH THAT HE'LL CUT OFF COOKIE'S ALLOWANCE FOR A **YEAR**! ...WHICH'LL CRAMP THE JERK'S STYLE WITH ANGELPUSS, I HOPE!



BZZZZ... BZZZZ...



**NOVELTY SHOP**

TRICKS OF ALL KINDS

BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

EXPLODING CIGARS



BOY, I HAD THAT GUY ZOOT FIGURED ALL WRONG! IT SURE WAS NICE OF HIM TO GET THESE SMOGES FOR ME!

SO LONG, SUCKER!

TSK, TSK!

POOP!

STOGIES

WHY, YOU DUMB MUTT! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE I'M WALKIN'?

THERE, THERE, OLD FELLOW... I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, WASN'T IT?... THAT'S A GOOD DOGGIE!

PAT PAT

BOY, I WISH I HAD A DOG LIKE THAT! IF IT WASN'T POP'S BIRTHDAY, I'D DRAG HIM HOME WITH ME! --

...BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON SPOILIN' THE BIRTHDAY PARTY!



MEANWHILE, AT THE O'TOOLE MANSE...

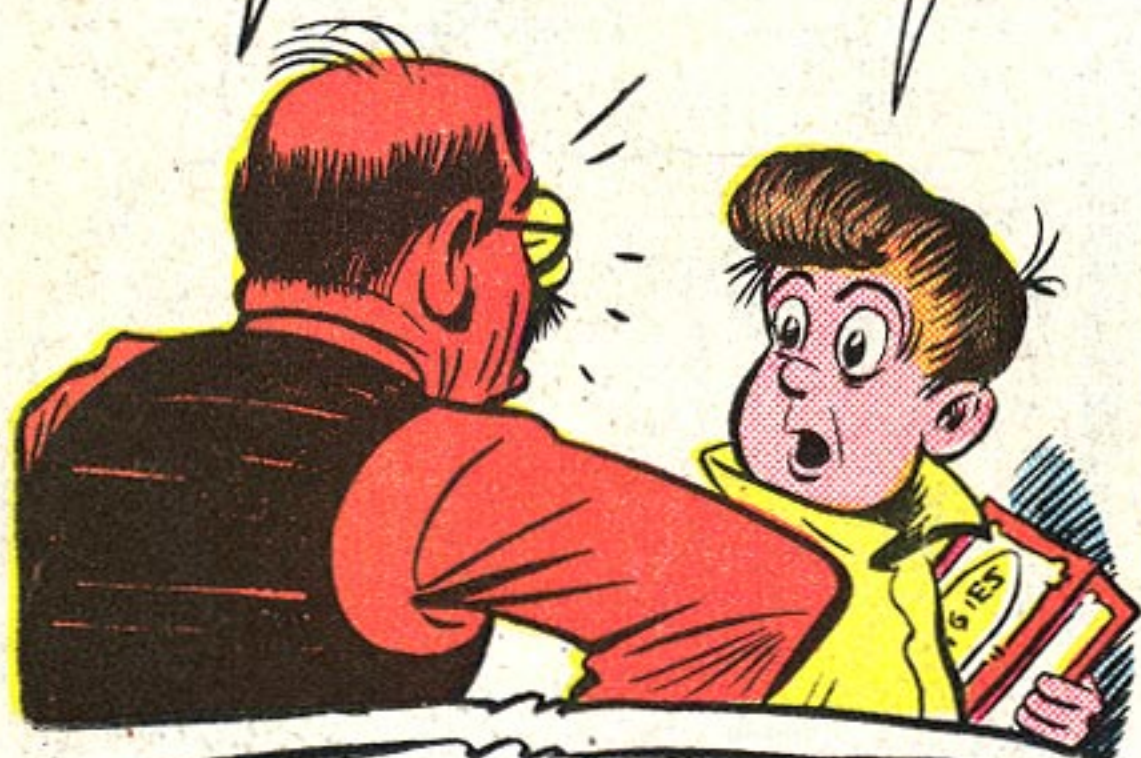
THAT'S IT...TREAD LIGHTLY,  
POP, OR YOUR CAKE WILL  
FALL FLAT!

HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY  
TO ME...  
HAPPY  
BIRTH...



WHY, YOU YOUNG SAVAGE! IS  
THAT THE WAY TO ENTER YOUR  
HOME? DO YOU KNOW YOU JUST  
RUINED MY CAKE? ...I HAVE A  
GOOD MIND TO...

B-BUT...



WHERE DID THAT  
THING COME  
FROM?

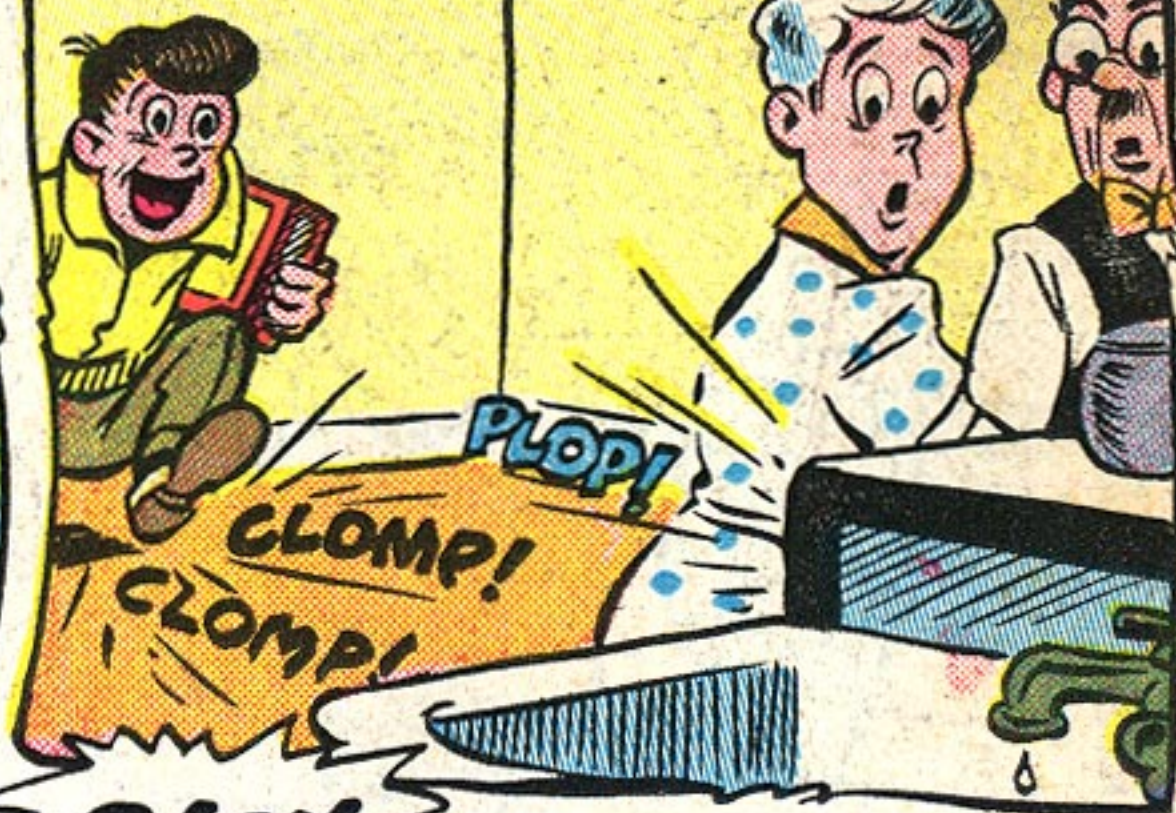
HE JUST LIKED  
ME, I GUESS, AN'  
FOLLOWED ME  
HOME! ISN'T HE A  
BEAUTY, POP?



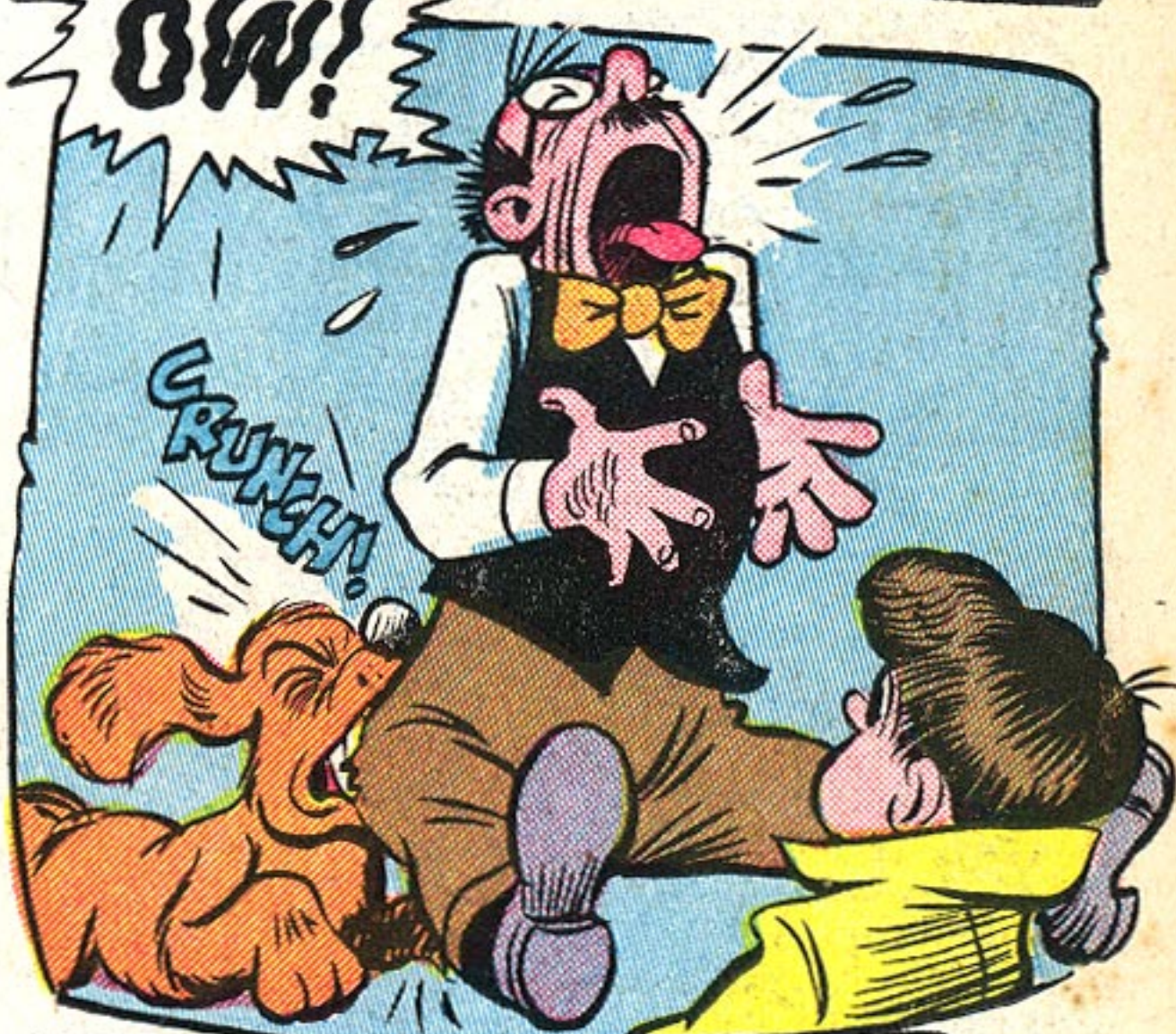
GR-RRR!

HEY, MOM...  
POP...WODDEYA  
KNOW! A DOG...

OH-OH! THERE  
GOES THE  
CAKE!



OW!



NOT TO ME, HE  
ISN'T! GET THE  
BUM OUT OF  
HERE!

AW, POP, HE'S NO  
BUM! LOOK AT THOSE  
LONG EARS! LOOK AT  
THE SOULFUL LOOK  
IN HIS EYES! LOOK...





---AND LOOK AT THE HOLE IN MY PANTS!...OUT, I SAY!

LOOK, BOY, IF YOU'VE HAD ANY BREEDING OR TRAINING AT ALL, NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO **SHOW IT**...IF YOU WANT A **HOME**!

IDEA!

HEY!

SIT DOWN!

WHY, YOU...!

WHAP!

PAPER!

LEGGO, YOU! I'LL...

TAKE OFF SHOES!

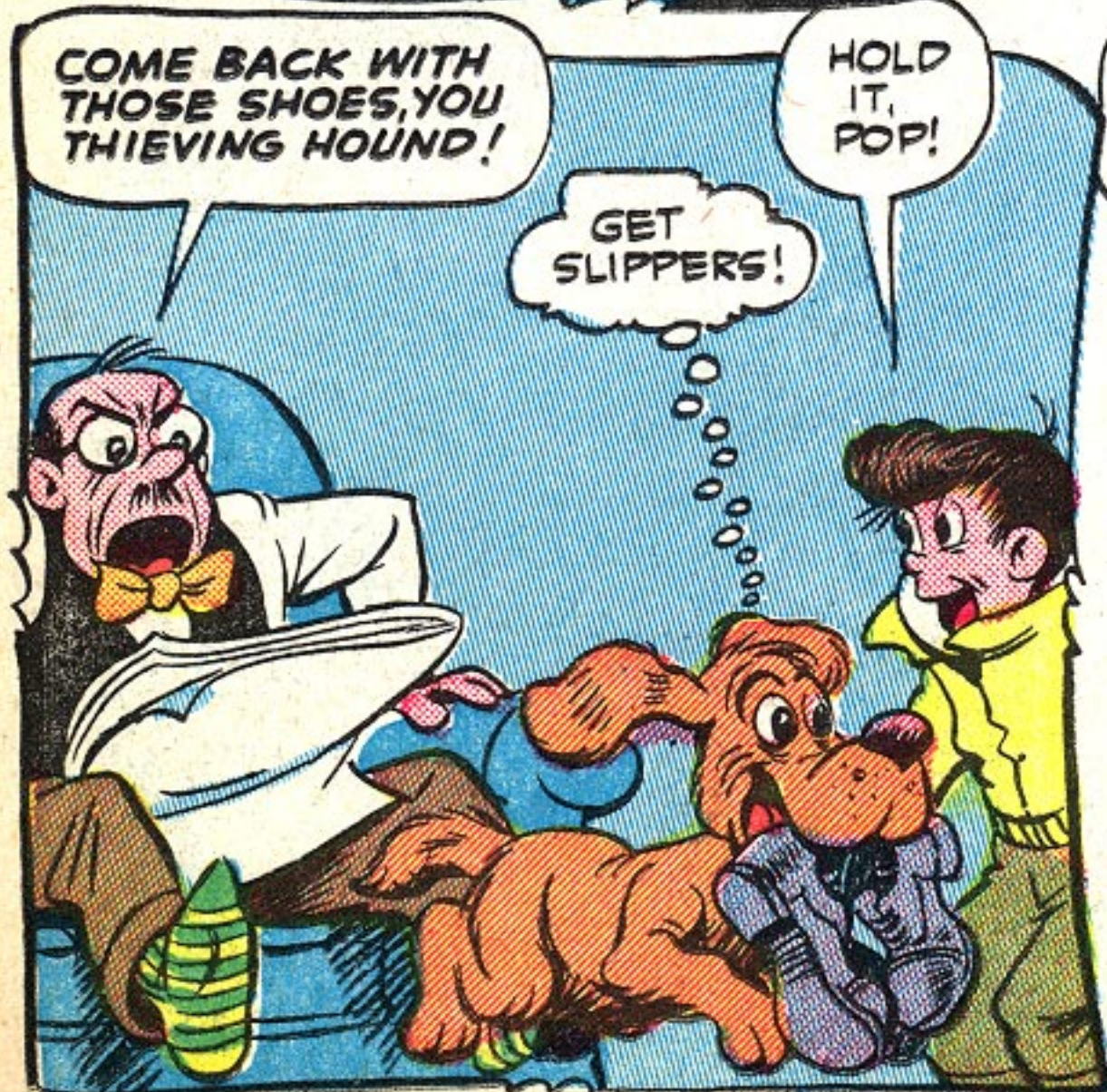
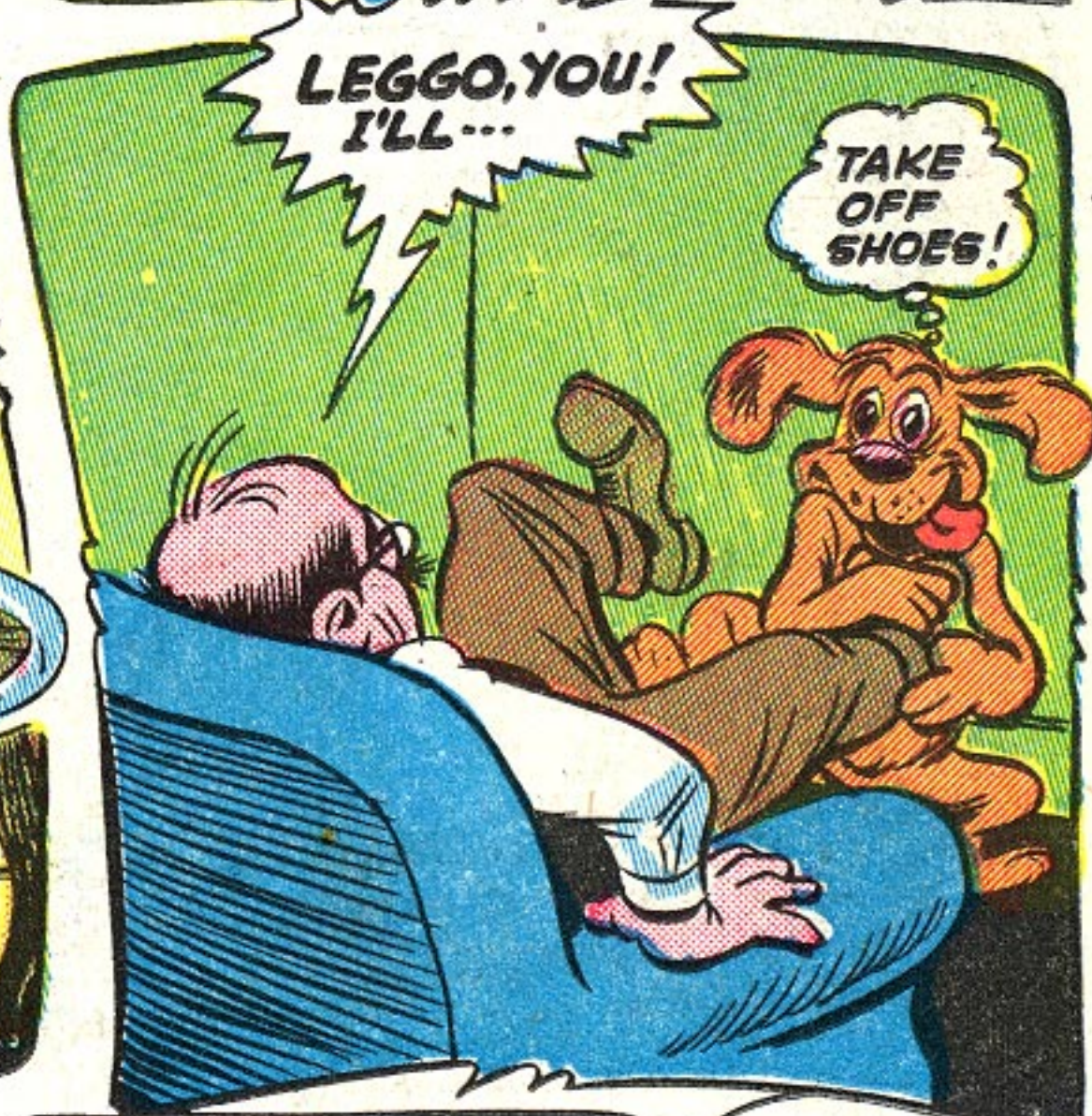
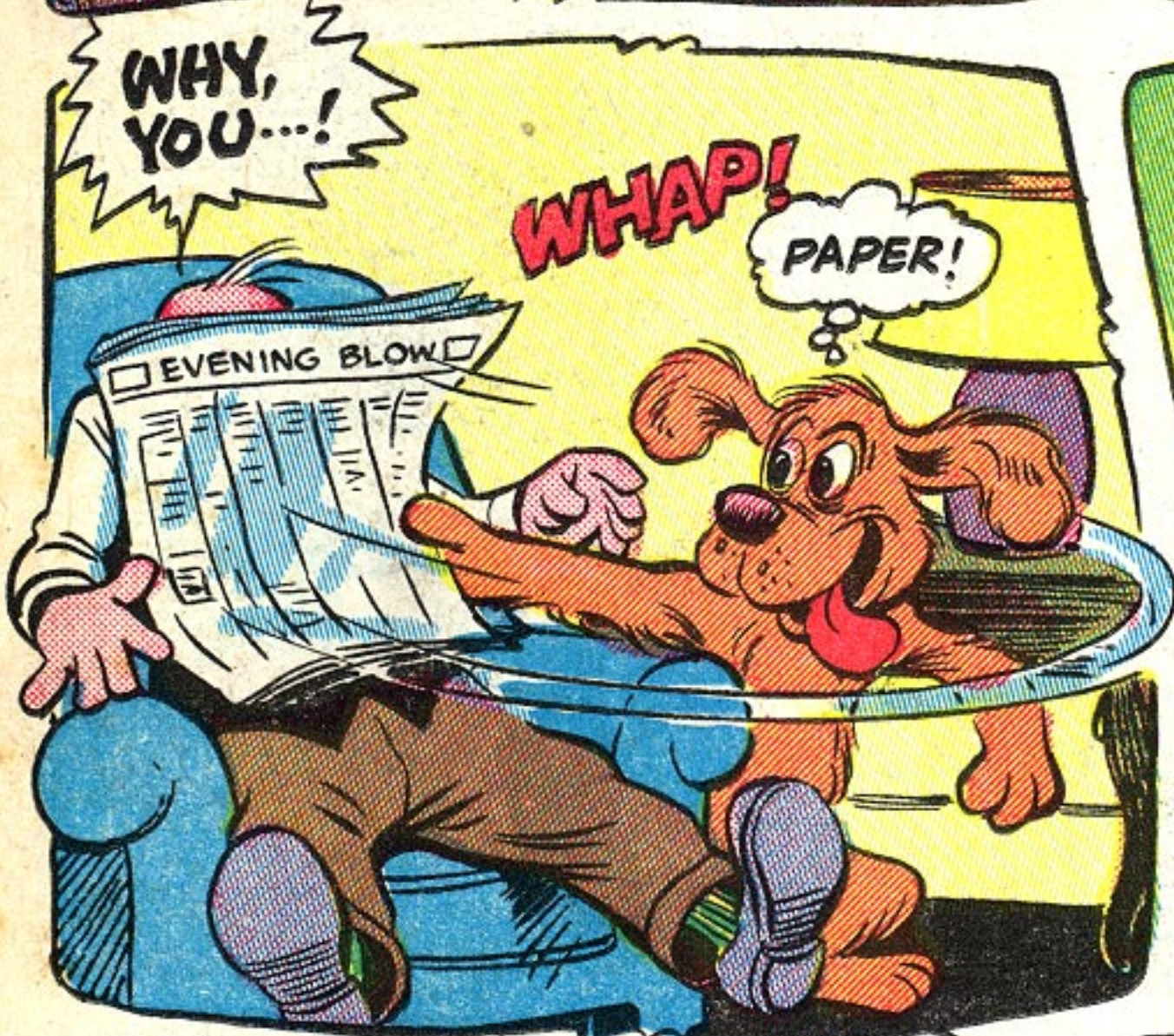
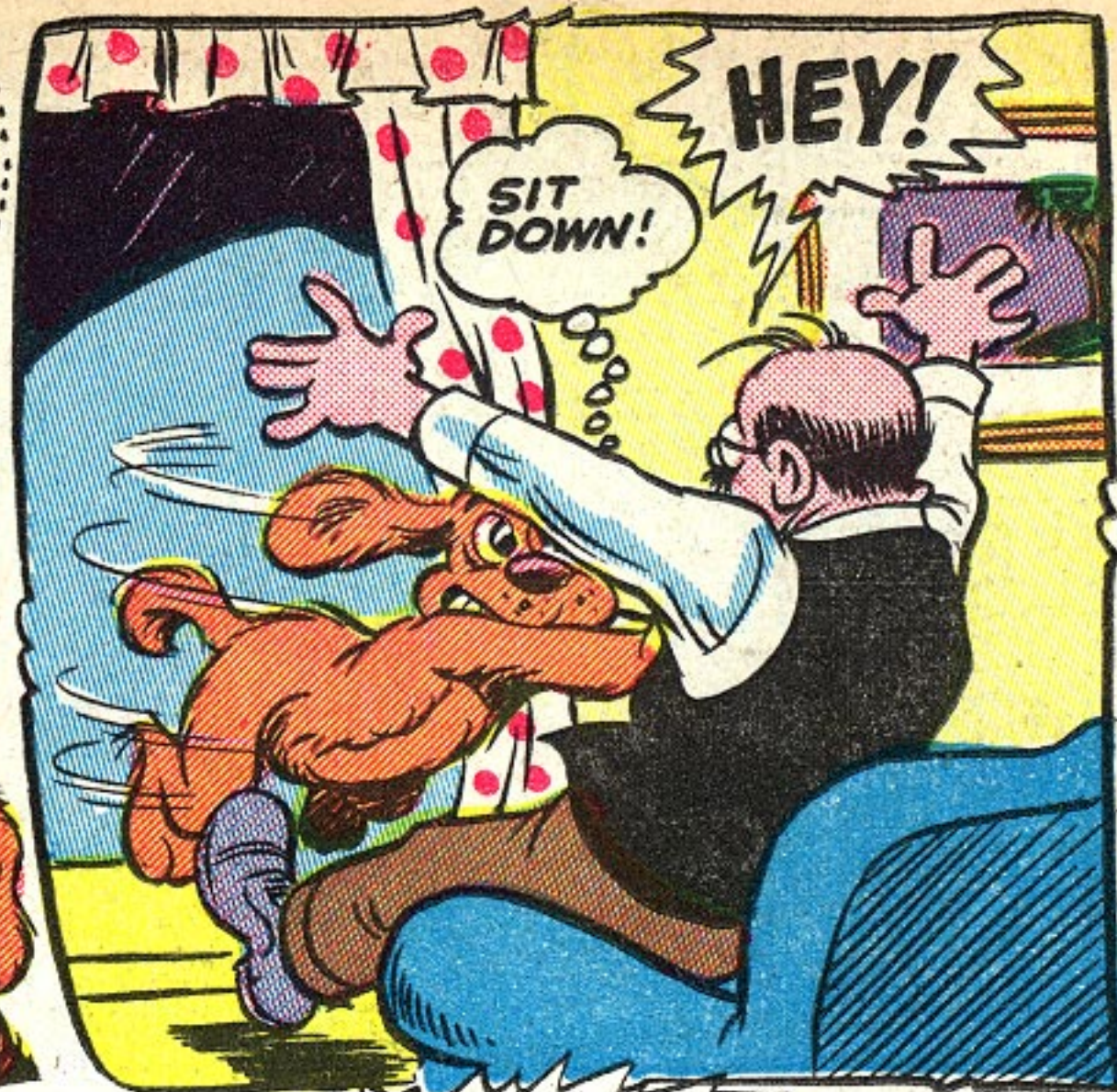
COME BACK WITH THOSE SHOES, YOU THIEVING HOUND!

GET SLIPPERS!

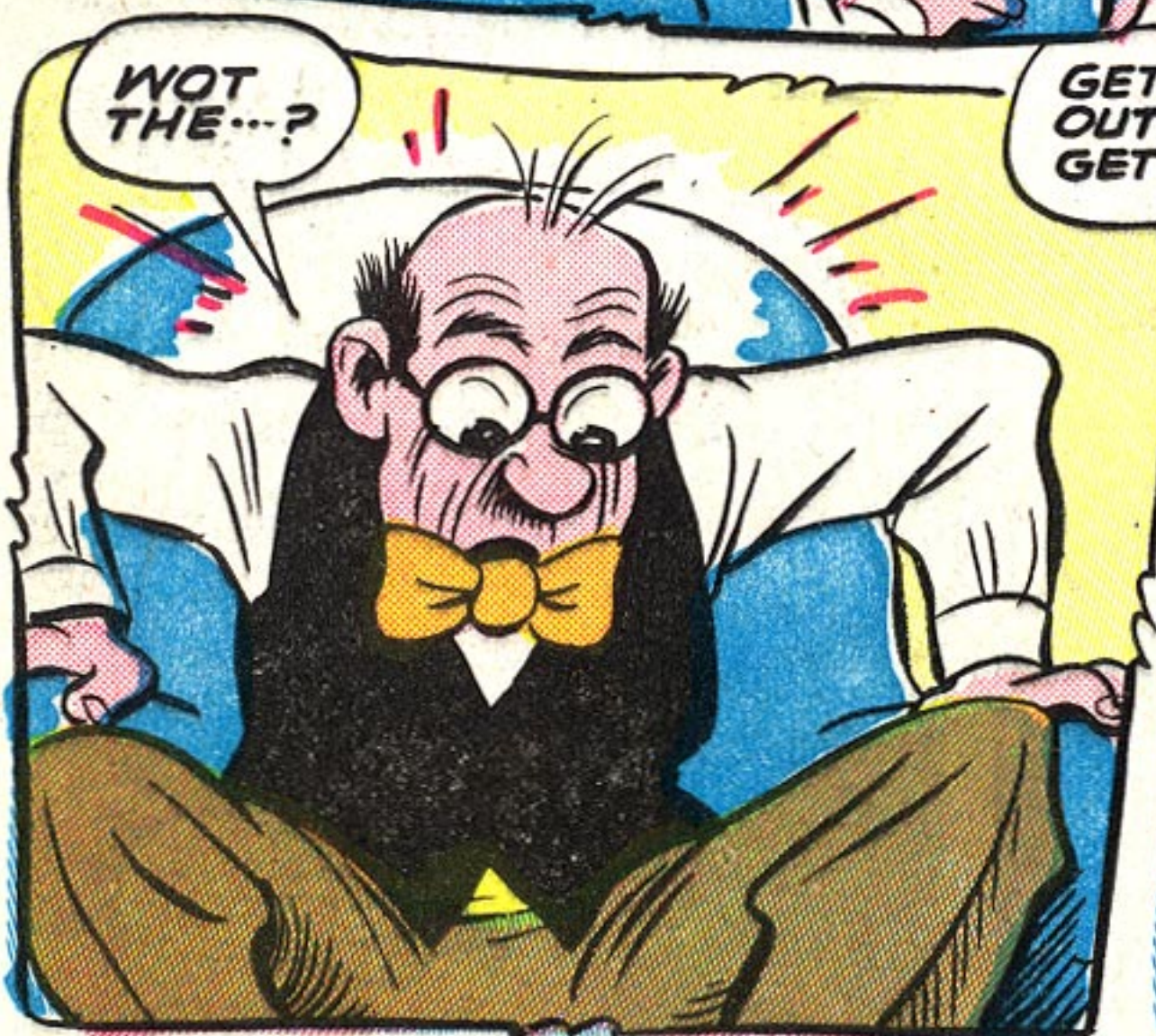
HOLD IT, POP!

HE'S TRYING TO SHOW YOU HOW WELL-TRAINED HE IS! HE'S MAKIN' YOU COMFORTABLE!

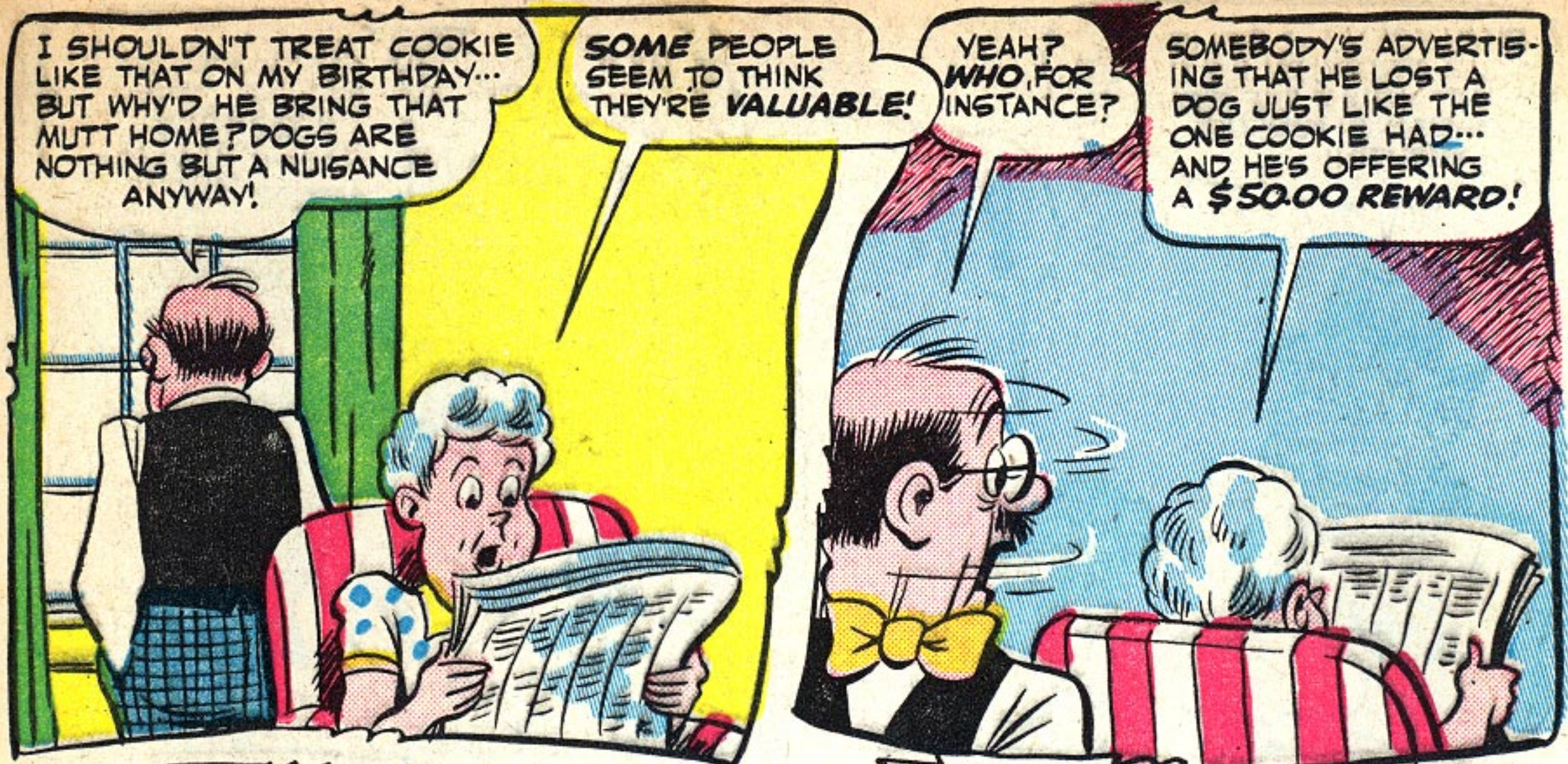
WHY CAN'T I BE COMFORTABLE WITH MY SHOES ON?









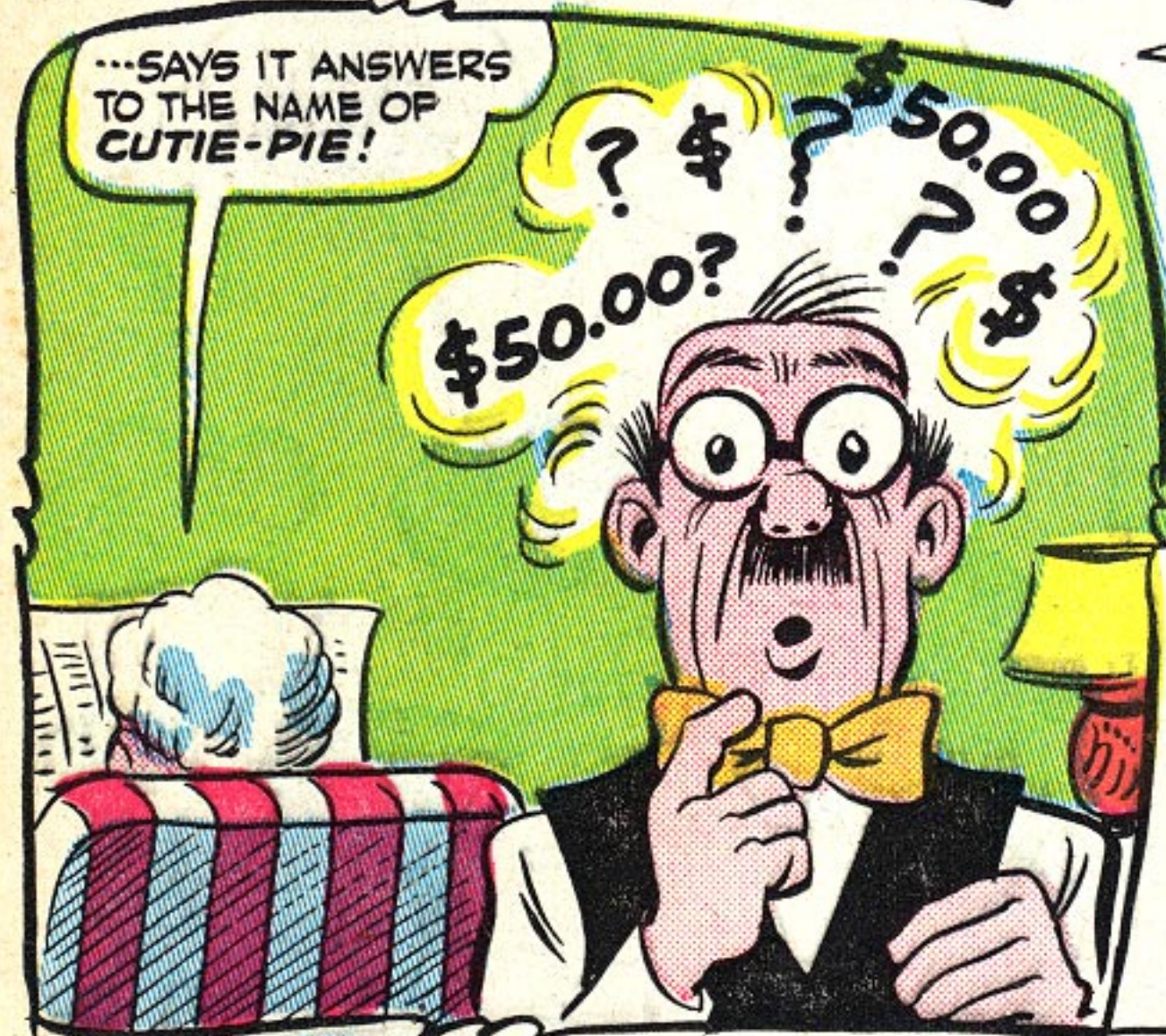


I SHOULDN'T TREAT COOKIE LIKE THAT ON MY BIRTHDAY... BUT WHY'D HE BRING THAT MUTT HOME? DOGS ARE NOTHING BUT A NUISANCE ANYWAY!

SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK THEY'RE VALUABLE!

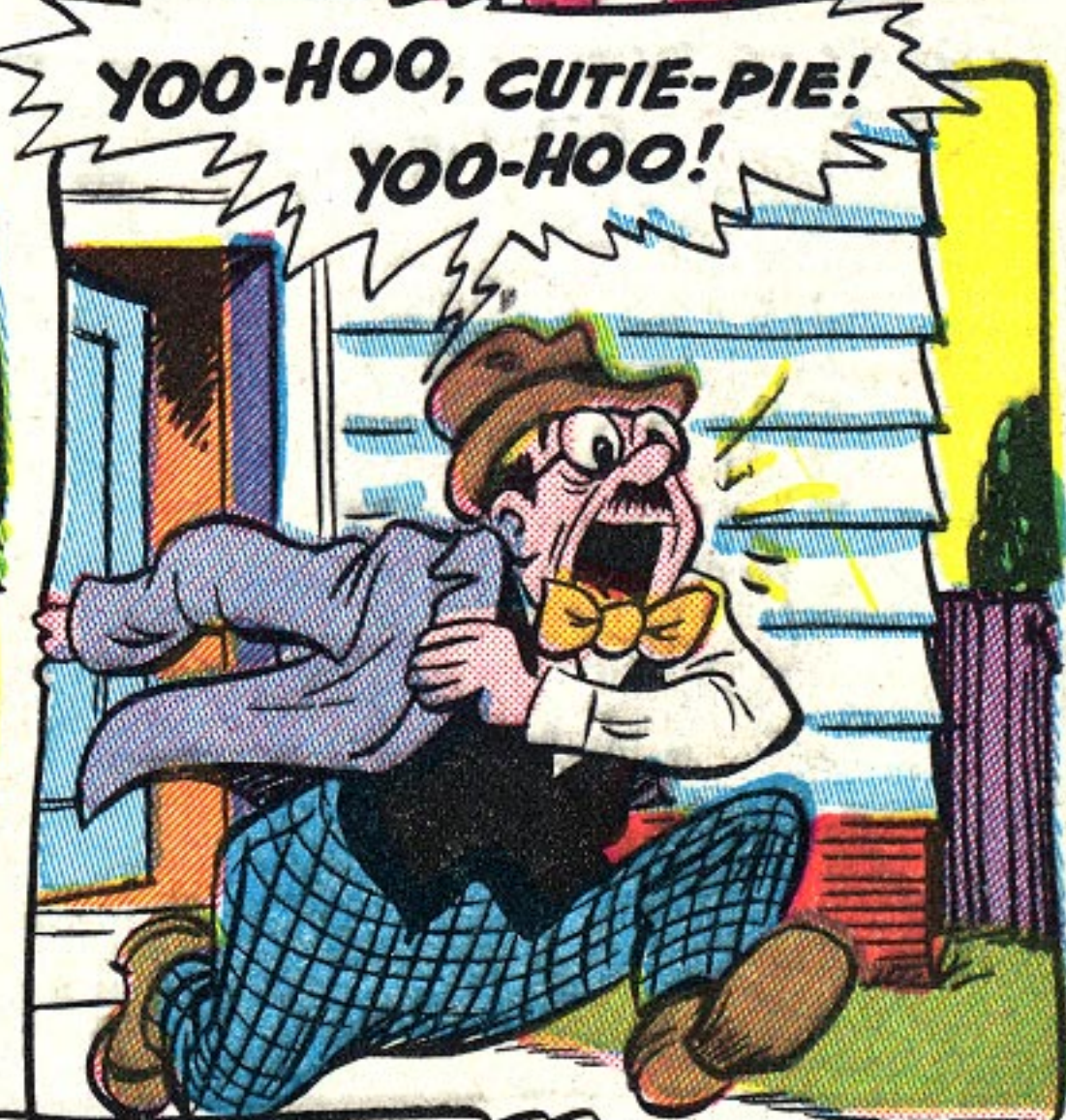
YEAH? WHO, FOR INSTANCE?

SOMEBODY'S ADVERTISING THAT HE LOST A DOG JUST LIKE THE ONE COOKIE HAD... AND HE'S OFFERING A \$50.00 REWARD!

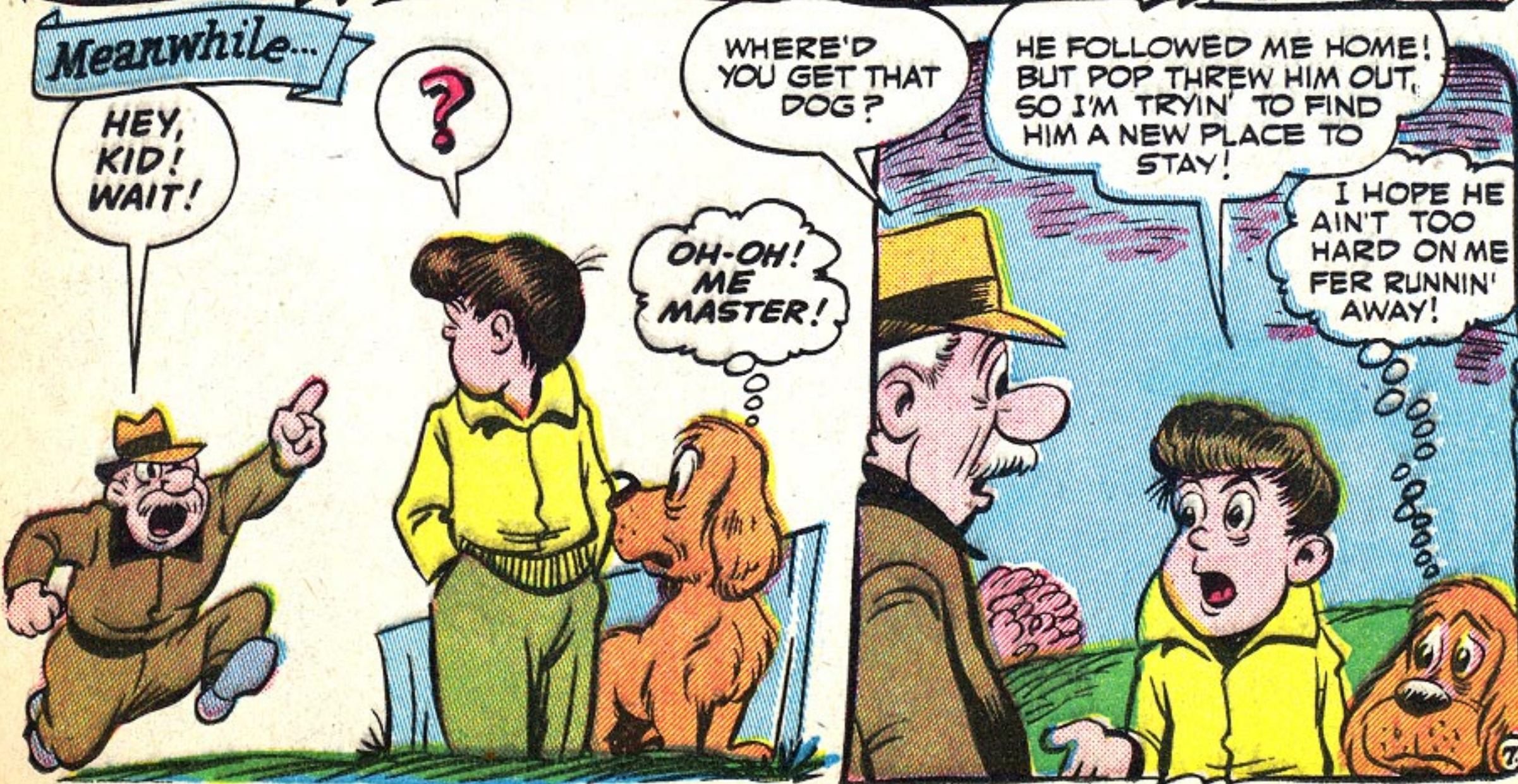


...SAYS IT ANSWERS TO THE NAME OF CUTIE-PIE!

\$50.00? \$50.00? \$50.00?



YOO-HOO, CUTIE-PIE!  
YOO-HOO!



Meanwhile...

HEY, KID! WAIT!

?

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT DOG?

OH-OH! ME MASTER!

HE FOLLOWED ME HOME! BUT POP THREW HIM OUT, SO I'M TRYIN' TO FIND HIM A NEW PLACE TO STAY!

I HOPE HE AIN'T TOO HARD ON ME FER RUNNIN' AWAY!



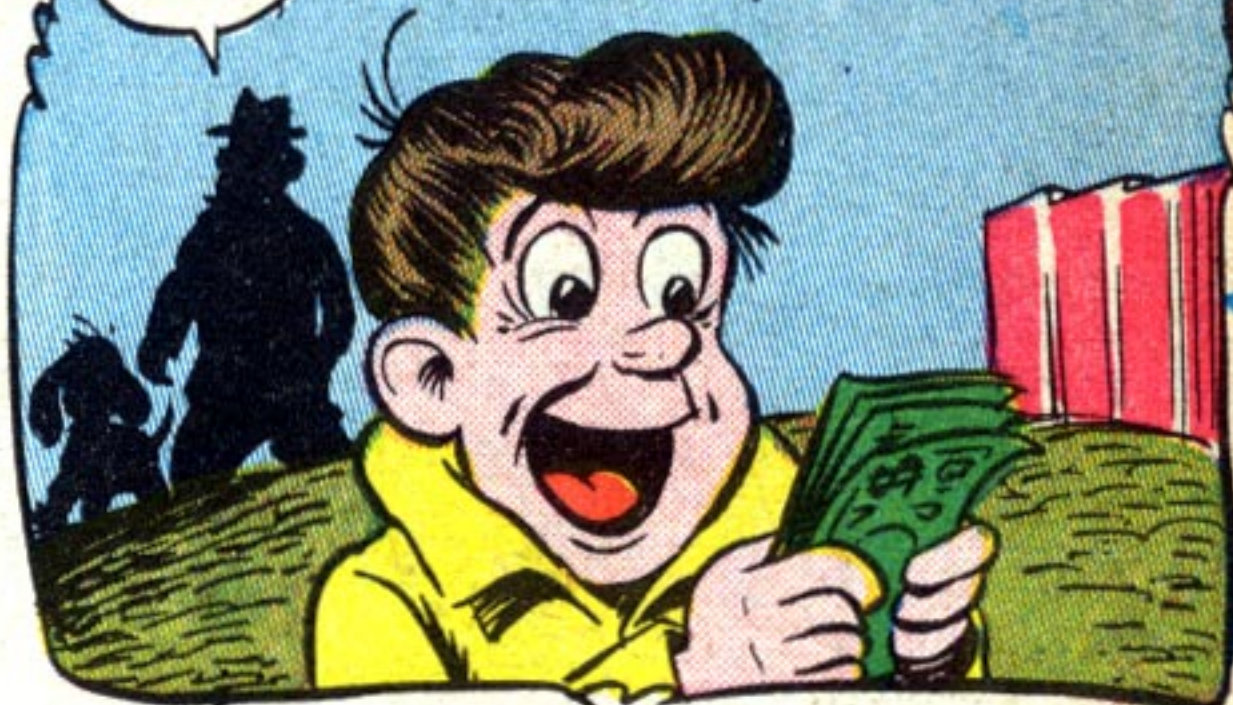
OKAY, SONNY... I BELIEVE  
YOUR STORY! I'M HIS OWNER  
...AND HERE'S THE REWARD  
I OFFERED FOR HIS  
RETURN!



**FIFTY  
BUCKS!**

WOW! NOW I CAN  
GET POP SUMP'N  
REAL CLASSY...  
AN' MAKE IT A  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
AFTER ALL!

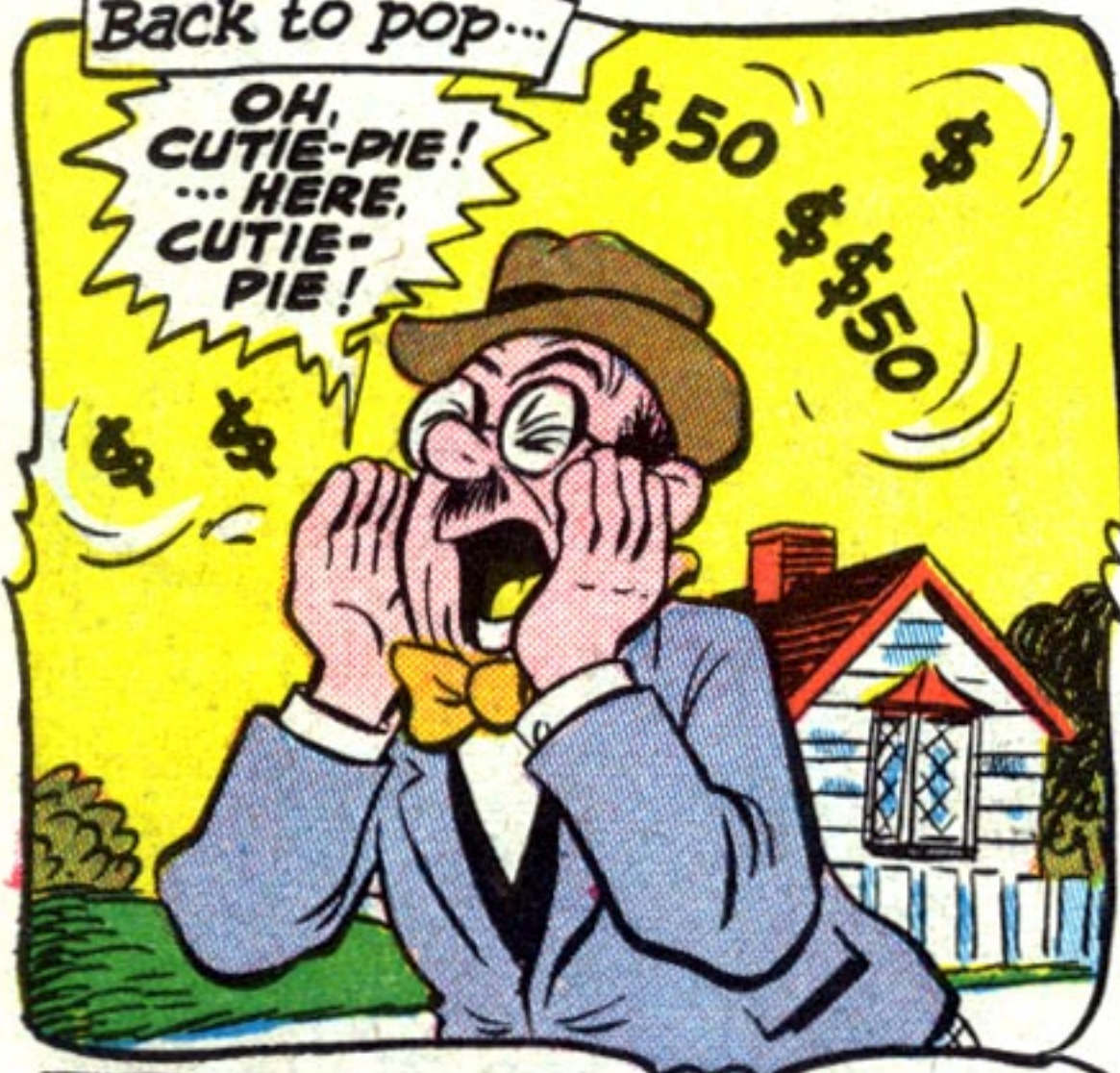
C'MON,  
BOY!



Back to pop...

OH,  
CUTIE-PIE!  
...HERE,  
CUTIE-  
PIE!

\$50 \$  
\$50



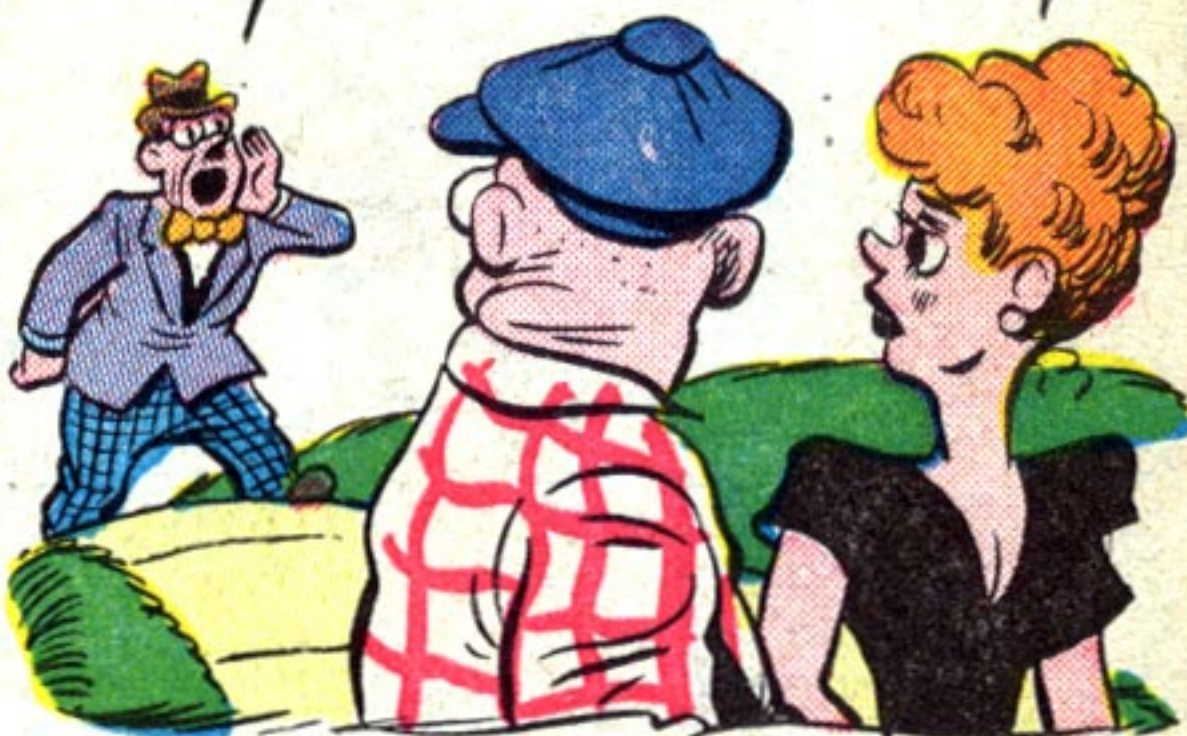
LOOK, BUB... ME GIRL-  
FRIEND'S NAME HERE  
IS **CUTIE-PIE!** I HOPE  
IT AIN'T **HER** YOUSE  
IS CALLIN'!

HER? OH, NO,  
I ASSURE YOU  
...IT'S ANOTHER  
DOG!

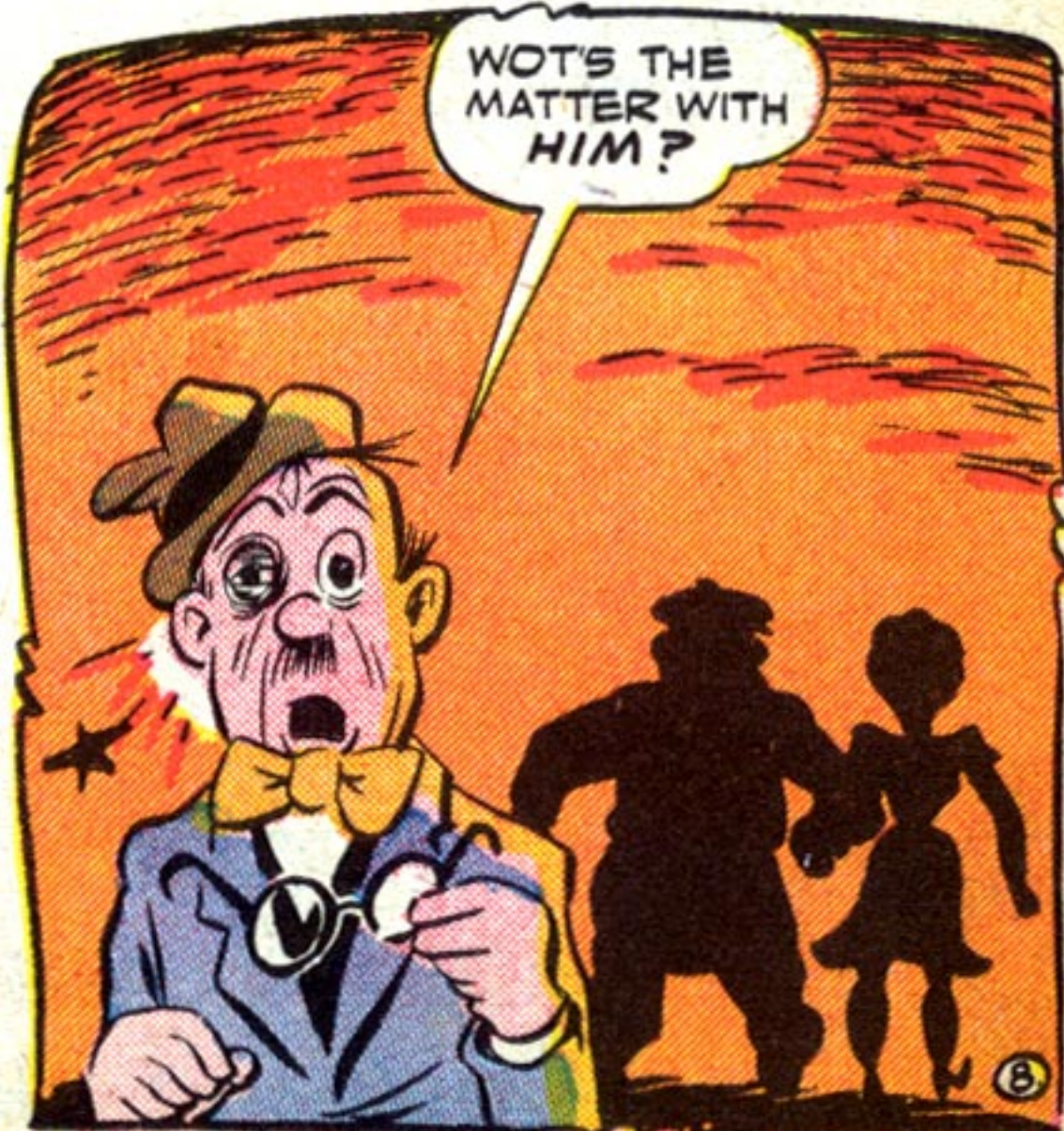
YOO-HOO!  
CUTIE-  
PIE!

HMMMM!  
WHO'S YER  
FRIEND?

?



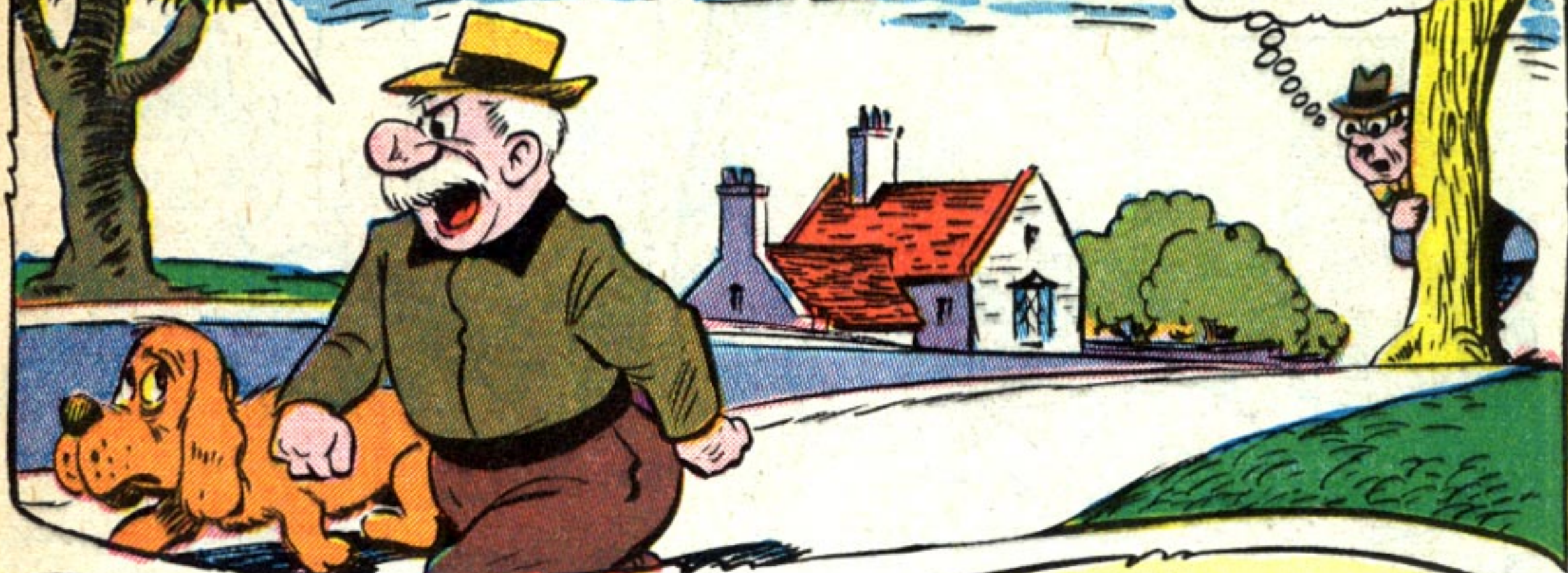
WOT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
HIM?





HEREAFTER, YOUNG FELLA, YOU STICK CLOSE TO THE KENNELS WITH THE OTHERS! YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE A PIECE OF PROPERTY FOR ME TO LOSE!

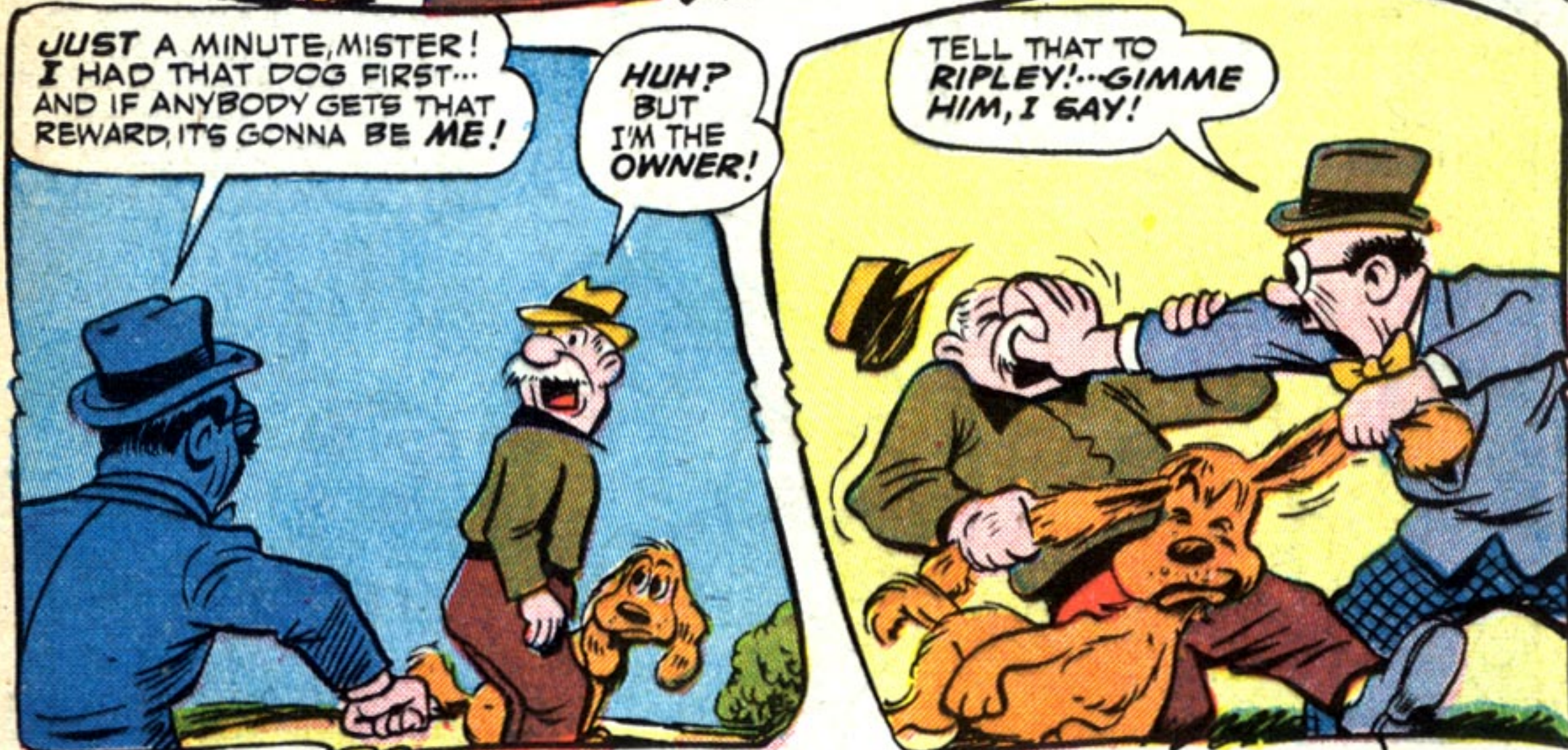
HOLY SMOKE! THERE'S CUTIE-PIE! THAT GUY'S PICKED HIM UP... AN' HE'S GOING TO CASH IN ON THE REWARD!



JUST A MINUTE, MISTER! I HAD THAT DOG FIRST... AND IF ANYBODY GETS THAT REWARD, IT'S GONNA BE ME!

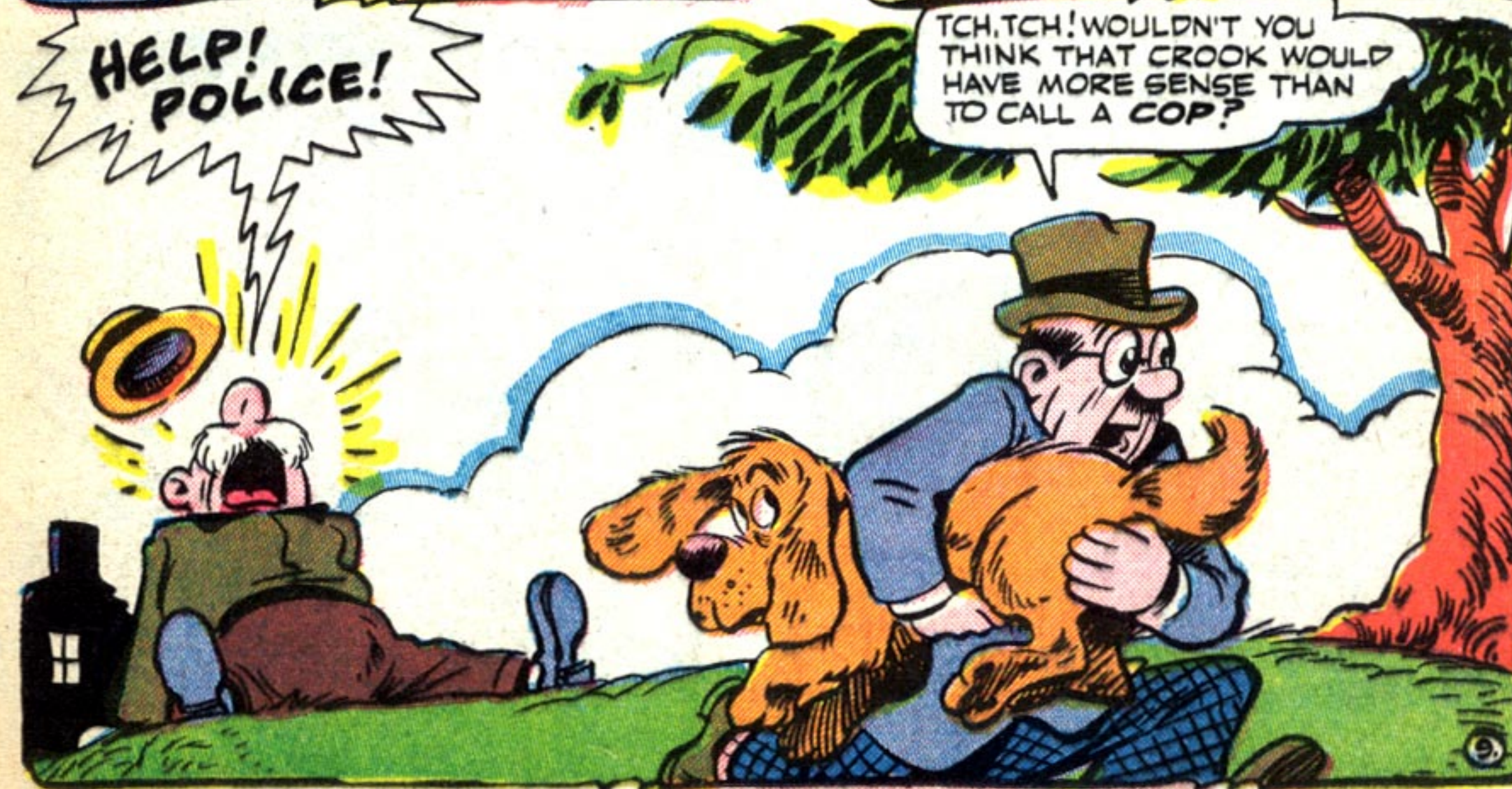
HUH? BUT I'M THE OWNER!

TELL THAT TO RIPLEY!... GIMME HIM, I SAY!



HELP! POLICE!

TCH, TCH! WOULDN'T YOU THINK THAT CROOK WOULD HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO CALL A COP?





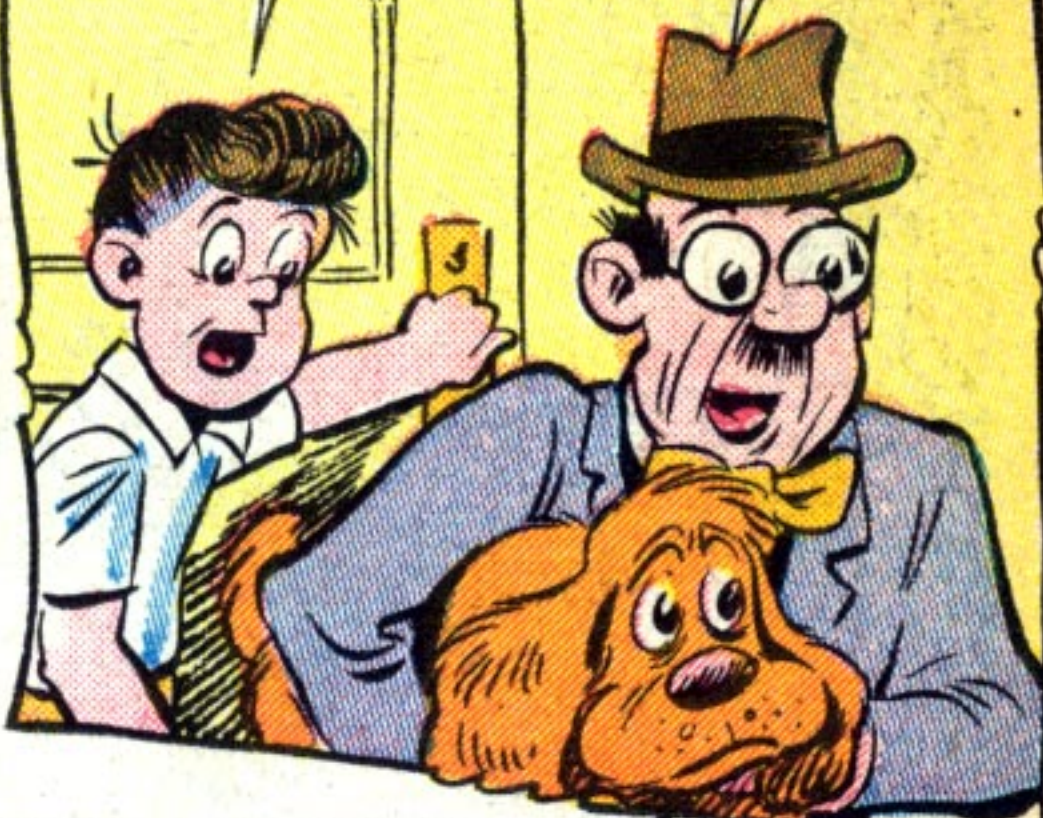
And at home...

SO YA THINK POP'LL FORGIVE ME FOR MAKIN' SO MUCH TROUBLE WHEN HE SEES THE NEW PRESENT I BOUGHT HIM, HUH, MOM?

OH, COOKIE, HE'LL BE DELIGHTED! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SPENT ALL THAT MONEY!

HI, POP...HEY! WHERE'D YA GET HIM AGAIN?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! RIGHT NOW, I WANT THAT NEWSPAPER AD!



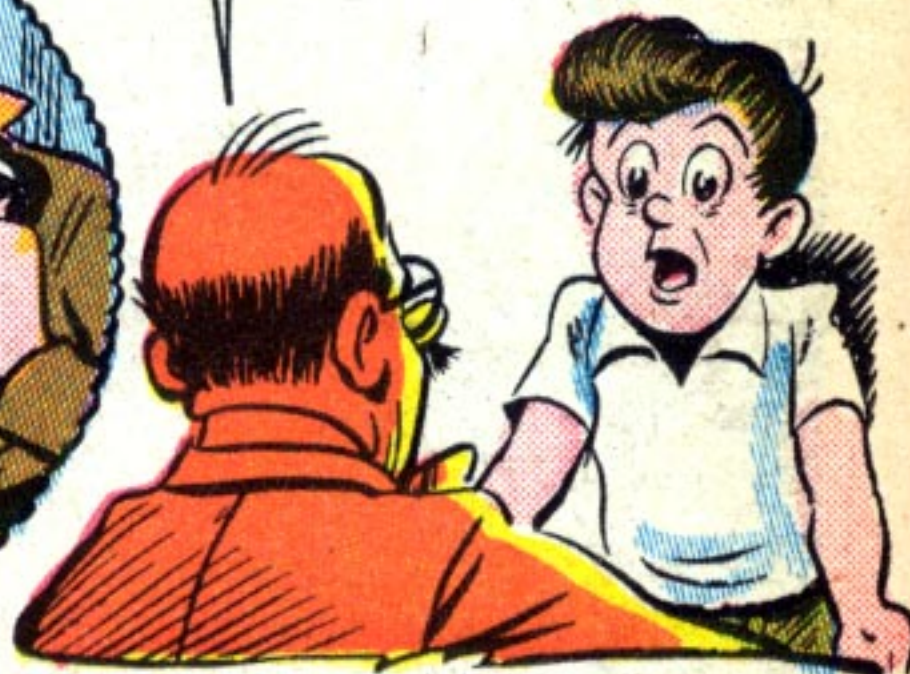
BUT POP...

SH-HHH! ...YESSIR, IF YOU'LL JUST DROP OVER TO 13 KUMQUAT TERRACE WITH THE REWARD, I'LL HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU!

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER... BUT MAYBE YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!

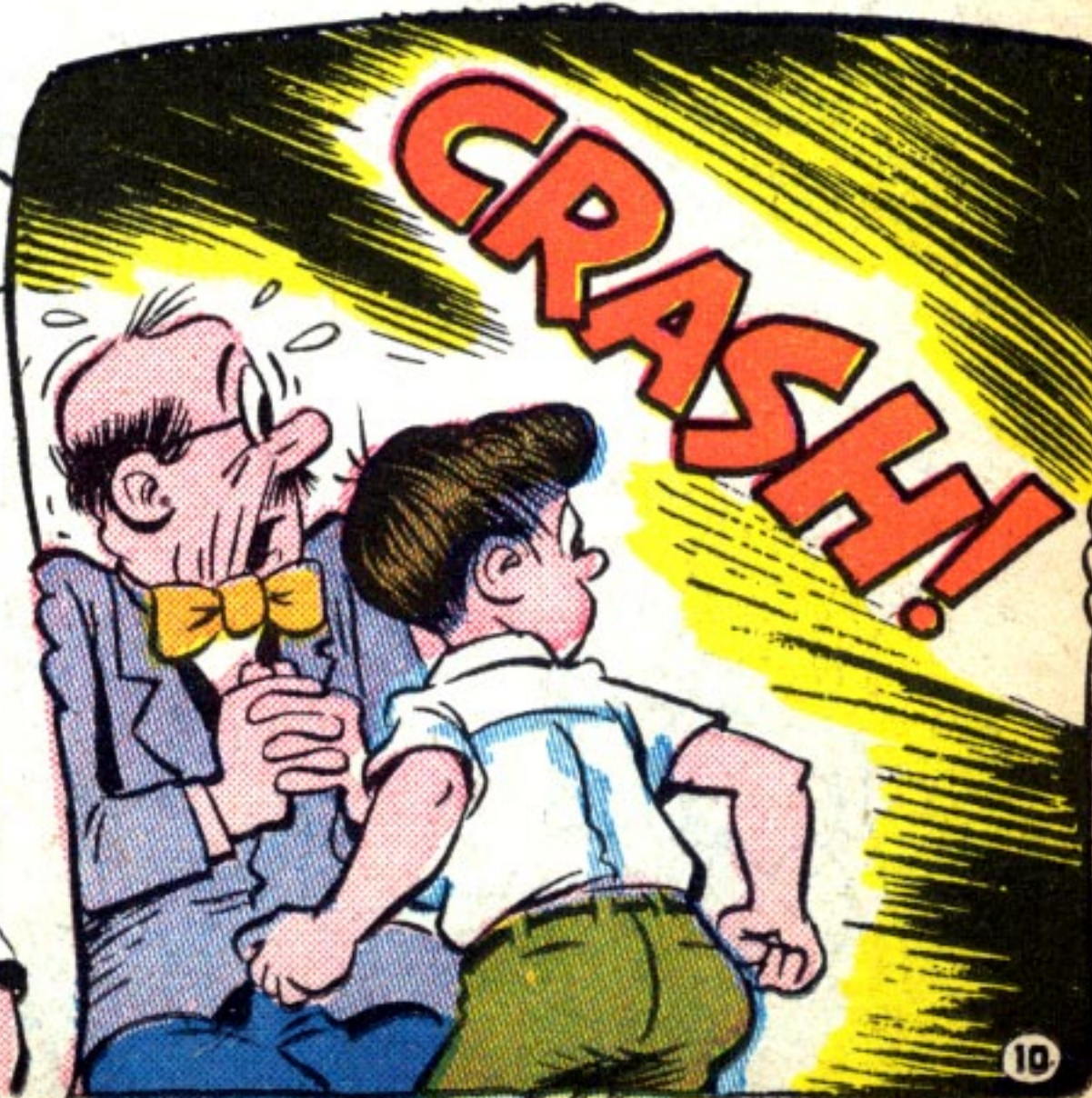
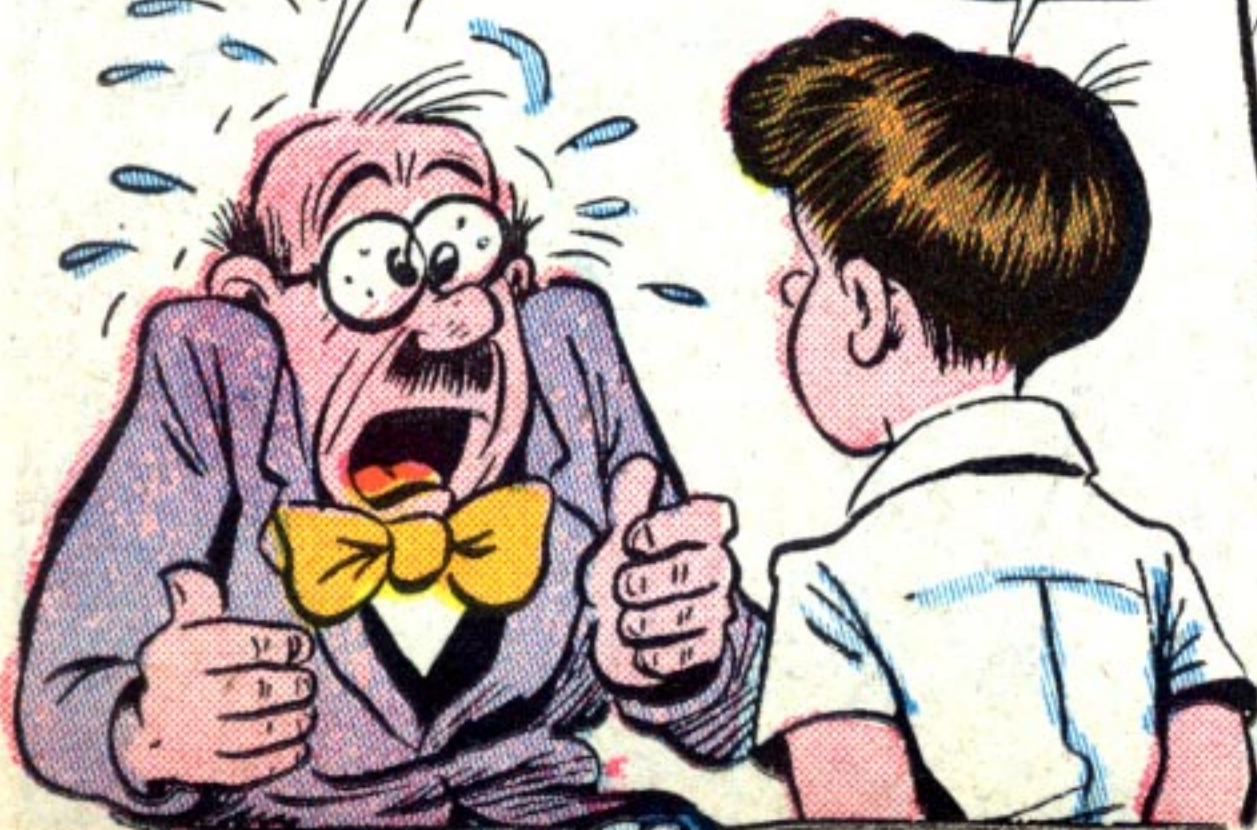
I WISH YOU'D STOP INTERRUPTING ME, COOKIE!... WHAT DID YOU WANT?

I WANTED TO TELL YOU I ALREADY GOT THE REWARD! I MET THE OWNER...



YOU...YOU OWNED THE METTER ...I MEAN...YOU MET THE OWNER ...QUICK! W-WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

WELL ...BIG WALRUS MOUSTACHE ...AND...





WHY, THERE  
HE IS NOW,  
POP!

N-NO!

SO! THE YOUNG ONE, TOO!  
IT'S A DEN OF THIEVES!

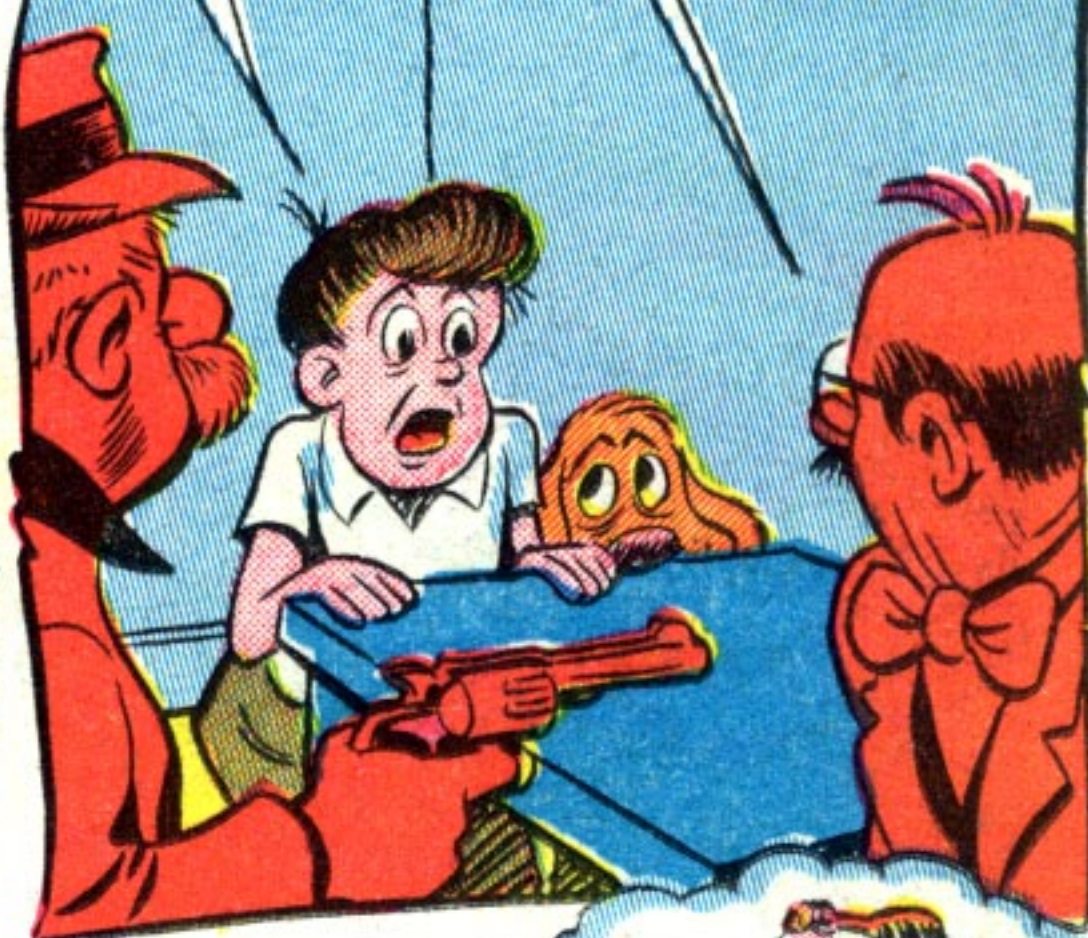
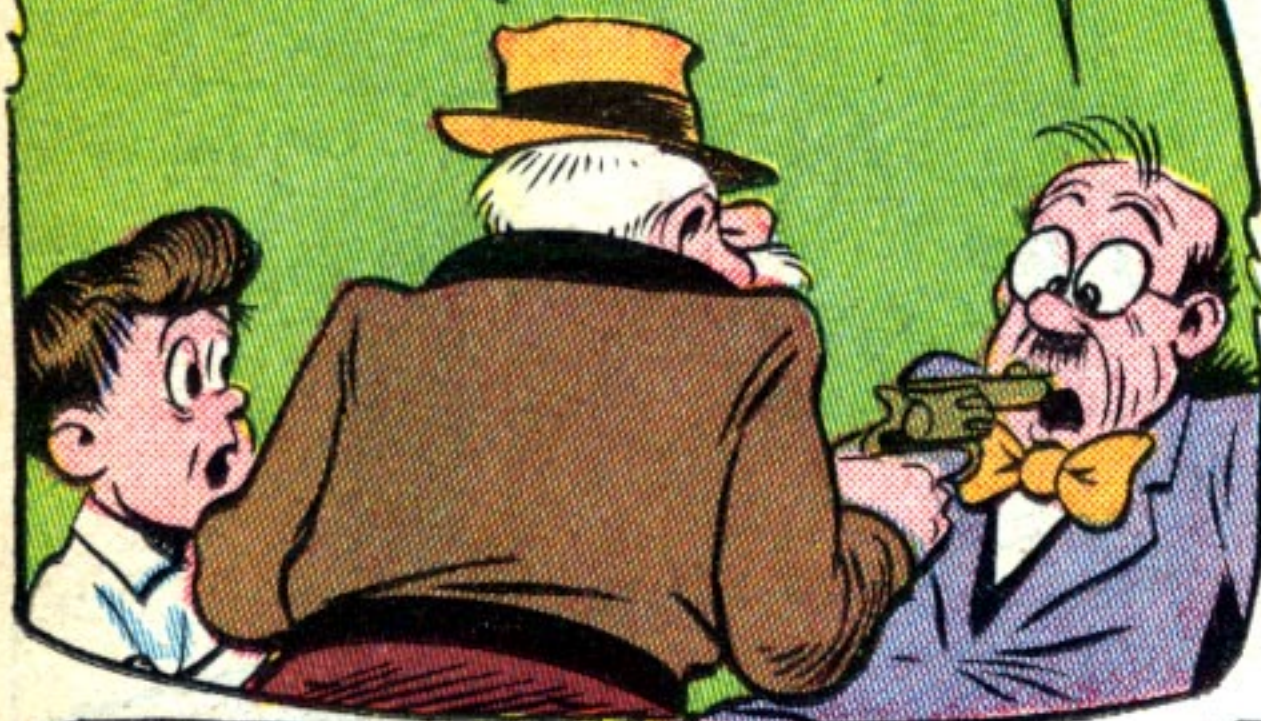


ALL RIGHT, GET IT UP, YOU...  
YOU **FAGIN**, YOU! I WANT THE  
MONEY BACK THAT I PAID YOUR  
HENCHMAN HERE THIS  
AFTERNOON!

ER...YEAH...  
**SURE!** GO  
AHEAD, COOKIE  
...GIVE IT TO  
THE MAN!

BUT POP  
...I SPENT  
IT!

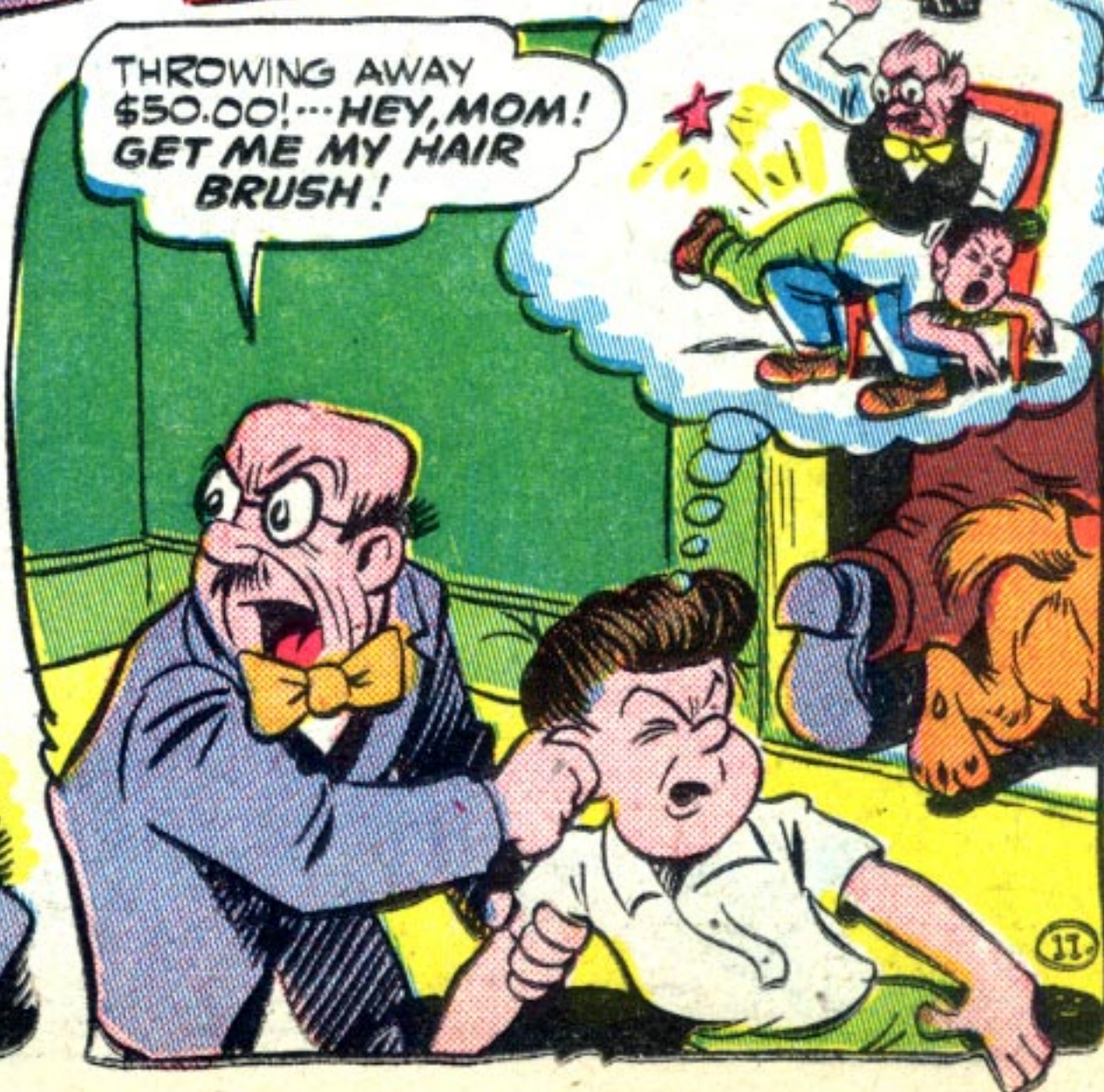
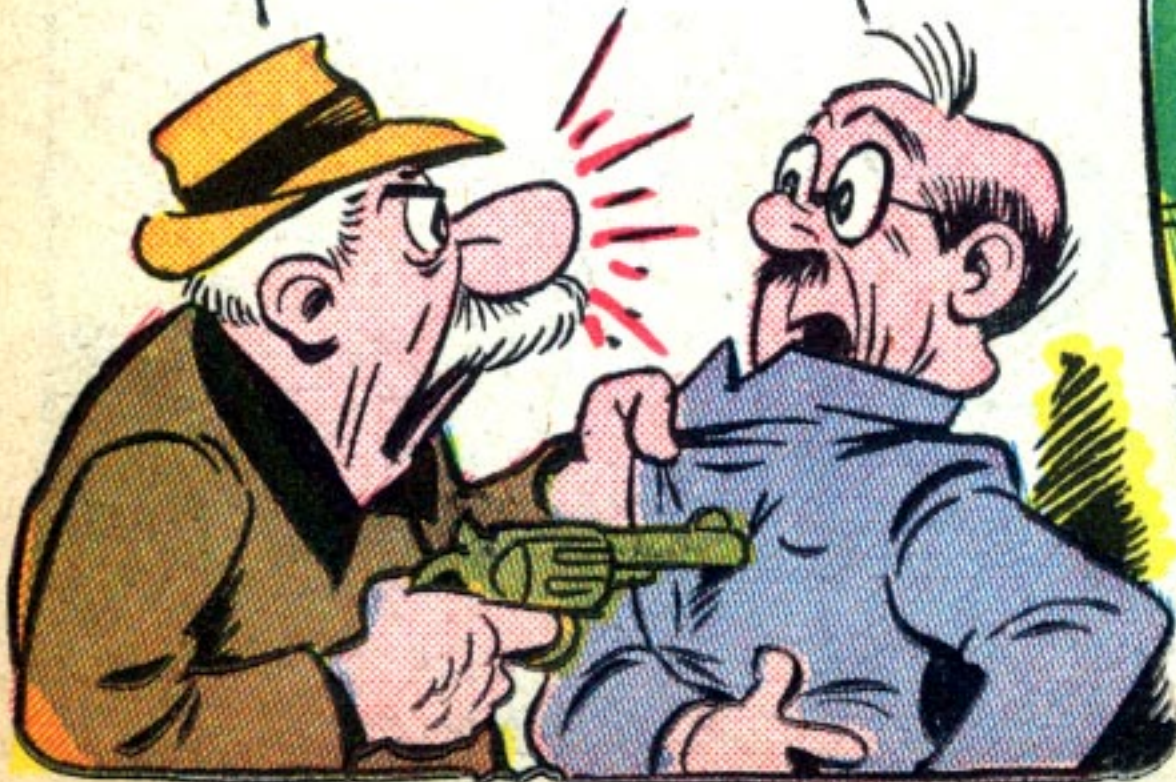
**WHAT! WHY,  
YOU WASTREL!**  
YOU...YOU...



CUT THE ACT,  
FOUR-EYES...AND  
GIVE ME MY  
FIFTY CLAMS  
PRONTO!

ER...  
YESSIR...

THROWING AWAY  
\$50.00!...HEY, MOM!  
GET ME MY HAIR  
BRUSH!



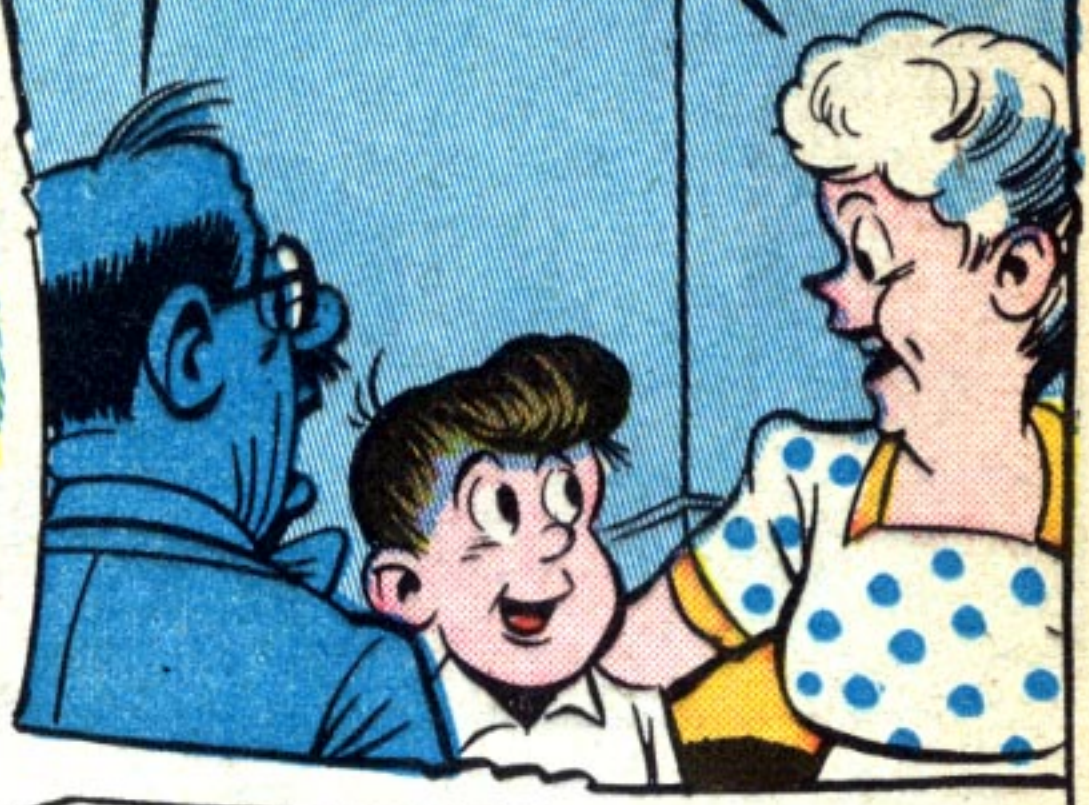


YOUR OLD ONE? WHY,  
I THREW IT AWAY, DEAR!  
WHAT DID YOU WANT  
IT FOR?

WELL...I **DIDN'T**  
WANT IT TO MASSAGE  
MY **DANDRUFF**  
WITH!

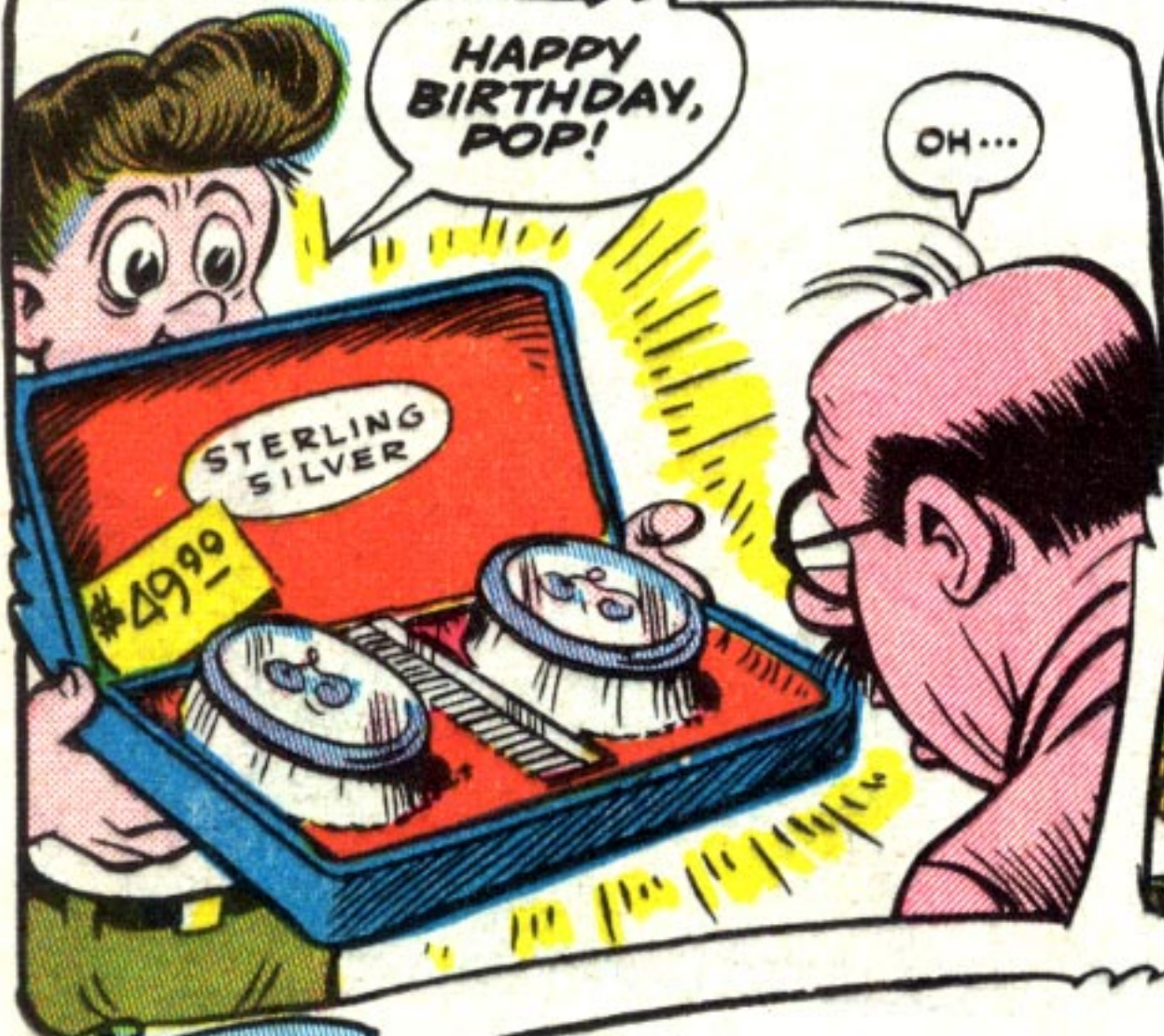
WHY DID  
YOU THROW  
IT AWAY?

WELL, COOKIE HAD A  
LITTLE SURPRISE HE  
WAS SAVING FOR LATER!  
SHOW HIM **NOW**, DEAR!



HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY,  
POP!

OH...



I BOUGHT IT  
WITH THE  
REWARD  
MONEY!

ER...YEAH...  
GEE, THANKS,  
SON!

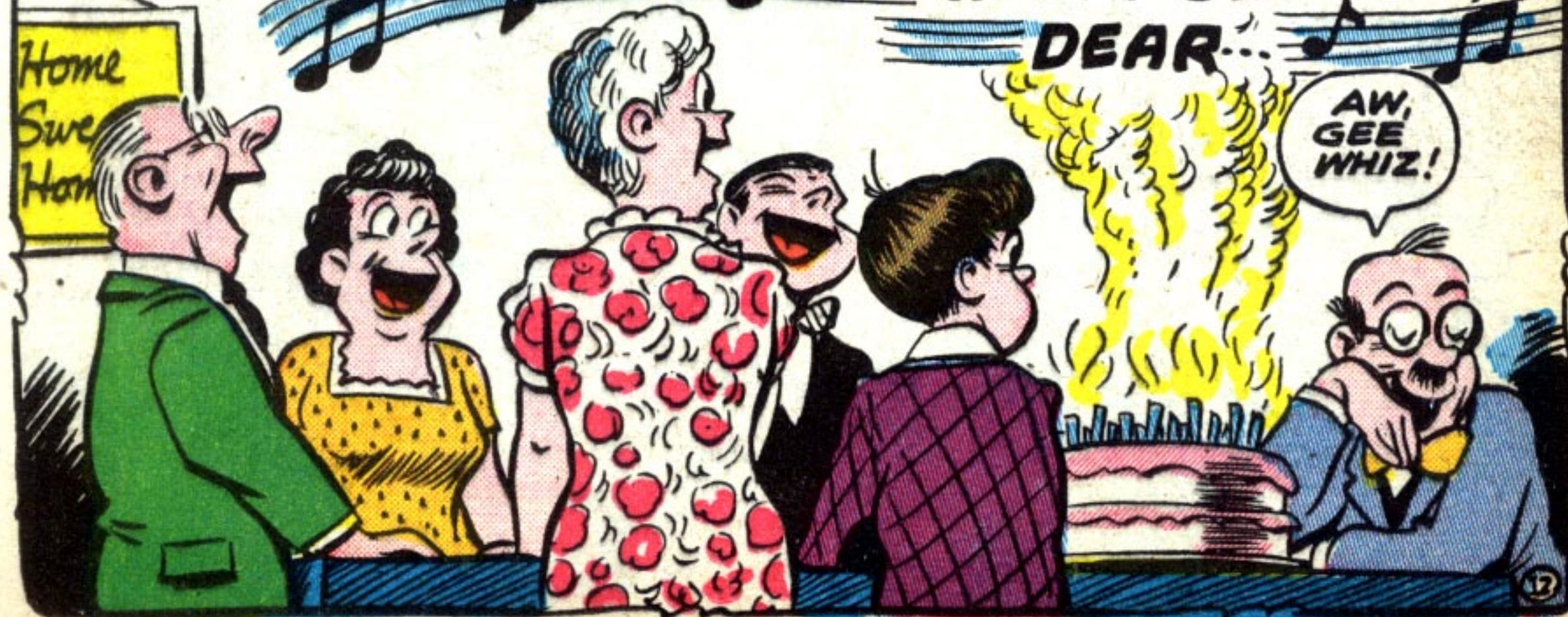
I HOPE I DON'T  
LOOK AS SMALL  
AS I FEEL!



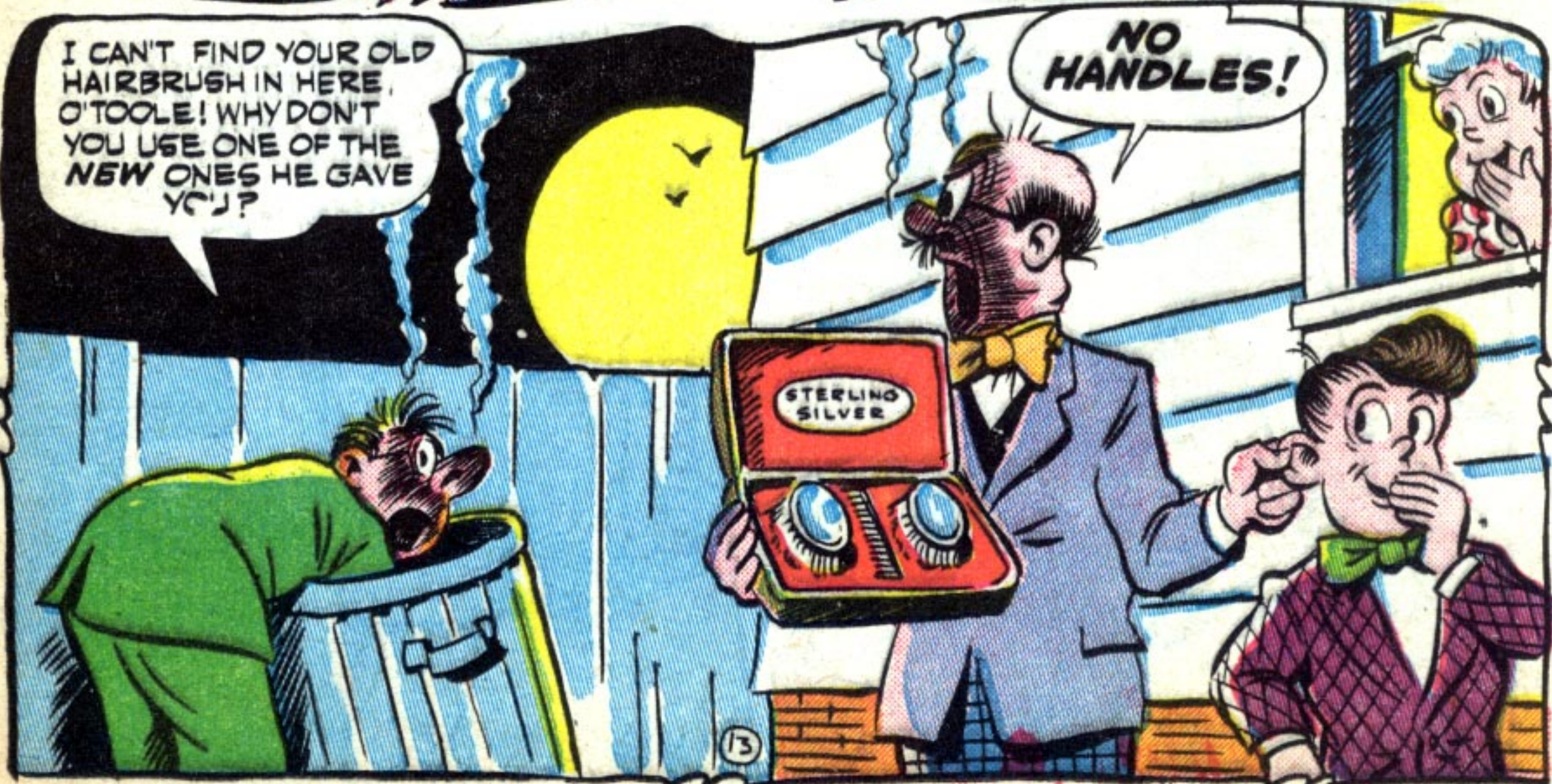
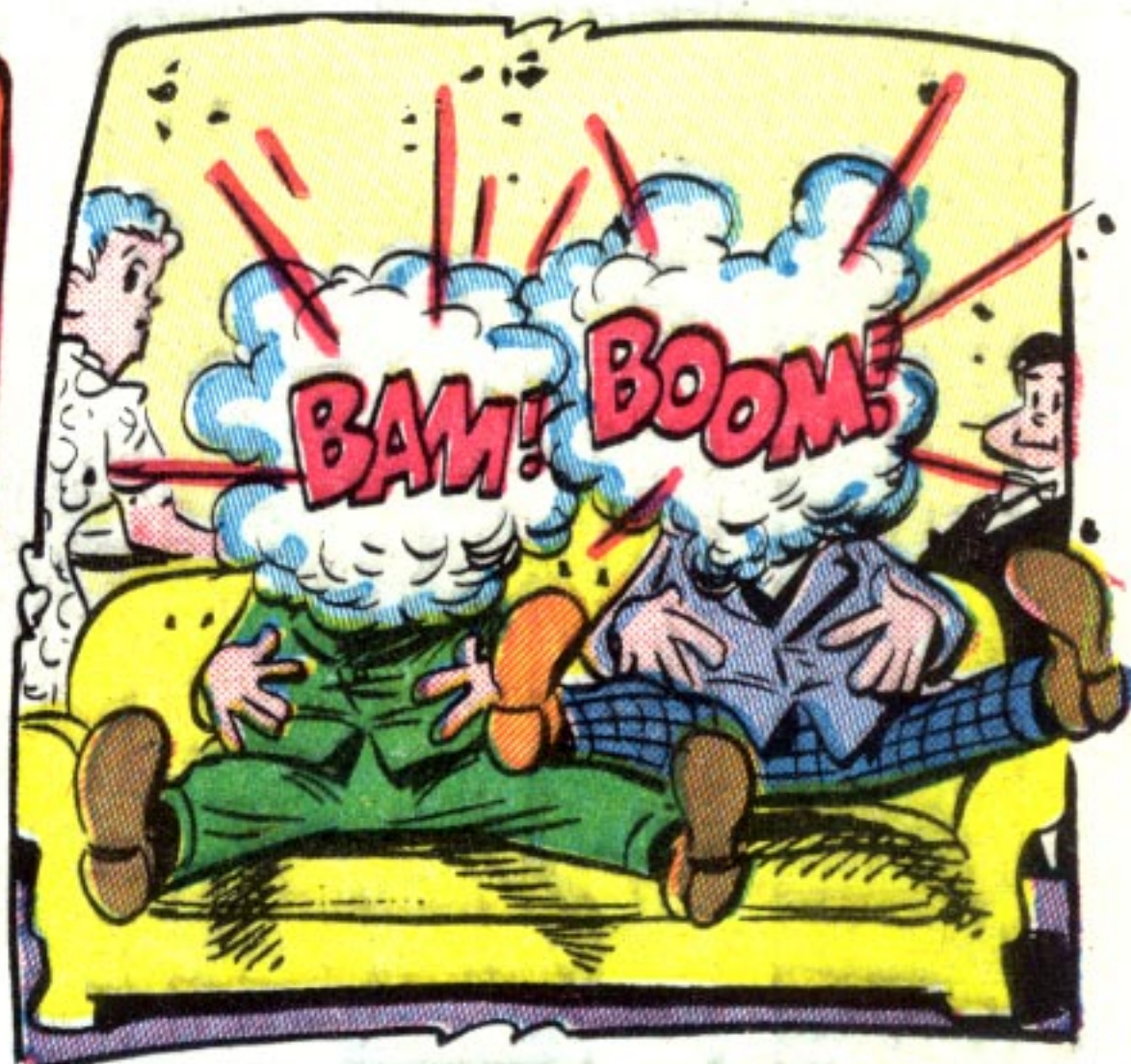
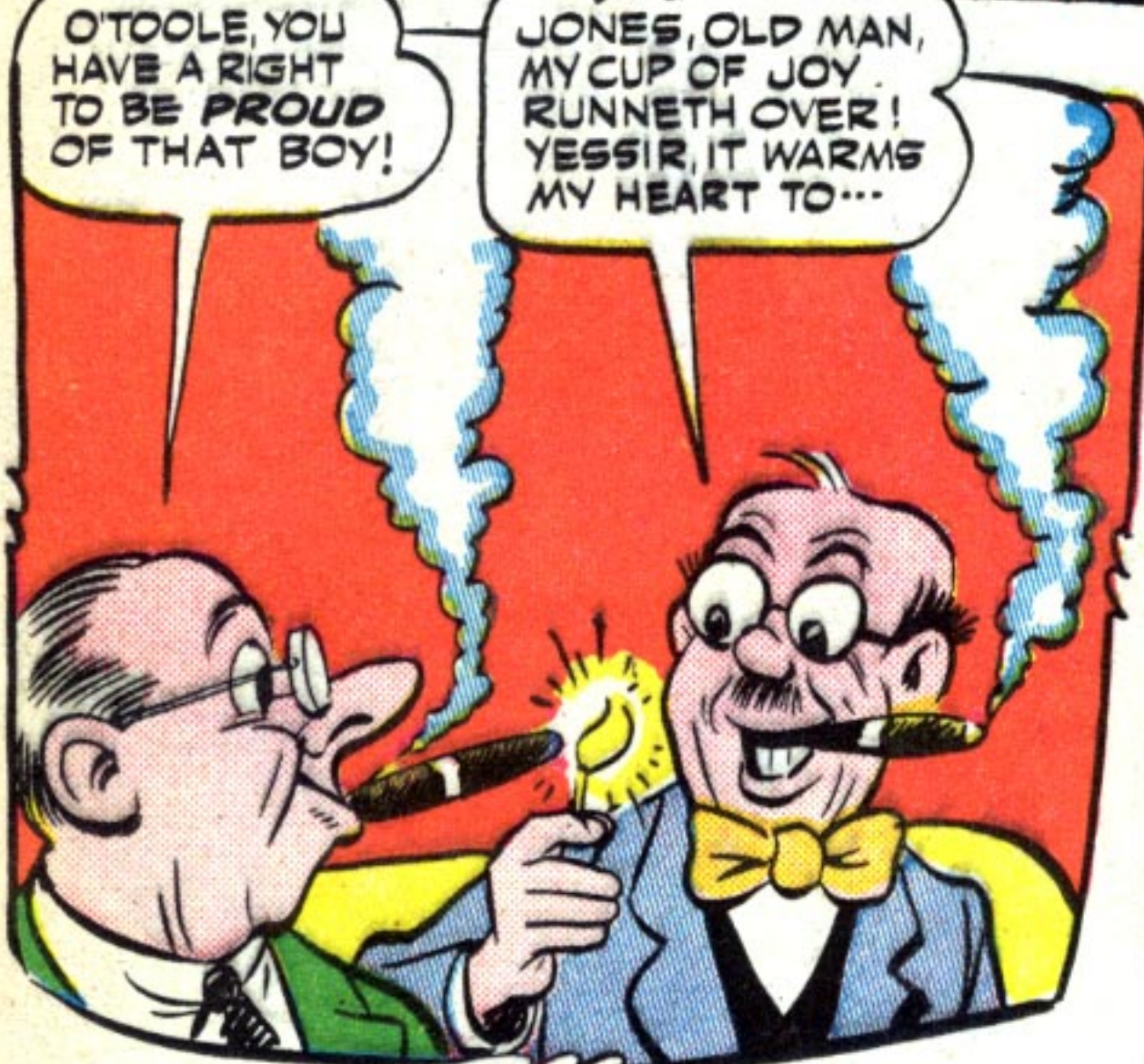
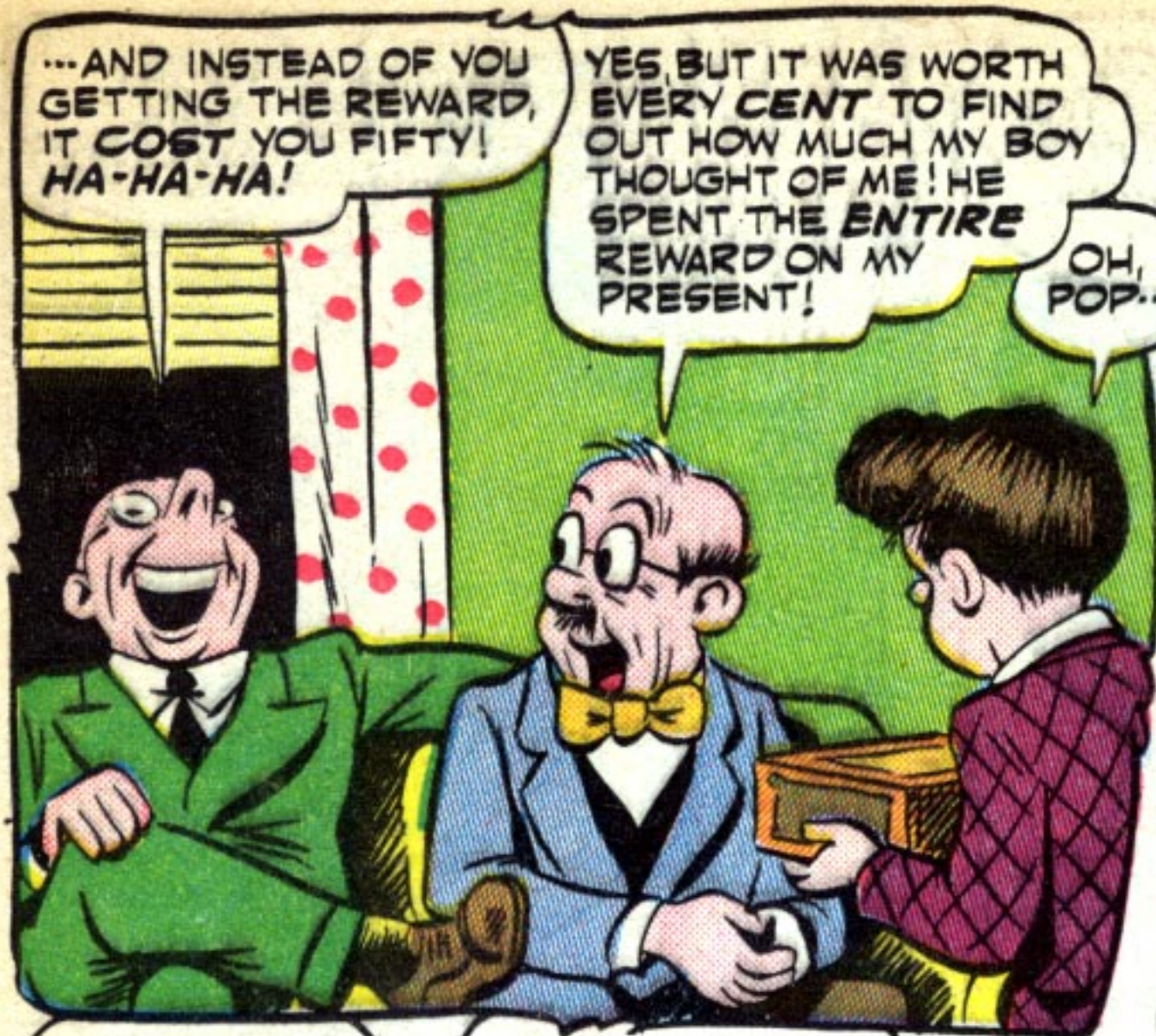
Later...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY,  
DEAR...

AW,  
GEE  
WHIZ!





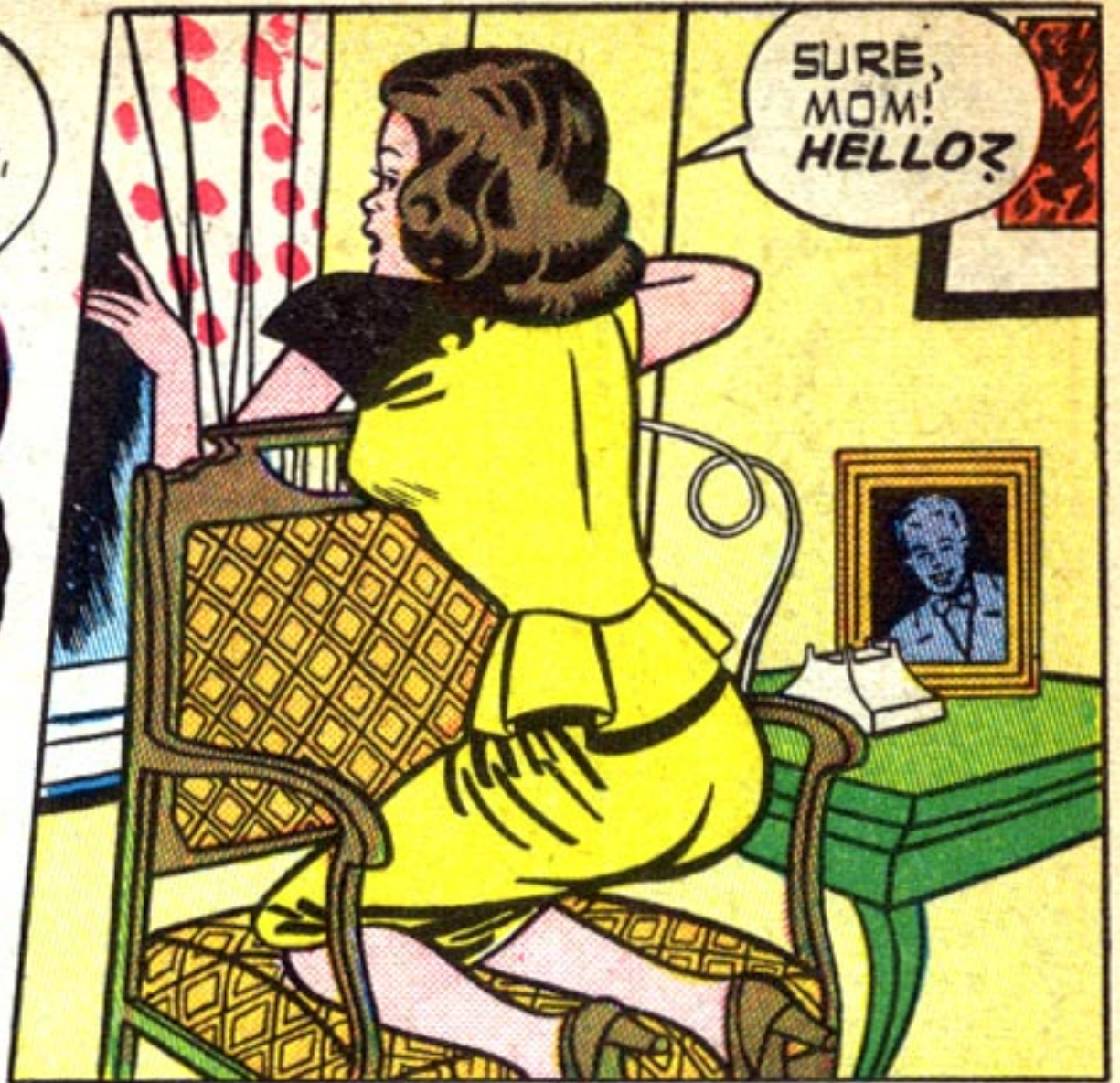




# LORRIE

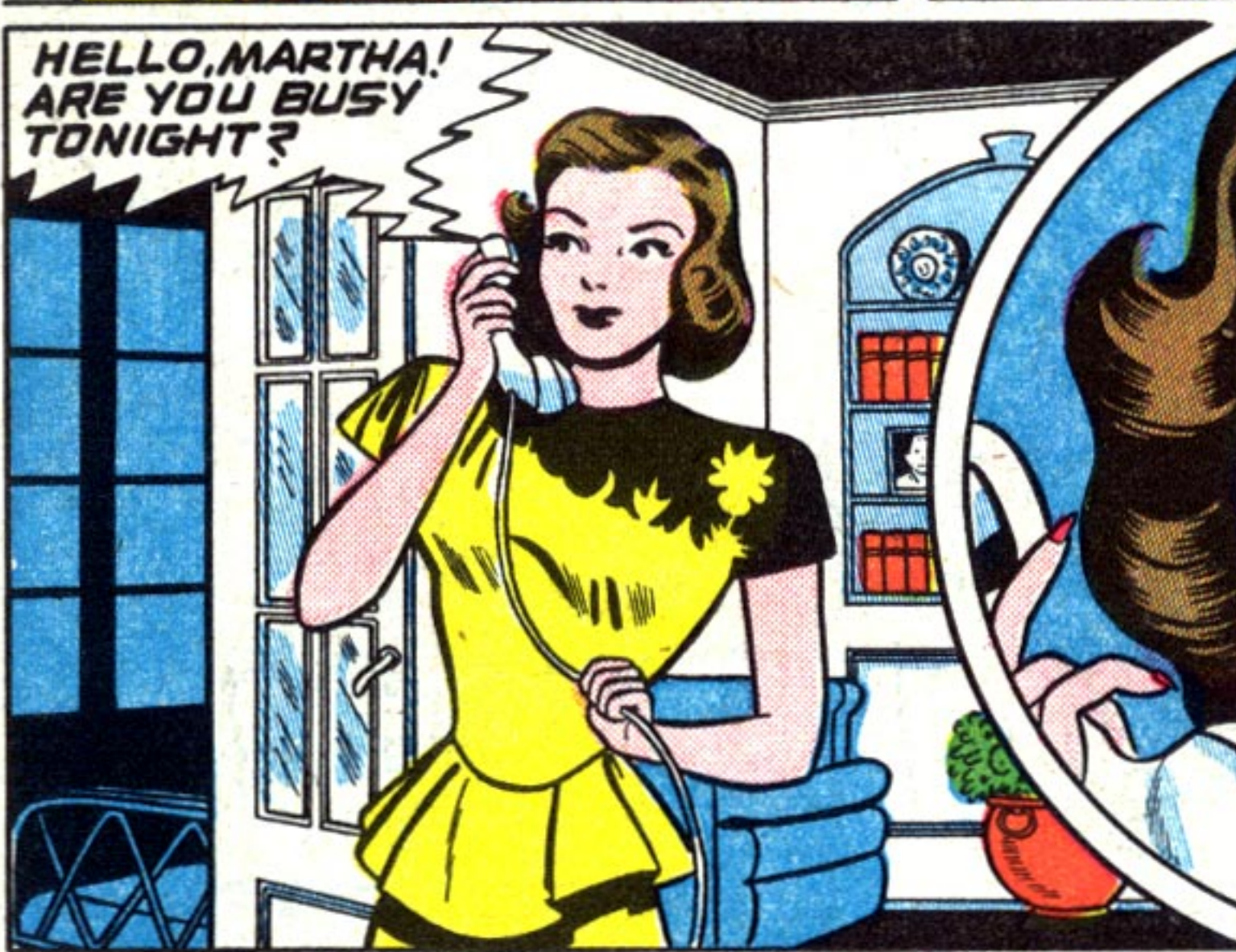
WILL YOU  
ANSWER THE  
PHONE PLEASE,  
LORRIE?...I'M  
BUSY!

R-RING!



SURE,  
MOM!  
HELLO?

HELLO, MARTHA!  
ARE YOU BUSY  
TONIGHT?



NO, I'M NOT, HARRY!  
COME ON OVER!



ER...MY NAME  
ISN'T  
HARRY...

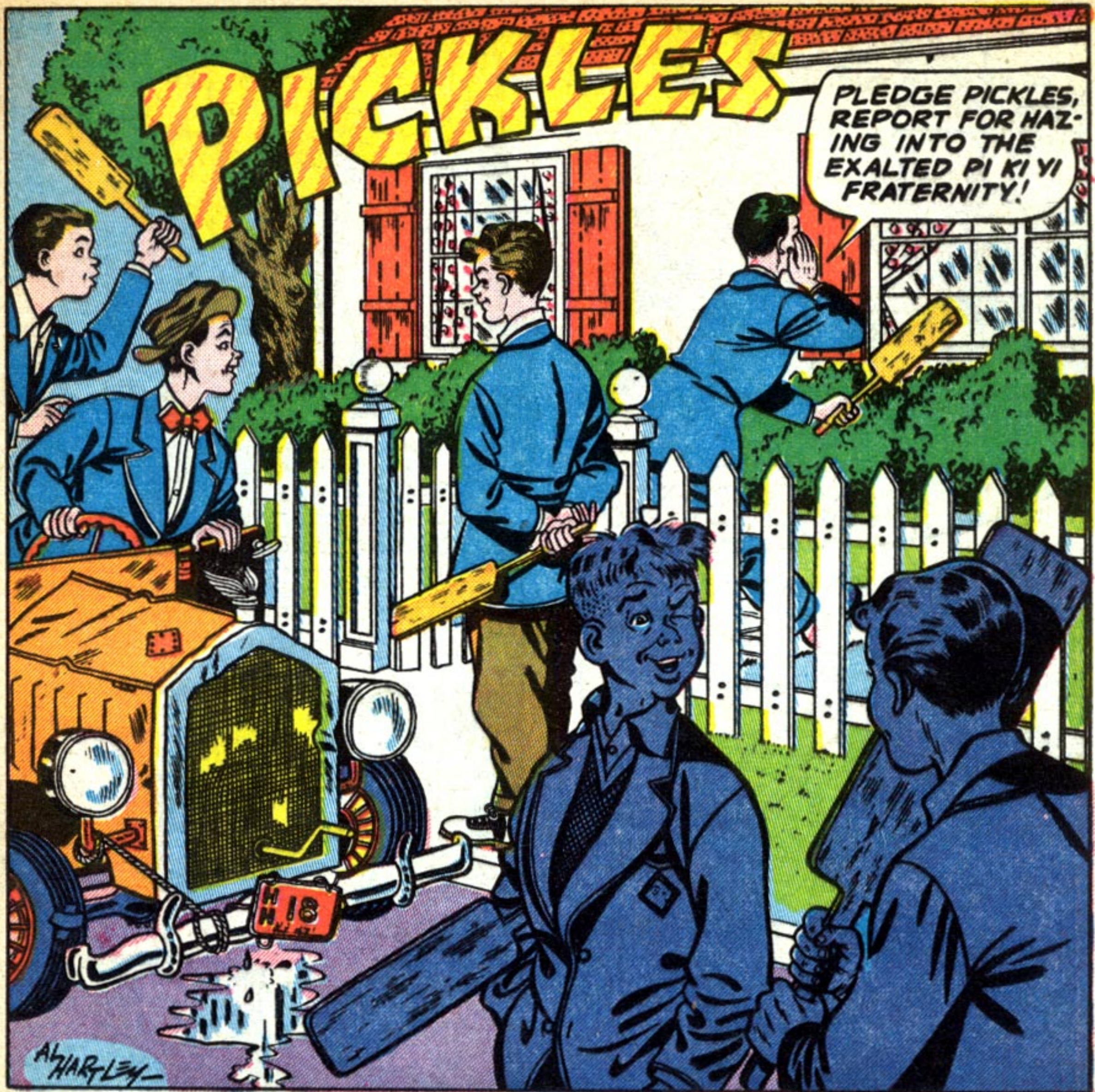


WELL, MY NAME  
ISN'T MARTHA,  
EITHER! BUT  
C'MON OVER ANY-  
WAY!



AL  
HARTLEY





WELL, THIS IS IT, PICKLES! TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! I'VE ALREADY GONE THROUGH MY FRATERNITY INITIATION...AND IT'S NOT TOO ROUGH!

HEH-HEH! HERE COMES THE INNOCENT LAMB, BEING LED TO SLAUGHTER! (CHUCKLE) WHEN I FINISH WITH HIM, DEBBIE WILL DENY SHE EVEN KNOWS THE JERK! THEN I'LL STEP IN FOR TOUJOUR L'AMOUR! ME... ROMEO RAVELLI!

GASP!



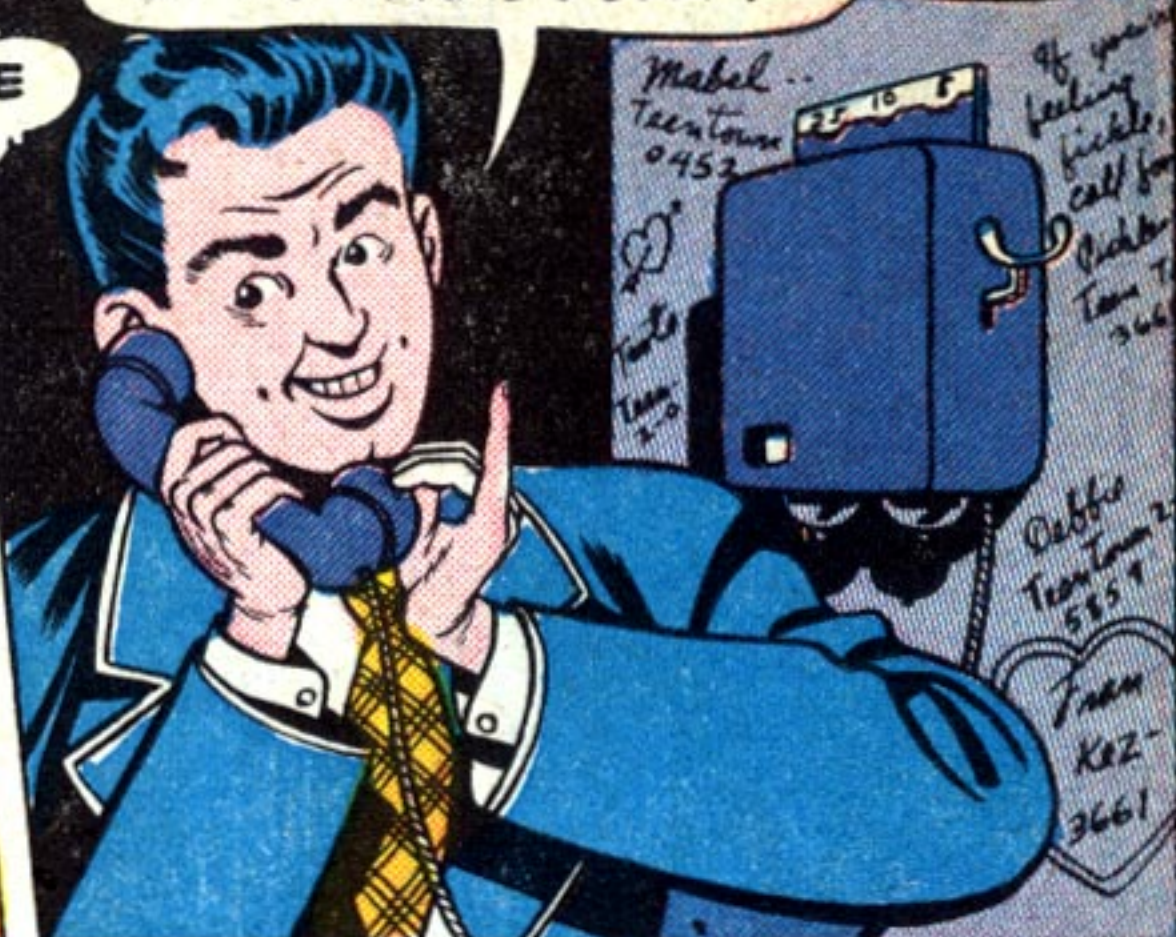


ALL RIGHT, BROTHERS! TAKE THE VICT... I MEAN, THE PLEDGE... AND CARRY OUT THE INITIATION RITUAL!

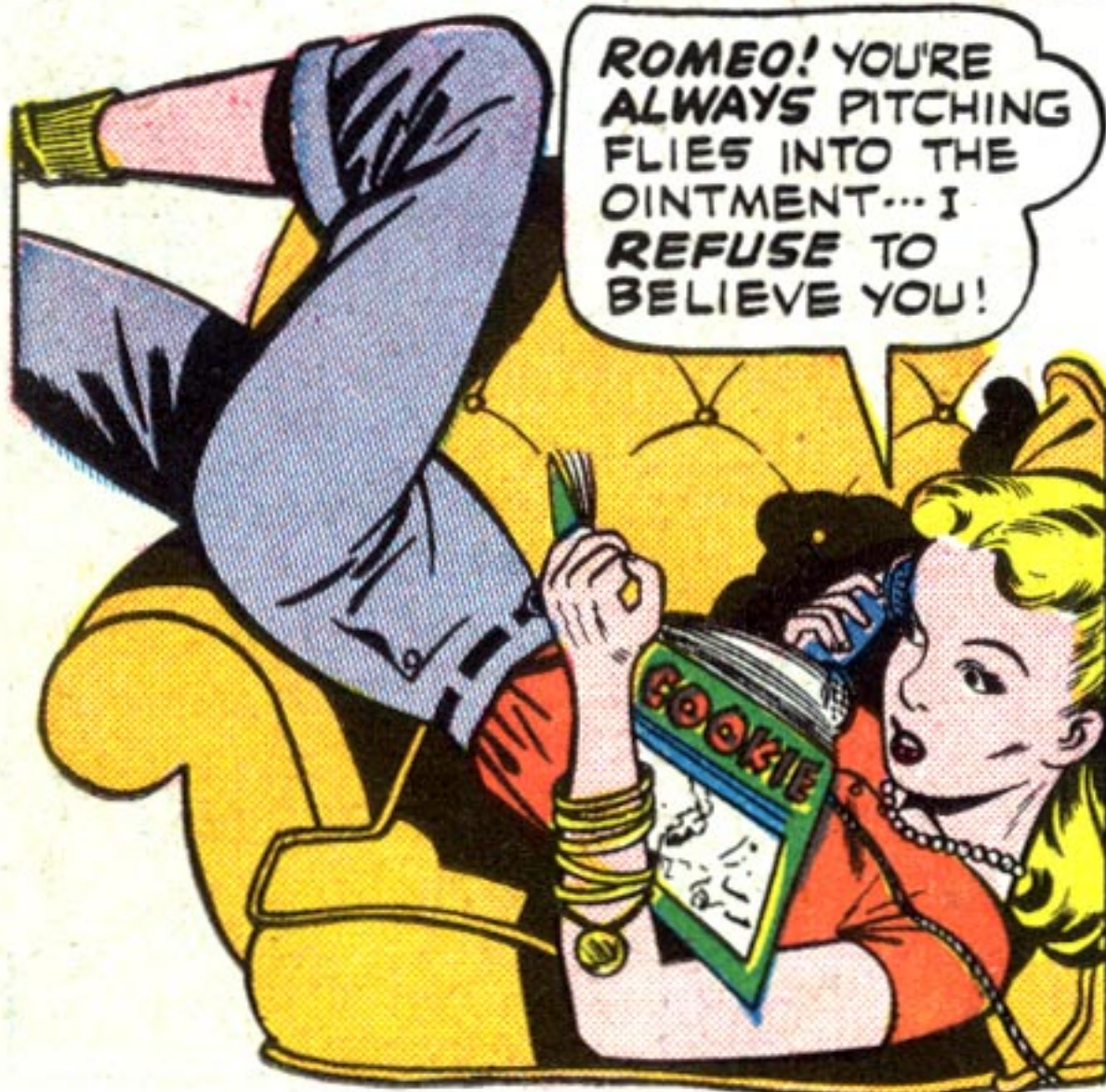
...AND THE NEXT THING WE'LL CARRY OUT WILL BE THE **CORPSE!**...HAH!



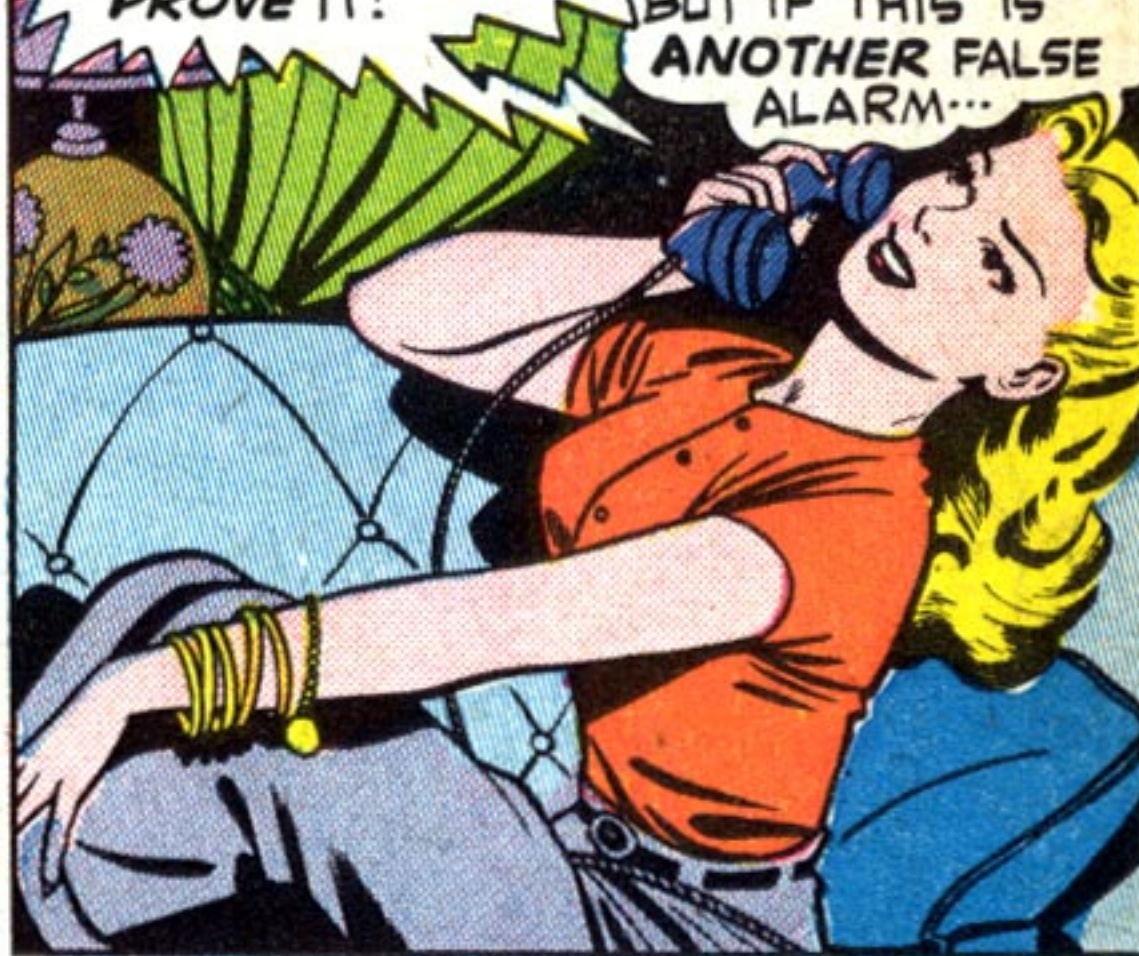
DEBBIE, I JUST CALLED TO TELL YA THAT YOUR SANE FLAME HAS GONE COMPLETELY **NUTS!** IN FACT, PICKLES IS ONLY THE **SHELL** OF HIS FORMER SELF!



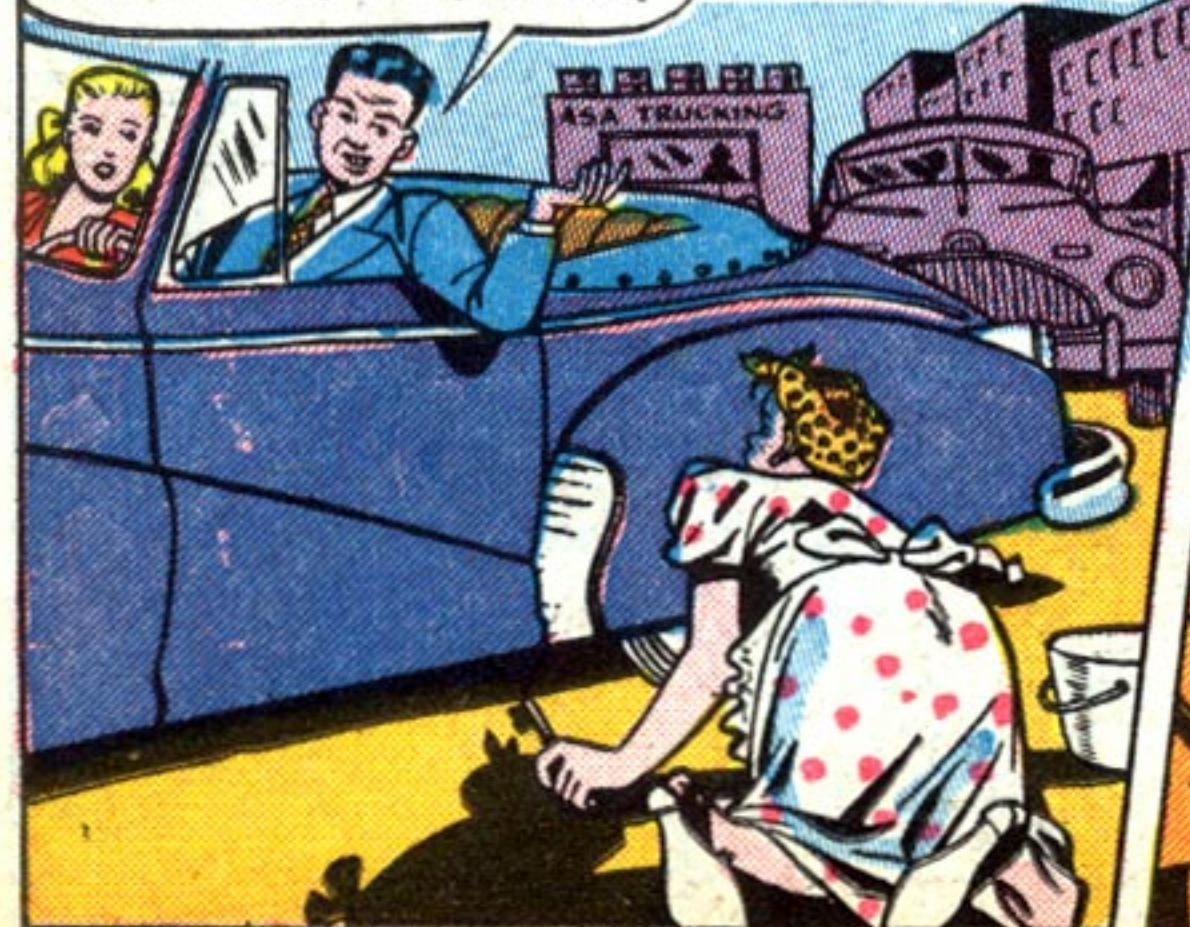
**ROMEO!** YOU'RE ALWAYS PITCHING FLIES INTO THE OINTMENT... I **REFUSE** TO BELIEVE YOU!



LISTEN, DEBBIE... GURRBK... OKAY, ROMEO...  
ARK... BLEEF... SKRONK... I'LL GIVE YOU  
MMBLIB... AND I CAN THE CHANCE!  
**PROVE IT!** BUT IF THIS IS  
ANOTHER FALSE  
ALARM...



SEE, DEBBIE? HE'S RIPE FOR THE **LAUGHING ACADEMY!** IMAGINE... RIGGED OUT LIKE THAT, AND SCRUBBIN' MAIN STREET WITH A **TOOTH BRUSH!**

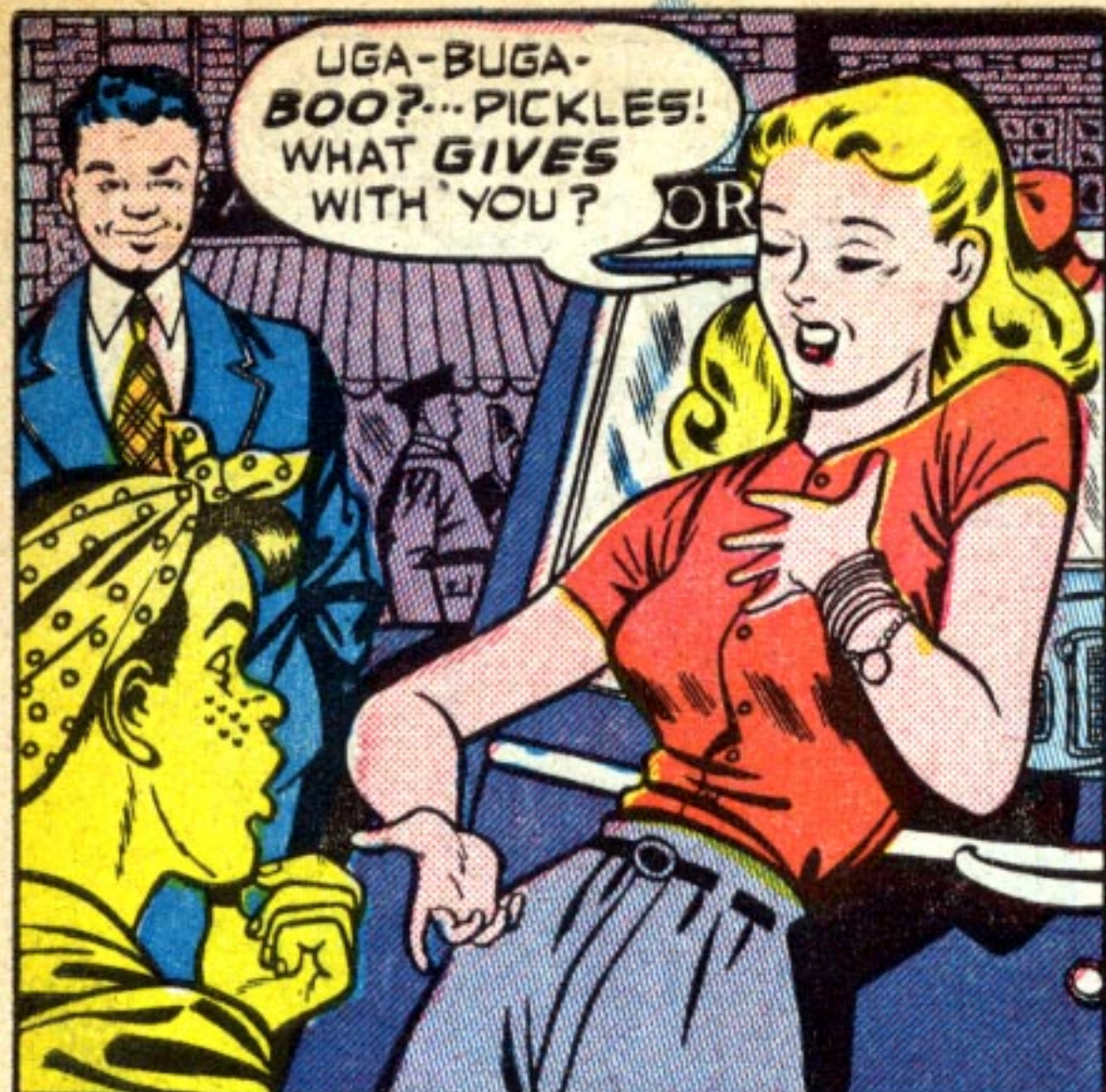


**PICKLES!** WHAT ARE YOU...?

UH... PARDON ME, DEBBIE!... **UGA-BUGA-BOO!** **UGA-BOO-BOO-UGA!**







UGA-BUGA-BOO?... PICKLES! WHAT GIVES WITH YOU?

OR



WELL, DEBBIE, I...

OH, NUTS! I'M SWORN TO SECRECY... I CAN'T REVEAL THAT I'VE JUST GIVEN THE FRATERNITY GREETING!

ER... I FEEL FINE, DEBBIE!



SEE HERE, YOU INSOLENT PUP! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO STAND WHEN YOU ADDRESS A LADY?

OH, CERTAINLY, SIR!

UGH! THIS IS KILLIN' ME ... BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT TO BECOME A FRATERNITY BROTHER!



AND SAY... YOU'D BETTER GET SOME FRESH WATER! ... I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!

SPLAT



WHY, YOU...

AH-AH! ONE OF THE FIRST FRATERNITY RULES YOU MUST LEARN IS NEVER TO STRIKE A BROTHER MEMBER!



NOW DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AGAIN, YOU SPINELESS NINCOMPOOP!

SPINELESS IS RIGHT, PICKLES! YOU'VE BECOME A COWARD!

YES, SIR!





I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!...TAKE ME HOME PLEASE, ROMEO!

WITH PLEASURE!



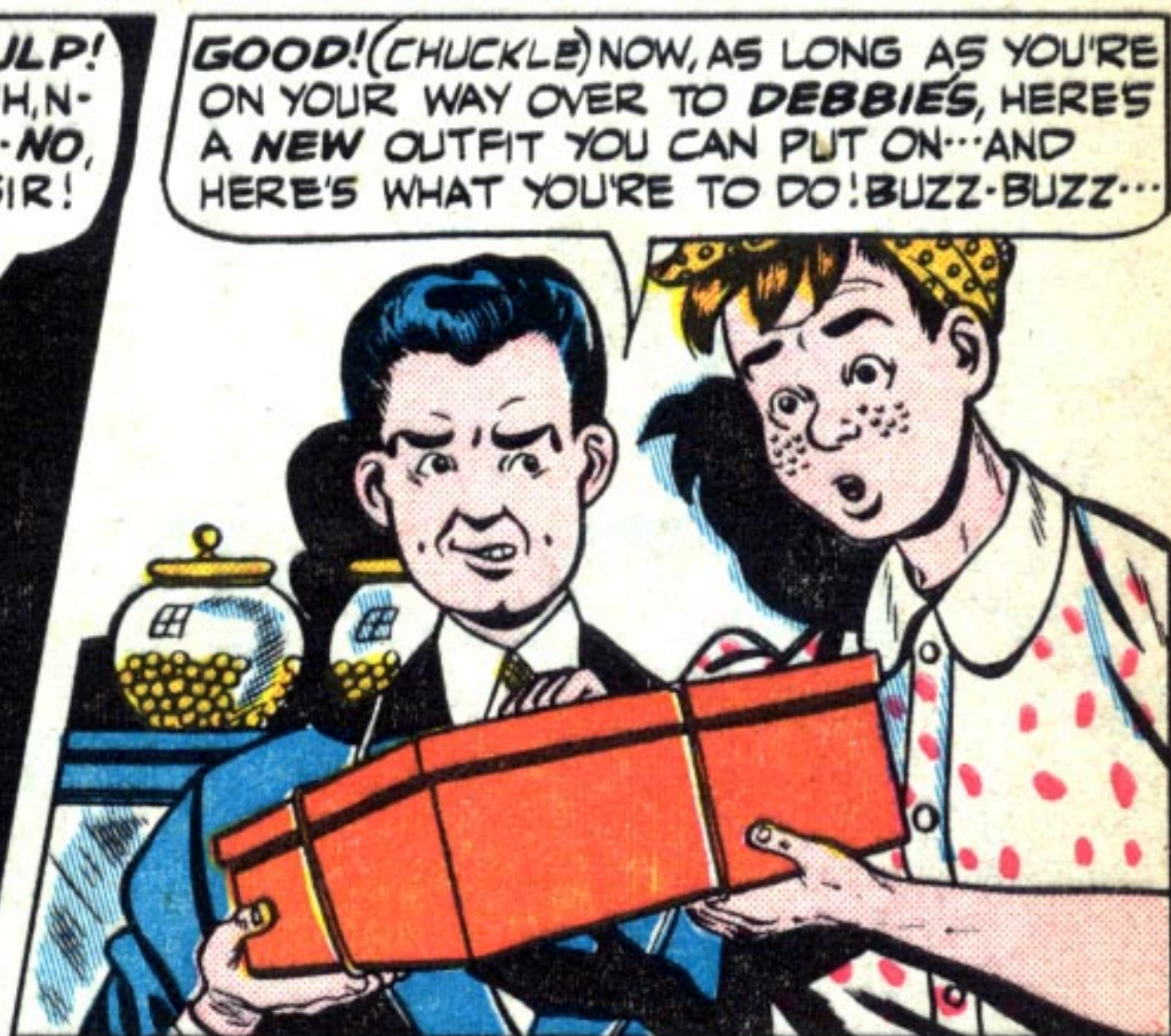
Later...

DEBBIE, LISTEN TO ME! I'M COMING RIGHT OVER...I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!



PLEDGE PICKLES, HIT A BRACE! NOW TELL ME...YOU WOULDN'T REVEAL THE SECRET RITUAL TO ANYONE, WOULD YOU?

ULP! UH, N-N-NO, SIR!



GOOD! (CHUCKLE) NOW, AS LONG AS YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY OVER TO DEBBIE'S, HERE'S A NEW OUTFIT YOU CAN PUT ON...AND HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO! BUZZ-BUZZ...



At Debbie's house...

PICKLES, WHAT IS THIS IMPORTANT WORD YOU HAVE FOR M—YIPE! PICKLES! W-WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?



GULP! DEBBIE...THE IMPORTANT NEWS IS REALLY A WARNING!...GULP...YOU MUST EXERCISE EXTREME CAUTION WHILE OUT OF DOORS!

AND JUST WHY, PRAY TELL?





BECAUSE THE **BUTTERFLIES** ARE PARTICULARLY **VICIOUS** IN THIS SECTION!

OH, I COULD KILL THAT BUM, ROMEO!



WELL, TA-TA! I'M OFF TO SLAY ONE NOW!

GET SET, MEN... HERE HE COMES!



NOW! GIVE HIM THE WORKS!

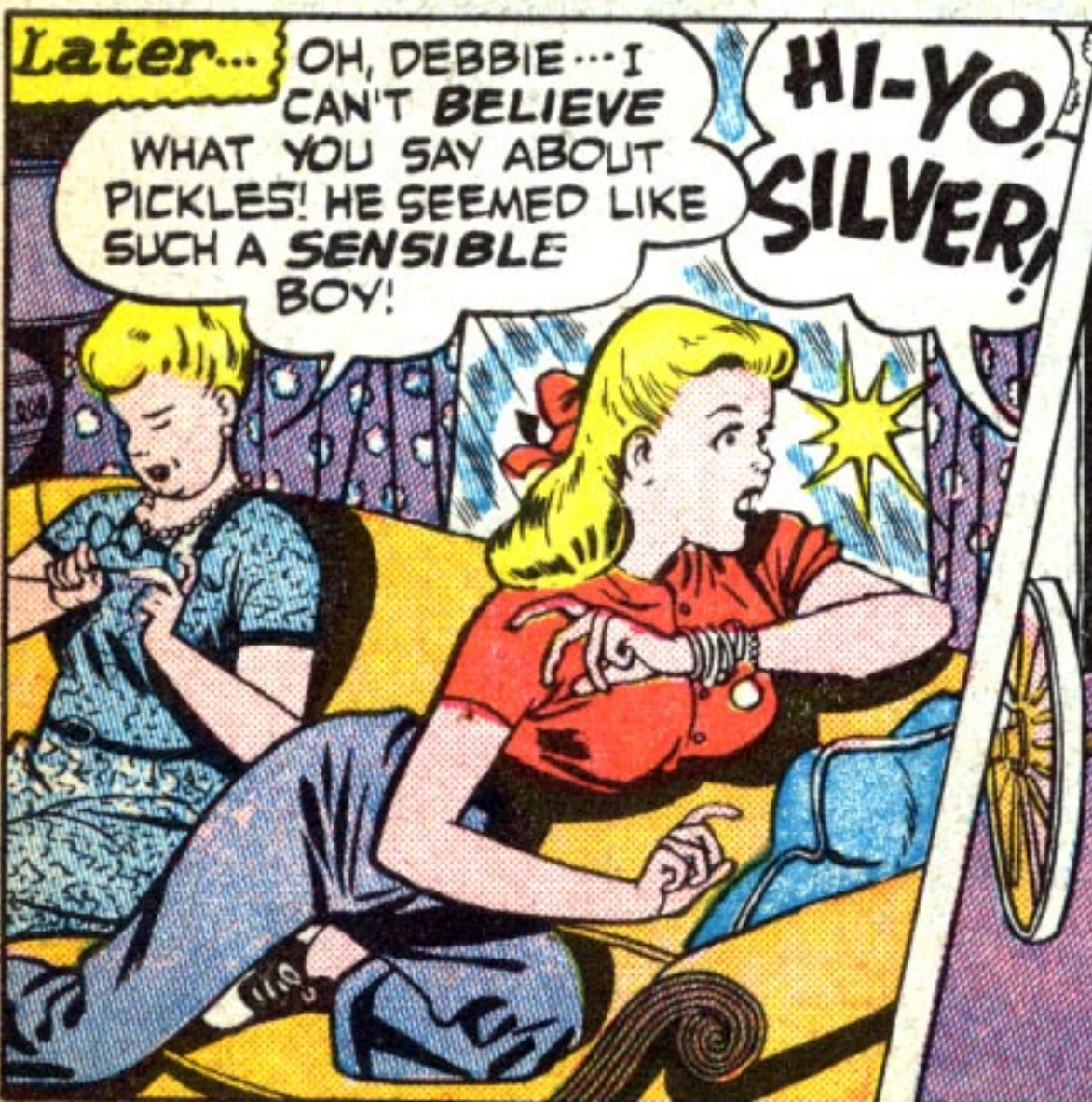


GRACIOUS! WHAT'S PICKLES YELLING ABOUT?

HEH, HEH... HE'S PROBABLY BEING ATTACKED BY ONE OF THOSE **VICIOUS BUTTERFLIES**! SAD CASE, ISN'T IT?

OW! OUCH! THAT STINGS!

WELL, SOUR OATS AND SASSAFRASS SEEDS, MA'AM! I'VE COME TO COLLECT YOUR MILKWEED!



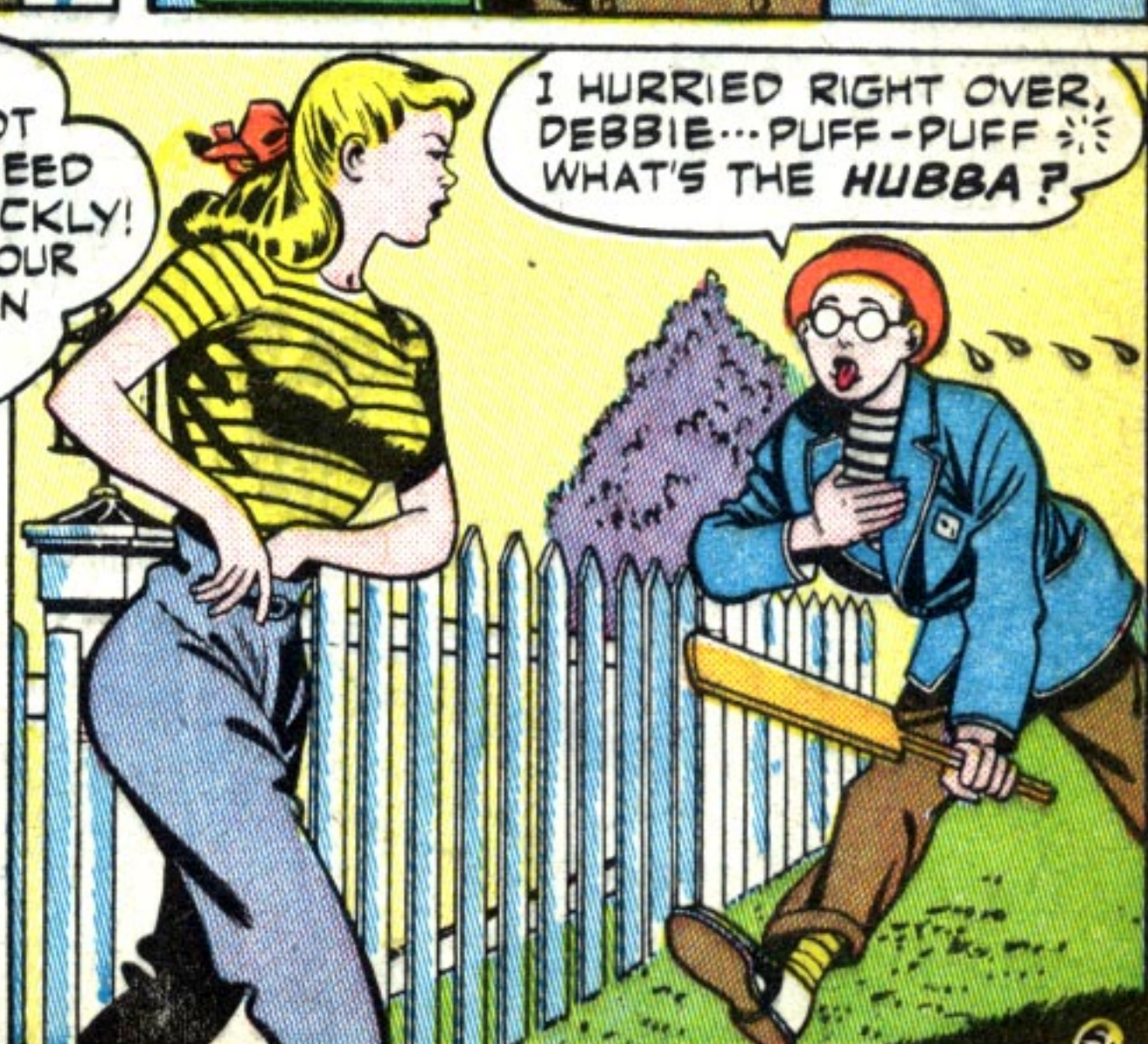
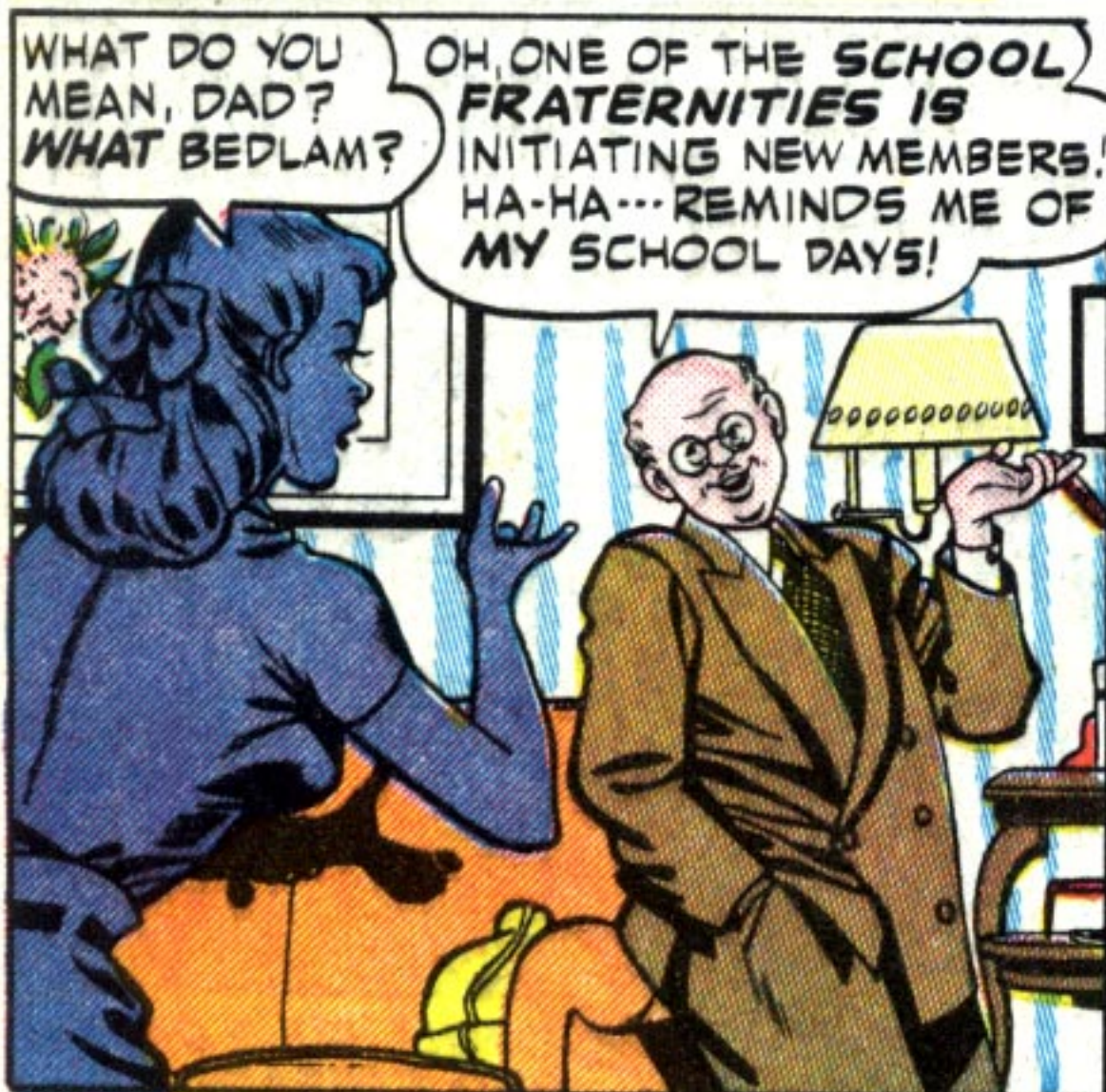
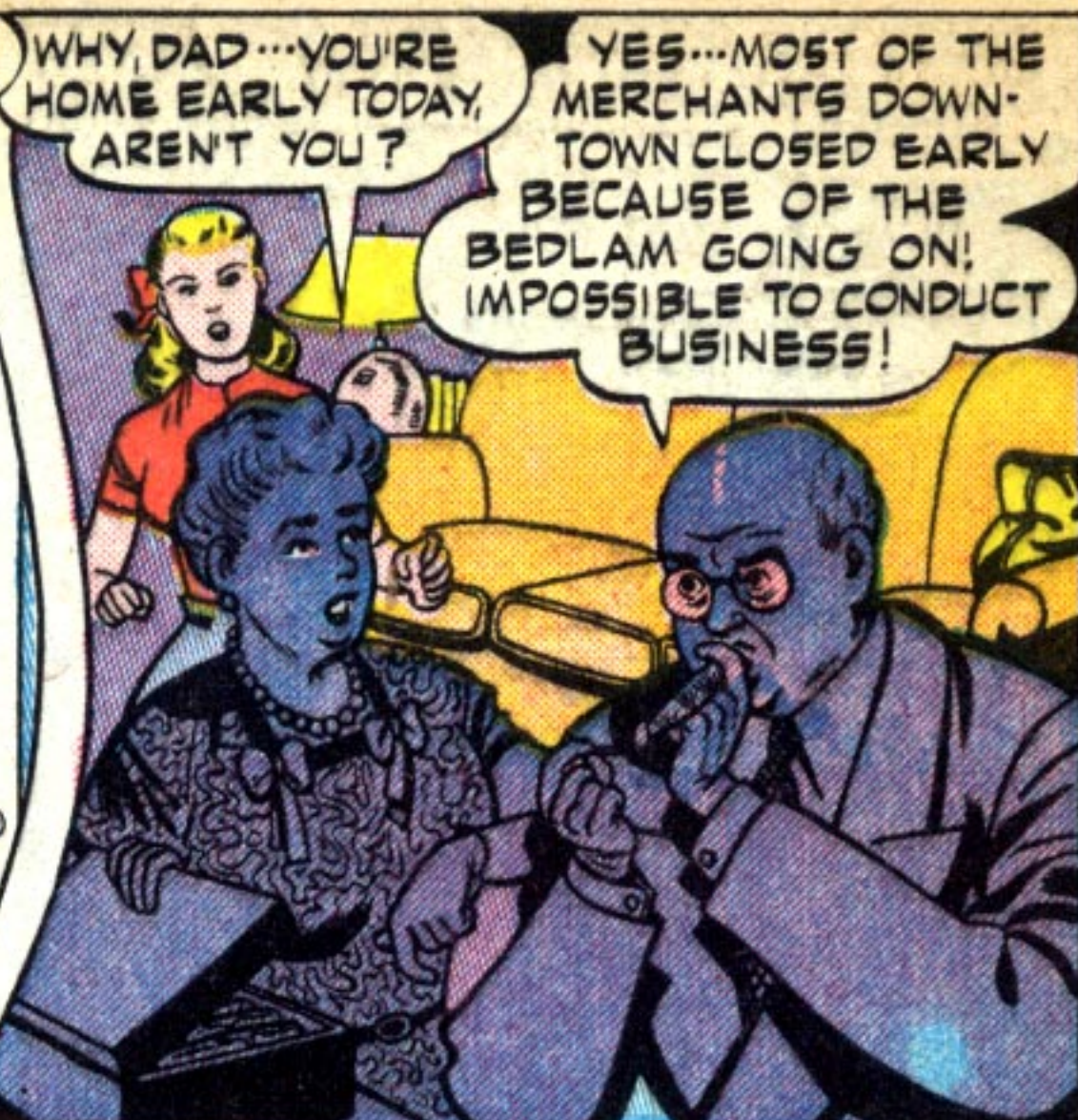
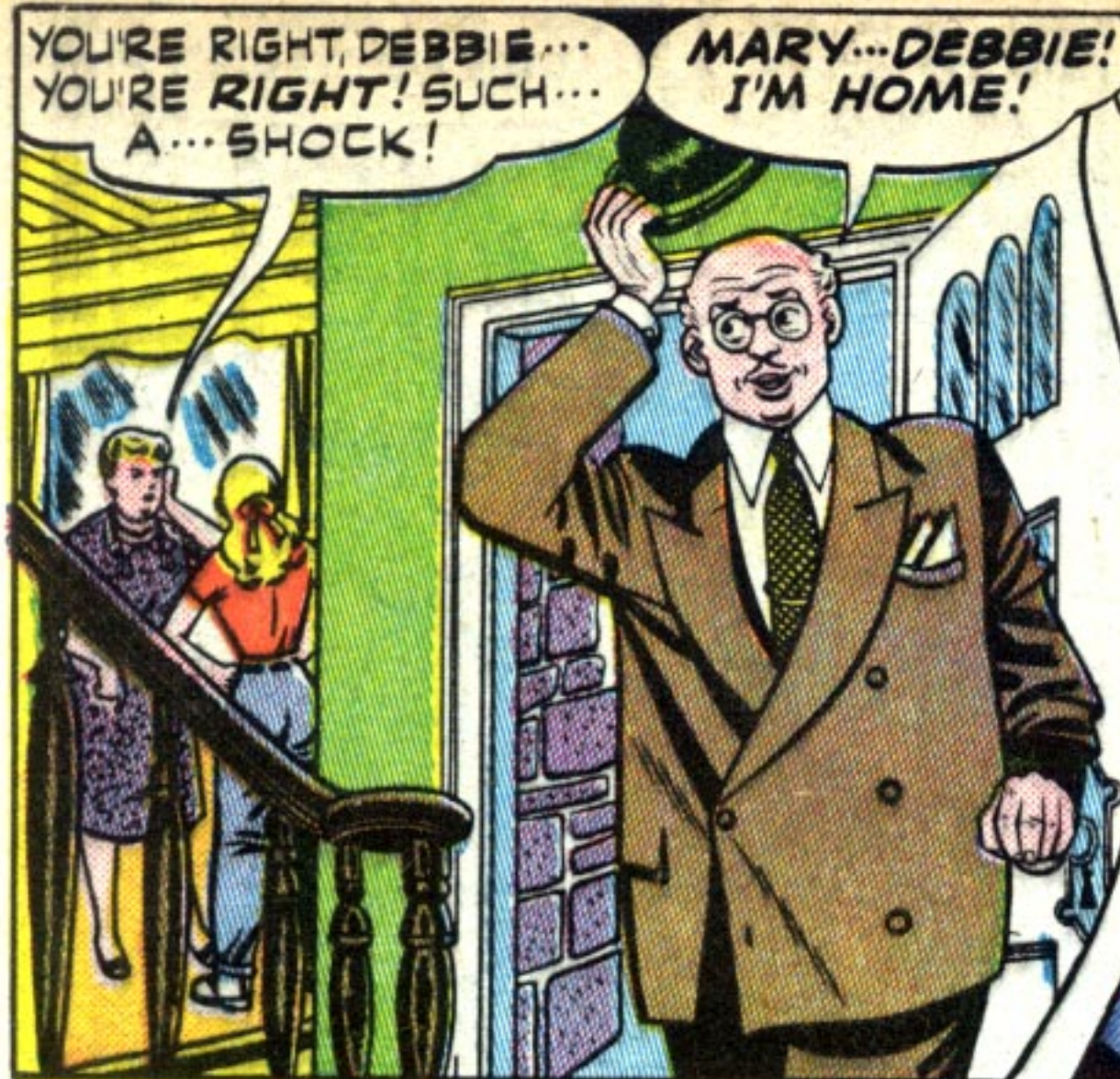
Later...

OH, DEBBIE... I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT PICKLES! HE SEEMED LIKE SUCH A **SENSIBLE** BOY!

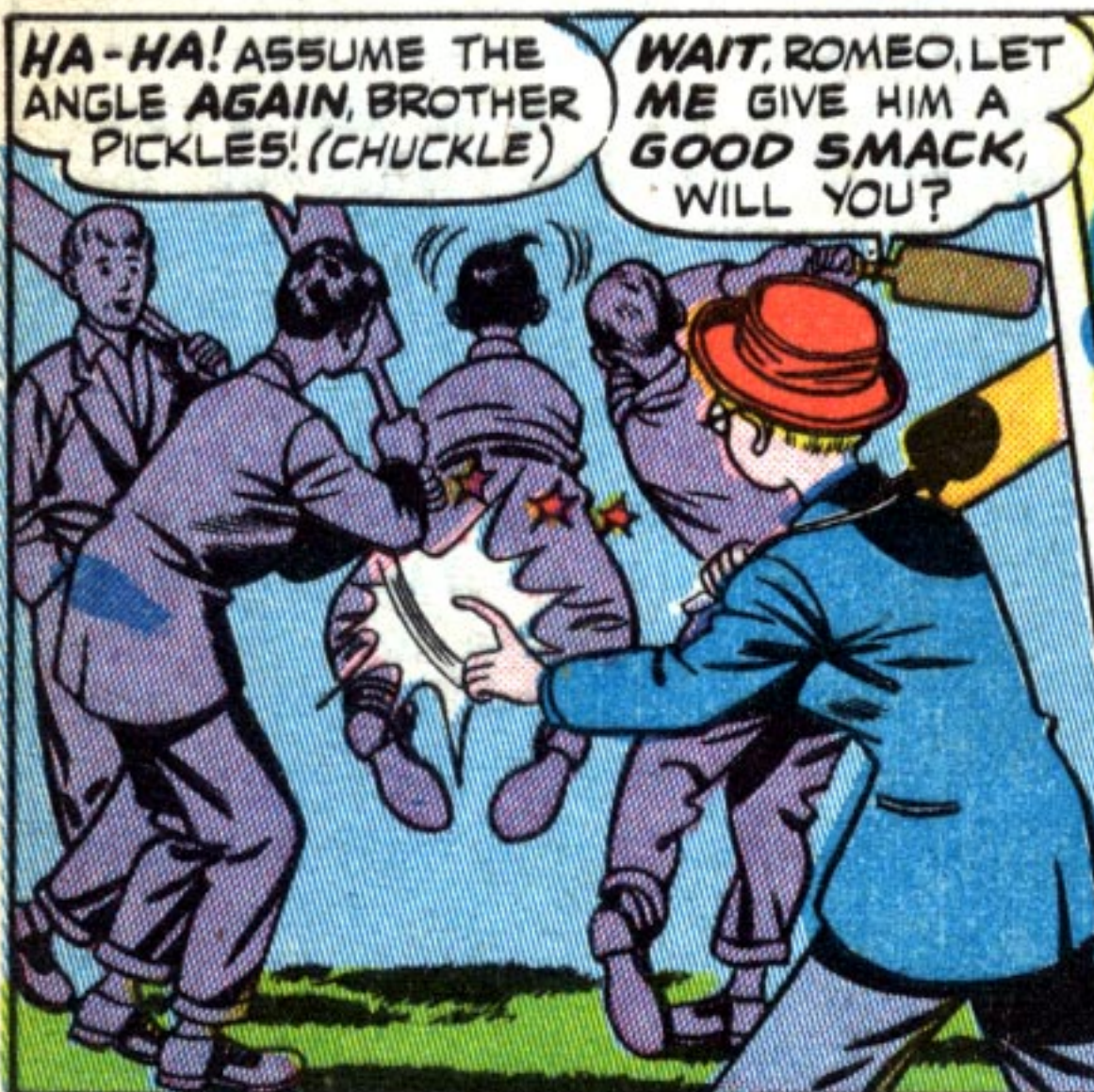
HI-YO, SILVER!













# COOKIE <sup>and his</sup> MAGIC VIOLIN

THERE was a new student at Harelip High . . . and in Cookie's hair! Everybody was in an uproar about Alfredo Zucchini. He was wonderful, he was marvelous, he was the greatest teen-age violin virtuoso the world had ever seen!

"I think he's keen, Cookie," Angelpuss sighed. "Don't you think he's keen?"

"I think he's a long-haired drip!" Cookie grumbled. "It's enough ta make a character sick ta his stomach, the way everybody is carryin' on about that Alfredo Zucchini! What's *he* got that I haven't got, except a page-boy bob?"

"Hmph!" Angel snorted. "I might have *known* you'd say something like that! Why, you haven't got as much talent all over as Alfredo has in his pinky! And if it's all the same to you, I'll carry *my own books* home!"

Seizing the books from Cookie's nerveless grasp, Angelpuss Wither- spoon, his dream-girl with stardust, flounced off, without so much as a backward glance!

Cookie sat down on the curb and moaned. "All right," he said to himself, "I admit it! I'm jealous. Angel never looks at *me* th' way she does at that fiddler! I gotta do somethin' before she forgets my name, but *what*?"

As he asked himself that jackpot question, the answer came to Cookie with such blinding inspiration that he felt dizzy. "Wotta chump I am!" he exulted, running towards his house. "I'll play the violin too!"

Mom and Pop O'Toole could hardly believe their ears. Could this be *their*

Cookie, pleading for violin lessons, promising to practice, painting a rosy future of stage and screen appearances? It *was* their Cookie . . . and he got his way!

Pop furnished the violin, Professor Andante furnished the lessons and Cookie O'Toole furnished shrill scrapings and horrible violin moanings that outraged the neighborhood.

So ghastly were the wails that wafted from Cookie's violin, that a committee of neighbors called on the O'Tooles with a request. "Would you please make him stop or move out of town?"

So earnest were Cookie's desperate efforts to play the violin like Alfredo Zucchini, that the rest of the gang rarely saw him, and when they did, the howls went up, "Whaddaya got in that case, Cook, a Tommy-gun?"

"It'd be better if it was! It makes sweeter music."

"When are ya givin' yer recital, Cook? I wanna leave town!"

"Hit me again, will ya? I kin still hear 'im!"

If it weren't for his deep and abiding love for Angelpuss, Cookie would have given up long ago. His folks would have been delirious!

Only his pal, Jitterbuck Jones, listened sympathetically as Cookie poured out his tale of woe in the Soda Jerkerie one afternoon.

"I'm tellin' ya, Jit, I'm *dyin'*!" Cookie almost sobbed. "Here I am slavin' over a hot fiddle an' all I can turn out is the sound of a pile of tin cans rattlin' down an incinerator! Angel is still



givin' me the cold shoulder! She's got eyes only for Alfredo Zucchini, that . . . that . . ."

"Never mind, Cookie," Jit whispered. "*Here he comes now!*"

It was true. With his violin case tucked under his arm and a look of sublime indifference on his face, Alfredo Zucchini was entering the Soda Jerkerie!

To Cookie, this was the last straw. Here he was in person, the source of all of Cookie's misery. Assuming what he considered to be a Humphrey Bogart expression, Cookie arose and sauntered slowly over to Alfredo Zucchini.

"Hiya, tone-deaf!" he sneered.

Alfredo looked right over Cookie's head, wrinkled his nose, sniffed the air and said, "Something decaying in here?"

Cookie bristled and turned red. "How'd ya like that fiddle smashed over yer long bob?" he threatened, advancing on Alfredo.

"Hey, you two, break it up!" Jitterbuck ordered nervously. "Th' last time somethin' like this happened, we had-da buy a new window for th' Jerkerie. Here, supposin' I play ya some sweet music!"

Jit's nickel, dropped into the juke box, sent a hot platter spinning. Jit's feet, stirred by the music, started to dance. Alfredo watched in fascination as Jit performed. Almost as though it were wrung out of him, Alfredo spoke: "I wish I could dance like that!"

To Cookie, that remark was it! Terrific! The answer to everything! "Listen, Alf," he said warmly, "how'd ya like ta be a member of the gang? I'll teach ya the latest feet-beats an' everything! Whaddaya say?"

"You mean it?" Alfredo gasped. "Count me in! What's first?"

"First," Cookie answered, "ya gotta adopt *our* attitude towards women,

which is treat 'em rough, give 'em the brush-off an act colder'n an ice cube!" As he spoke, he glanced furtively towards the door of the Jerkerie.

"I'll do it!" Alfredo vowed. "Now what?"

"Now I'll teach ya the secret dance step which is the sole private property of th' gang!" As Cookie broke into a dance, he kept looking at the door. His patience was soon rewarded.

With a whoosh of her new-look skirt, Angelpuss Witherspoon entered the Soda Jerkerie. Her eyes lit up as she saw Alfredo Zucchini. This was her chance to make his acquaintance!

Double malt in hand, she approached Alfredo and said sweetly, "Hello! I'm Angelpuss Witherspoon and I want to tell you how much I admire you!"

Cookie winked at Alfredo, who gave Angel a cold, beady eye. "Is that so?" he said ungraciously. "Well, that only proves what I suspected. Yer a first-class goon-girl! Goodbye now!"

Angel was mortified. Her first feeling of shock changed rapidly to an anger so violent, that she raised her double malt on high, tilted the glass and dumped the contents over Alfredo's head!

"Goodbye to you!" she snapped. "Coming, Cookie?"

Arm-in-arm, Angel and Cookie left the Soda Jerkerie. Life *can* be beautiful, Cookie thought. After a moment's silence, Angel said, "Cookie O'Toole, if you ever touch that violin again, I'll never speak to you! I never want to hear the word *violin*!"

"Oh, absolutely," Cookie beamed, promising. "How's for a concert or somethin' tonight?"

"Concert nothing!" Angel glared. "Let's go to the Bijou to see 'Romance For Two' . . . if you know what I mean!"

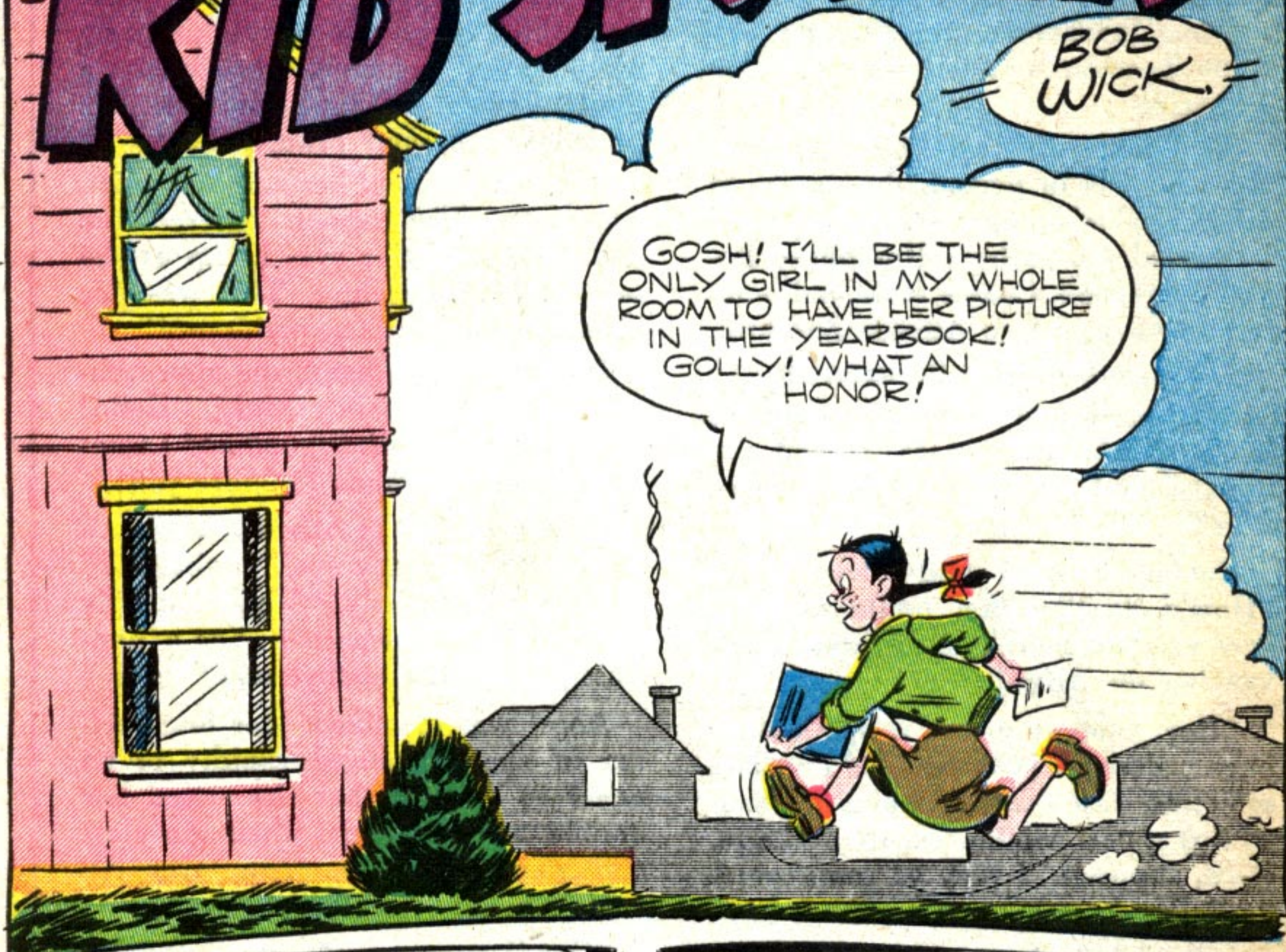
"I sure do!" said Cookie.



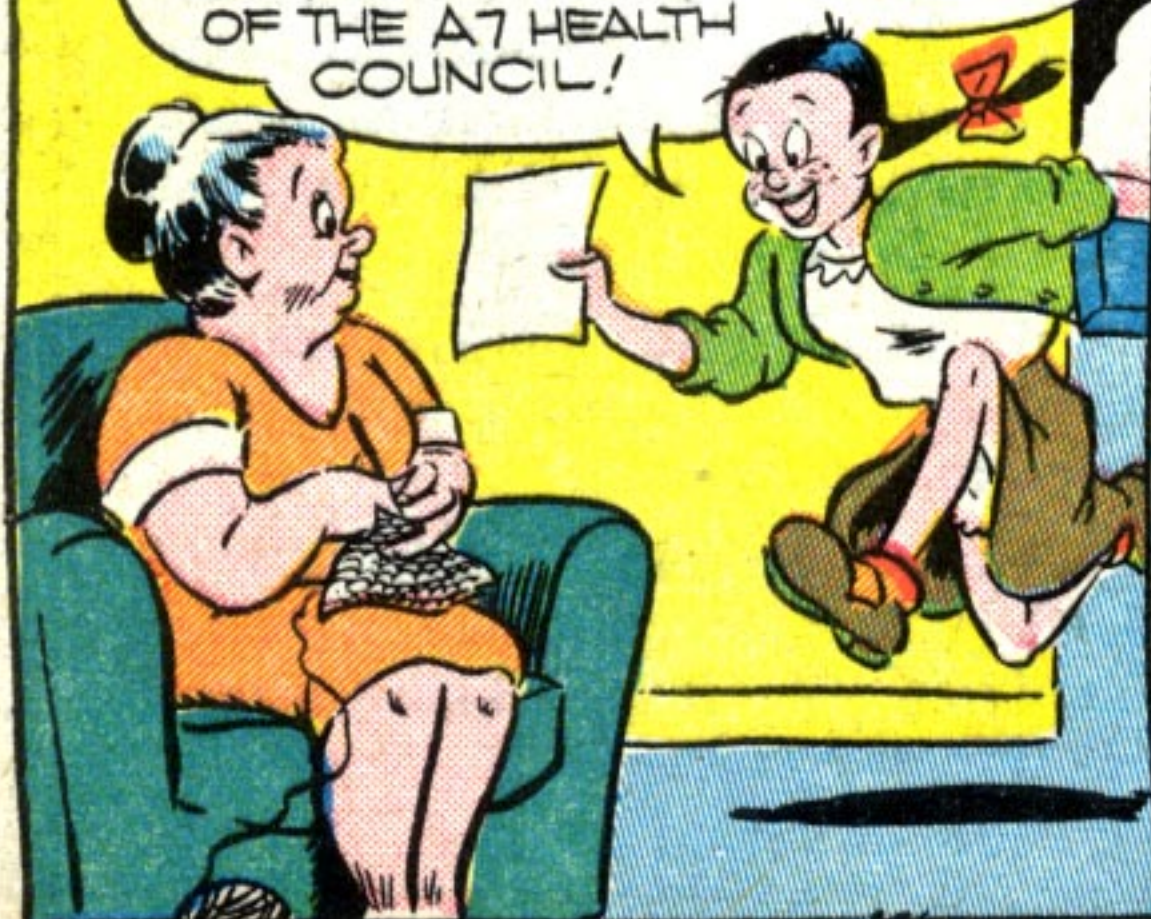
# OUR KID SISTER

BOB WICK.

GOSH! I'LL BE THE ONLY GIRL IN MY WHOLE ROOM TO HAVE HER PICTURE IN THE YEARBOOK! GOLLY! WHAT AN HONOR!



MOMS! HERE'S A NOTE FROM MY TEACHER, ASKING ME TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN FOR THE SCHOOL YEARBOOK ON ACCOUNTA' I'M PRESIDENT OF THE A7 HEALTH COUNCIL!

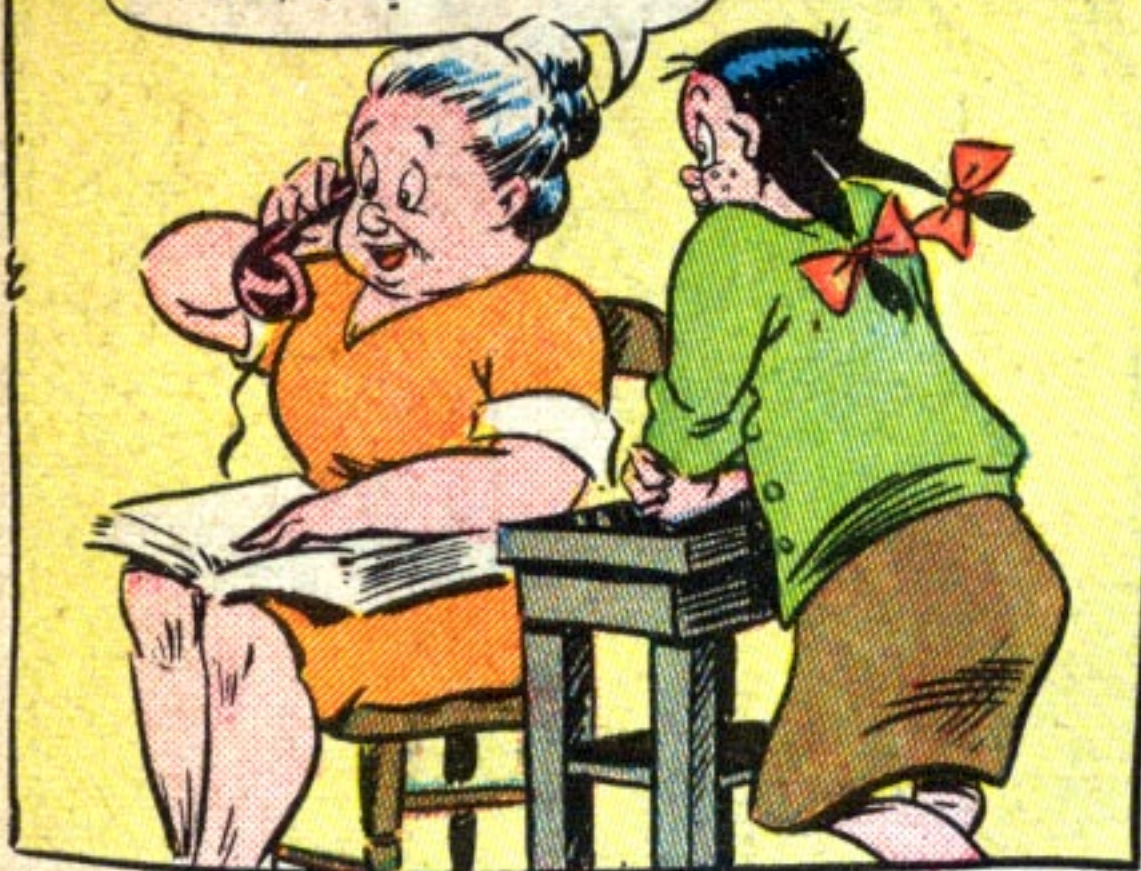


WHY, THAT'S QUITE A DISTINCTION FOR MY LITTLE GIRL! YOU'RE REALLY SHOWIN' INITIATIVE, HONEY! I THINK IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME YOU MADE YOUR OWN DECISIONS! I'LL CALL THE PHOTOGRAPHER FOR AN APPOINTMENT AND YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM THERE!



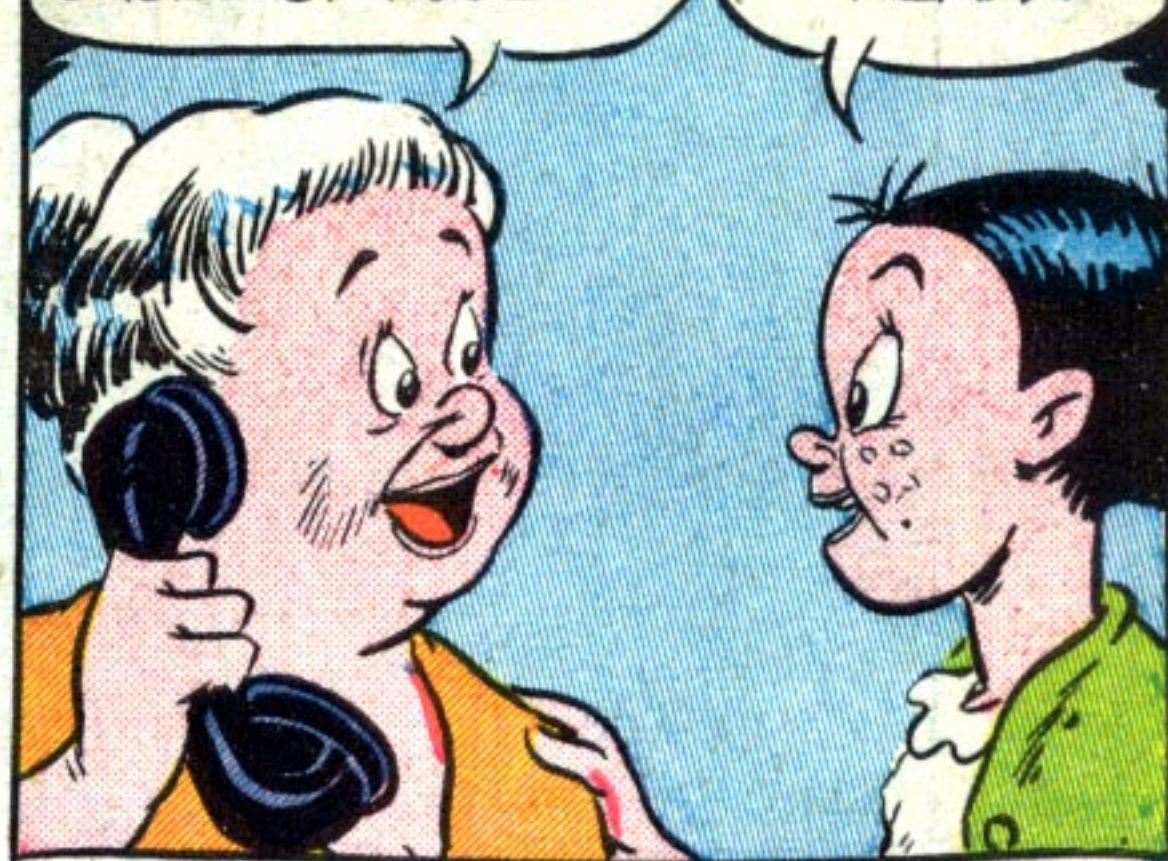


HELLO! IWERK'S STUDIO? THIS IS MRS. O'RELLA! MY DAUGHTER CINDY WANTS TO HAVE A PORTRAIT MADE FOR THE SCHOOL YEARBOOK! COULD SHE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TODAY?

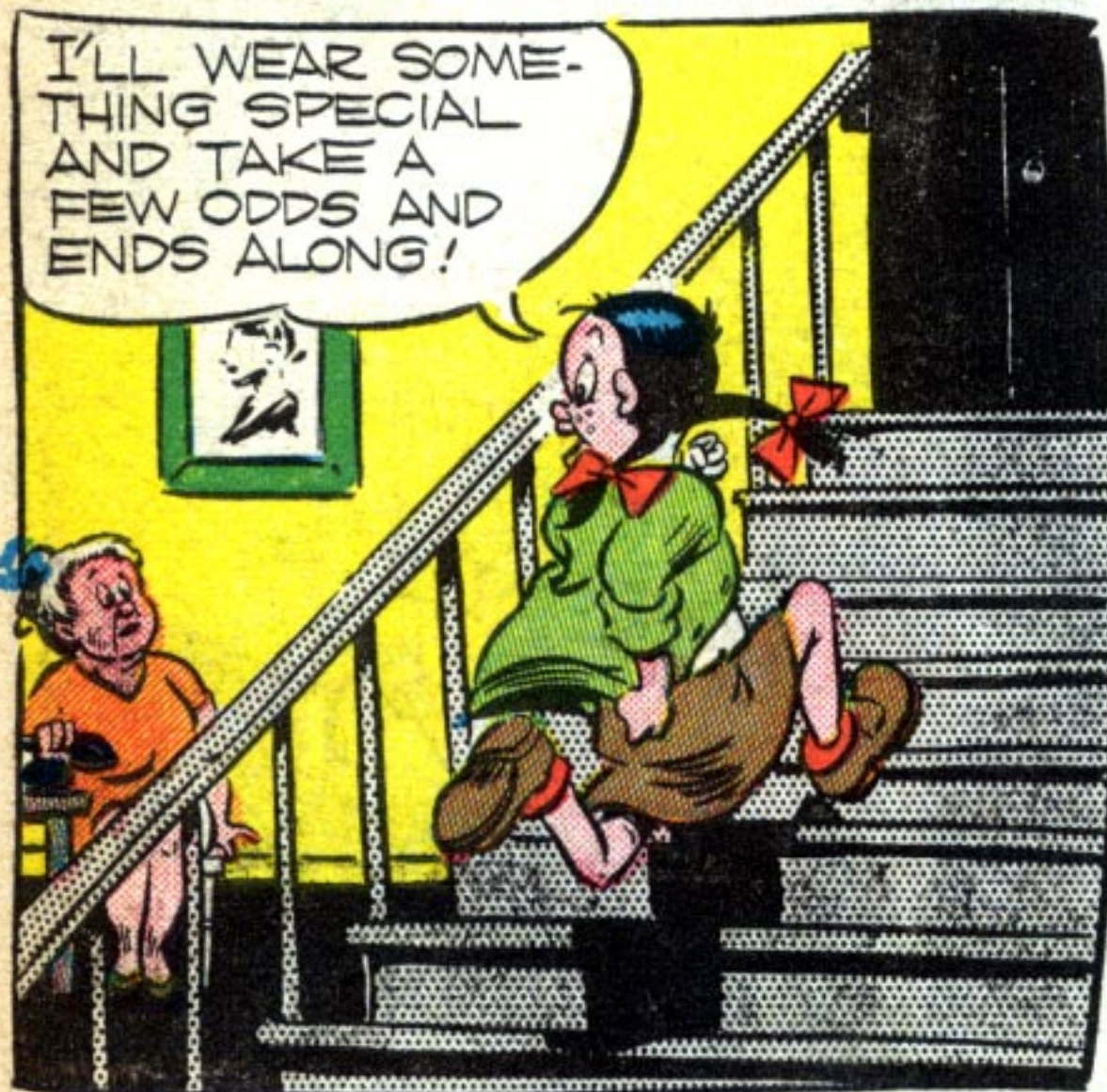


HE CAN TAKE YOU IN ABOUT AN HOUR!) BY THE WAY, MR. IWERKS, CINDY WILL MAKE HER OWN CHOICE OF POSES!

THAT'S KEEN, MOMS! I'LL GO GET READY!

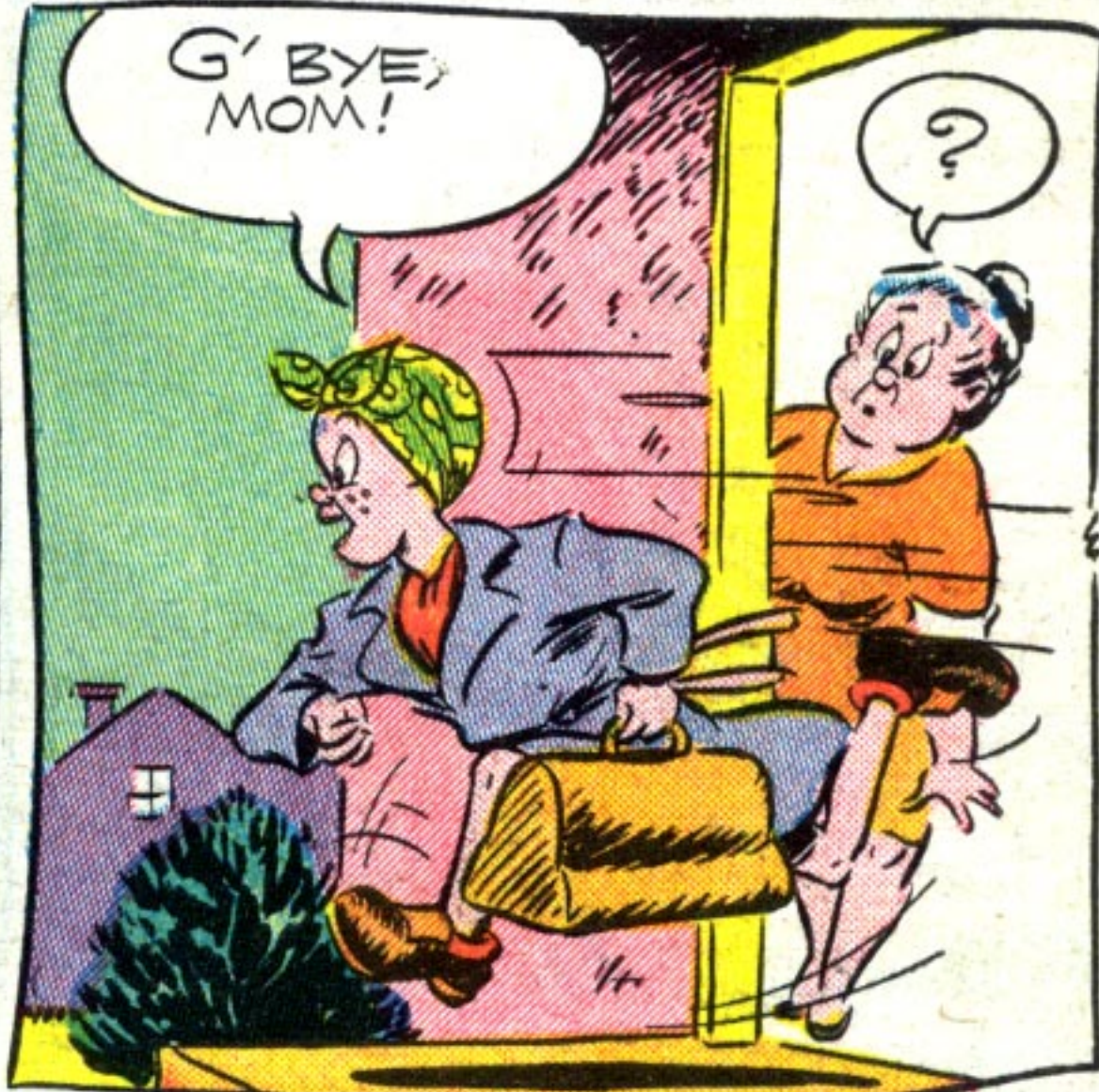


I'LL WEAR SOMETHING SPECIAL AND TAKE A FEW ODDS AND ENDS ALONG!



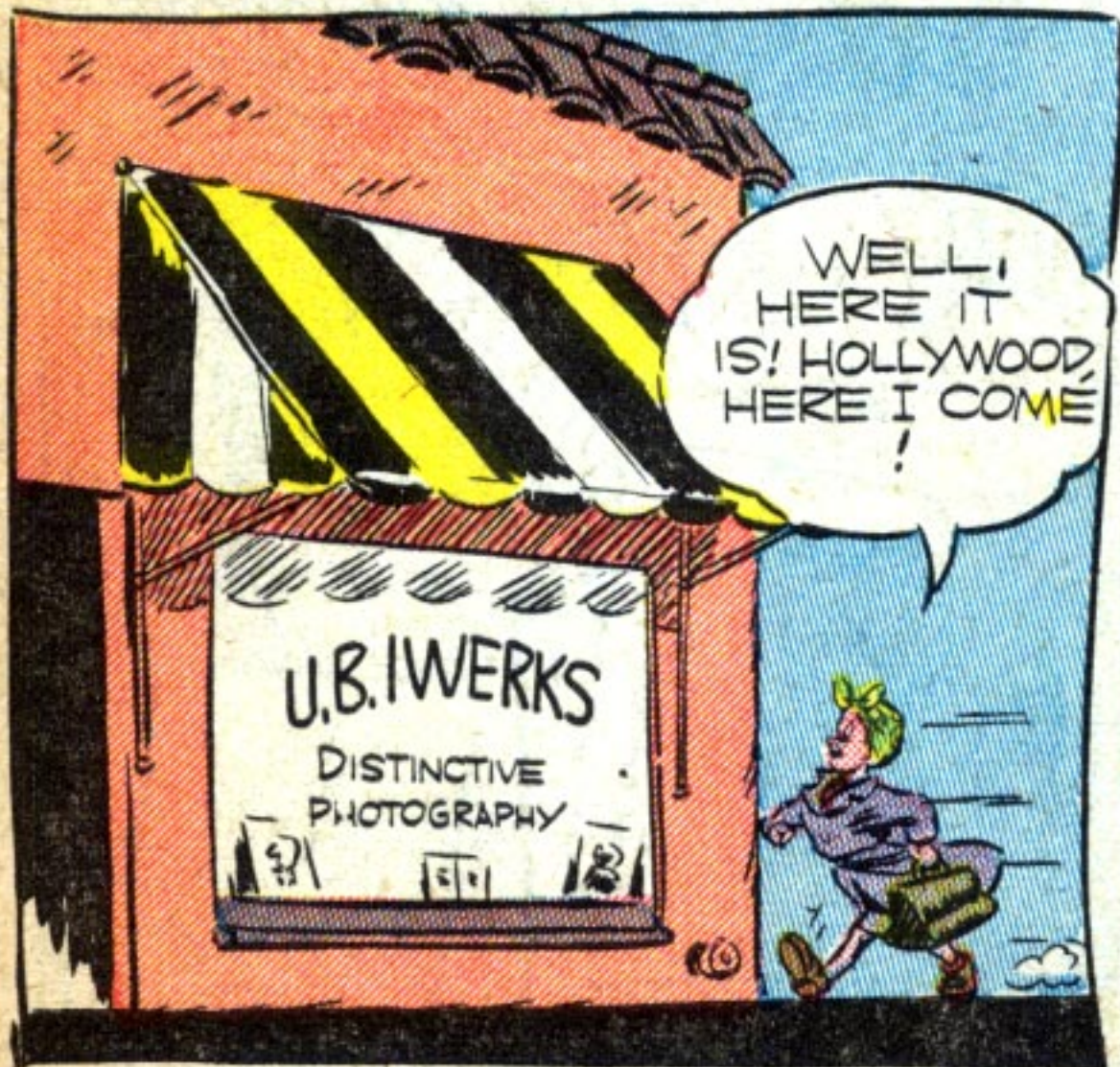
G' BYE, MOM!

?



WELL, HERE IT IS! HOLLYWOOD, HERE I COME!

U.B. IWERKS  
DISTINCTIVE  
PHOTOGRAPHY

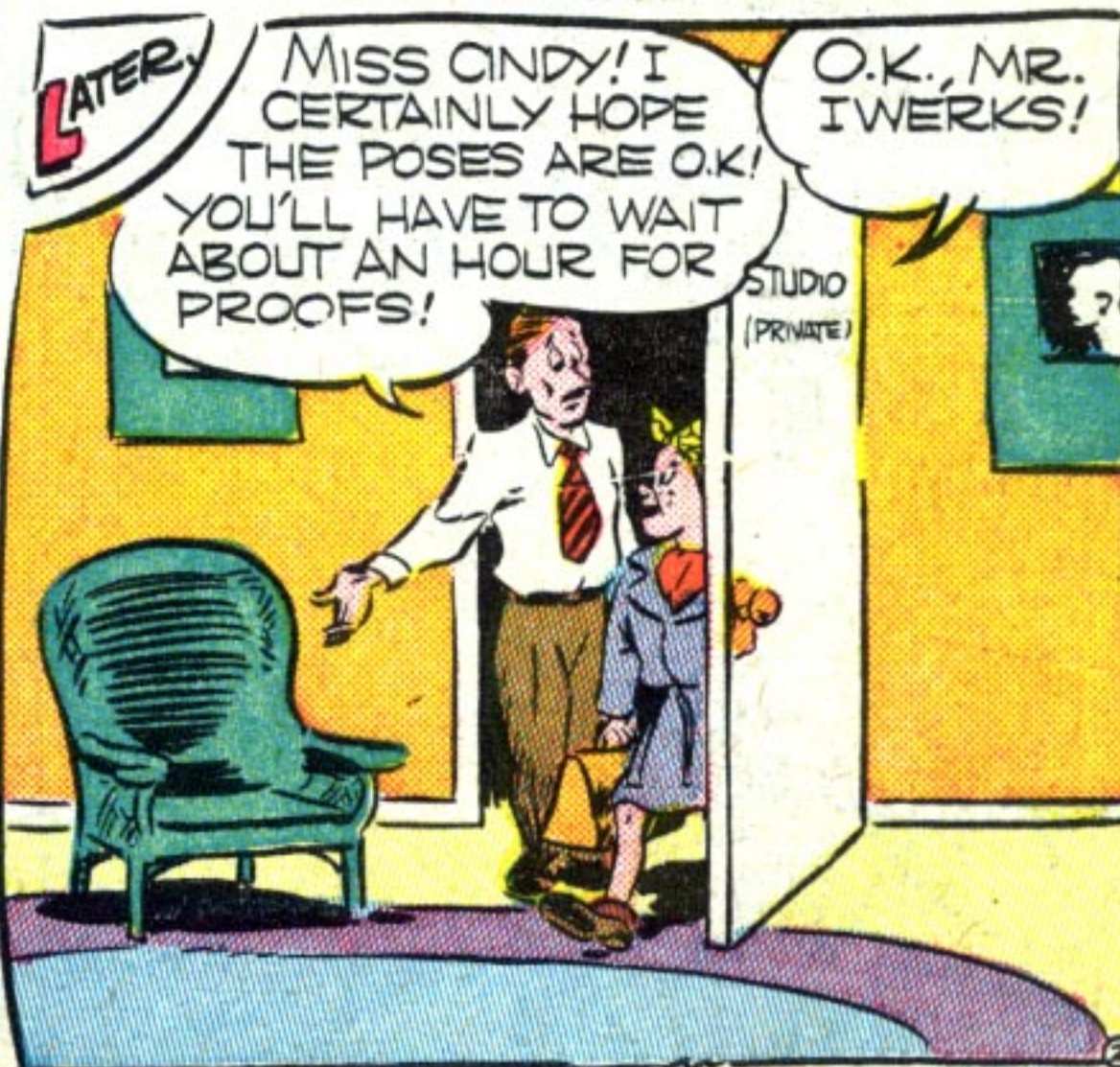


LATER.

MISS CINDY! I CERTAINLY HOPE THE POSES ARE O.K! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT ABOUT AN HOUR FOR PROOFS!

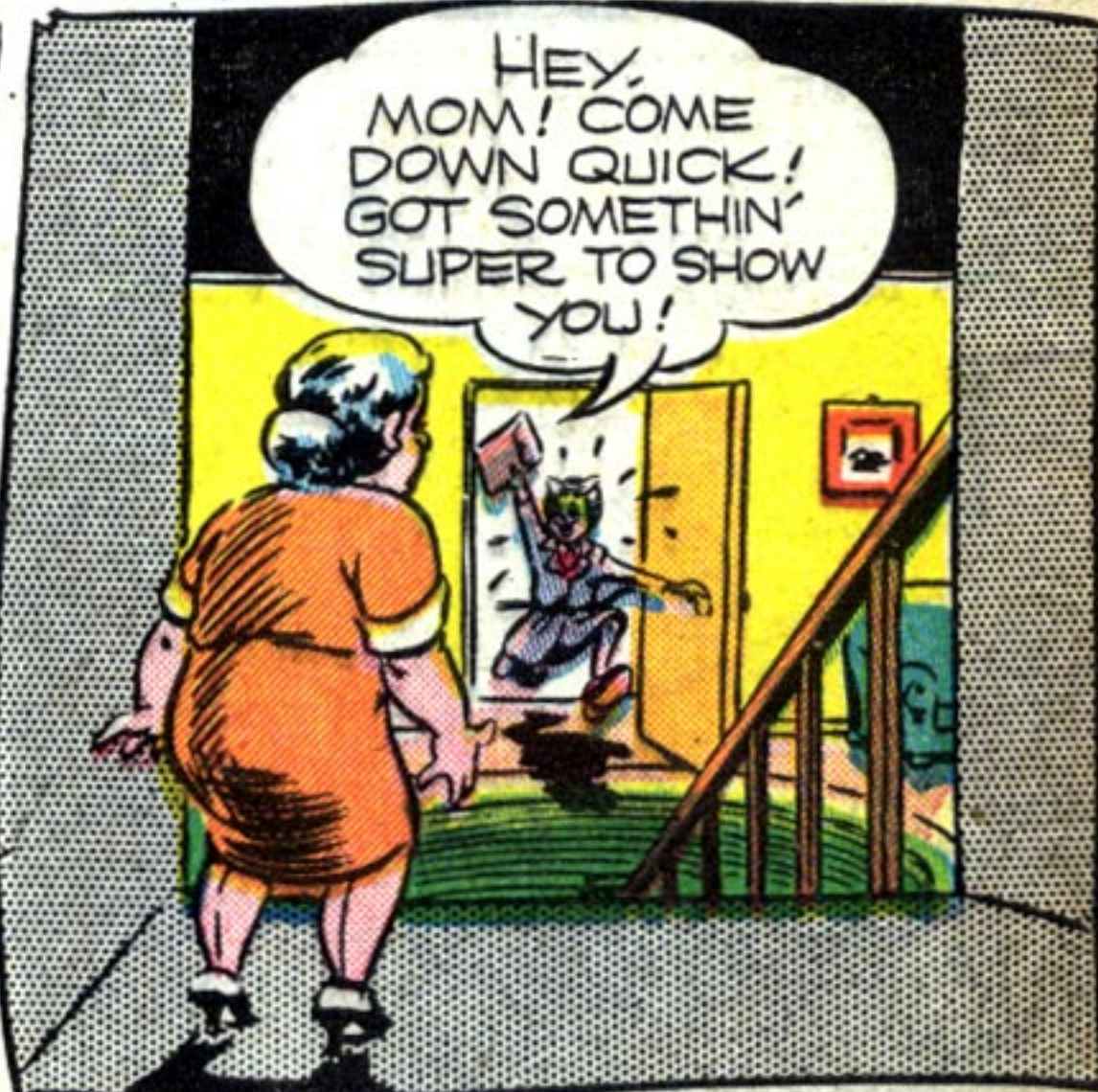
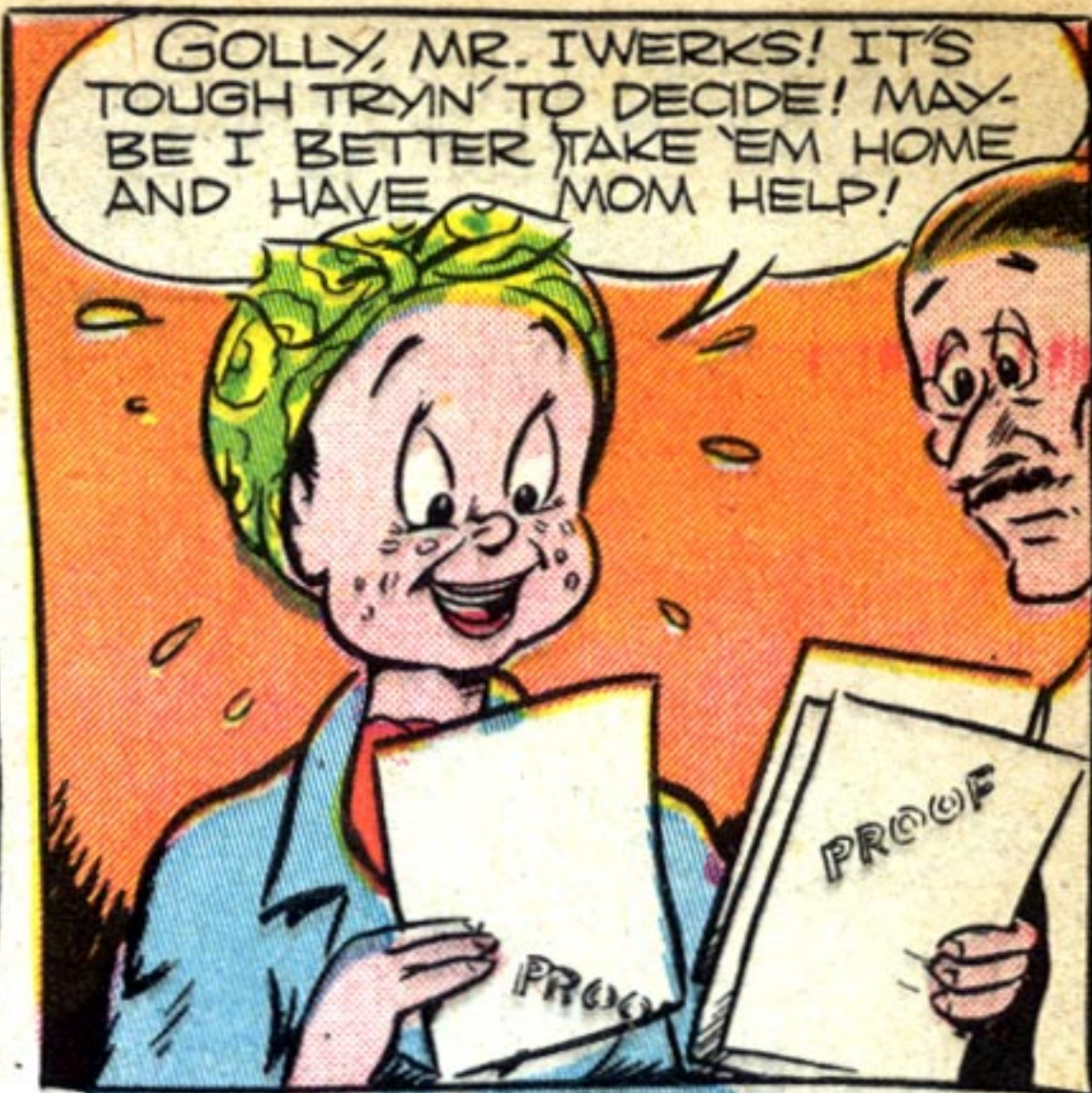
O.K., MR. IWERKS!

STUDIO  
(PRIVATE)

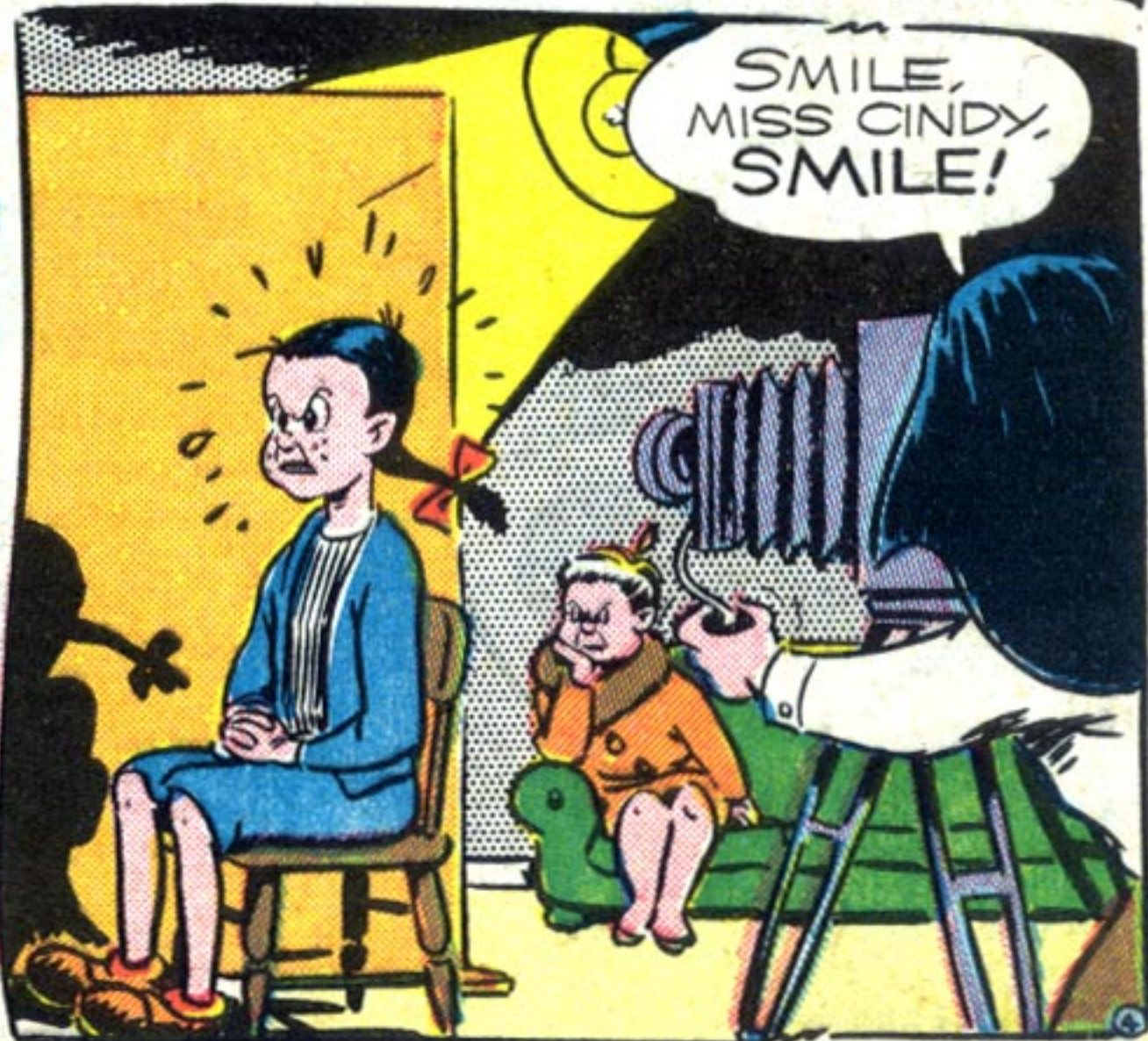
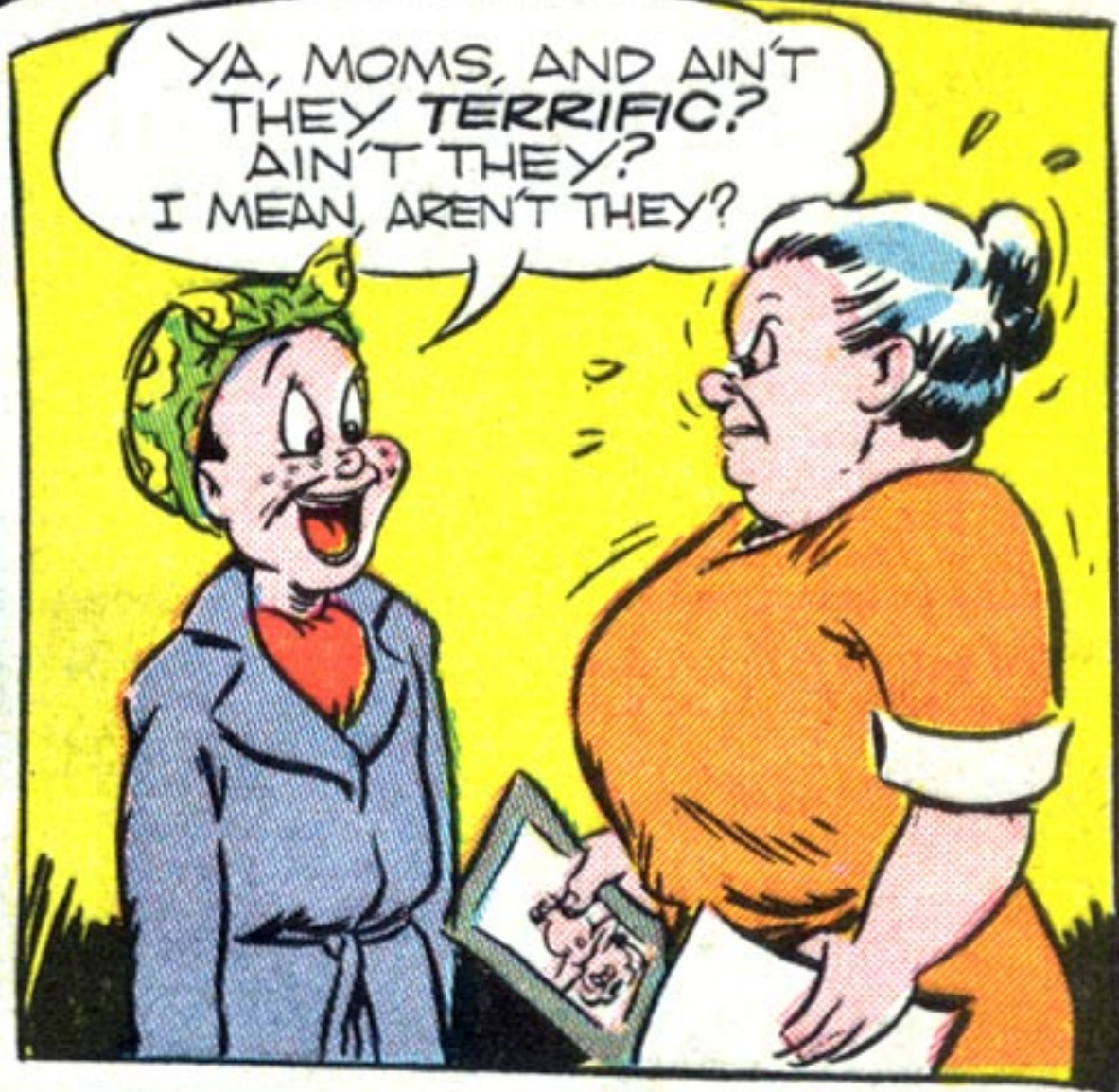
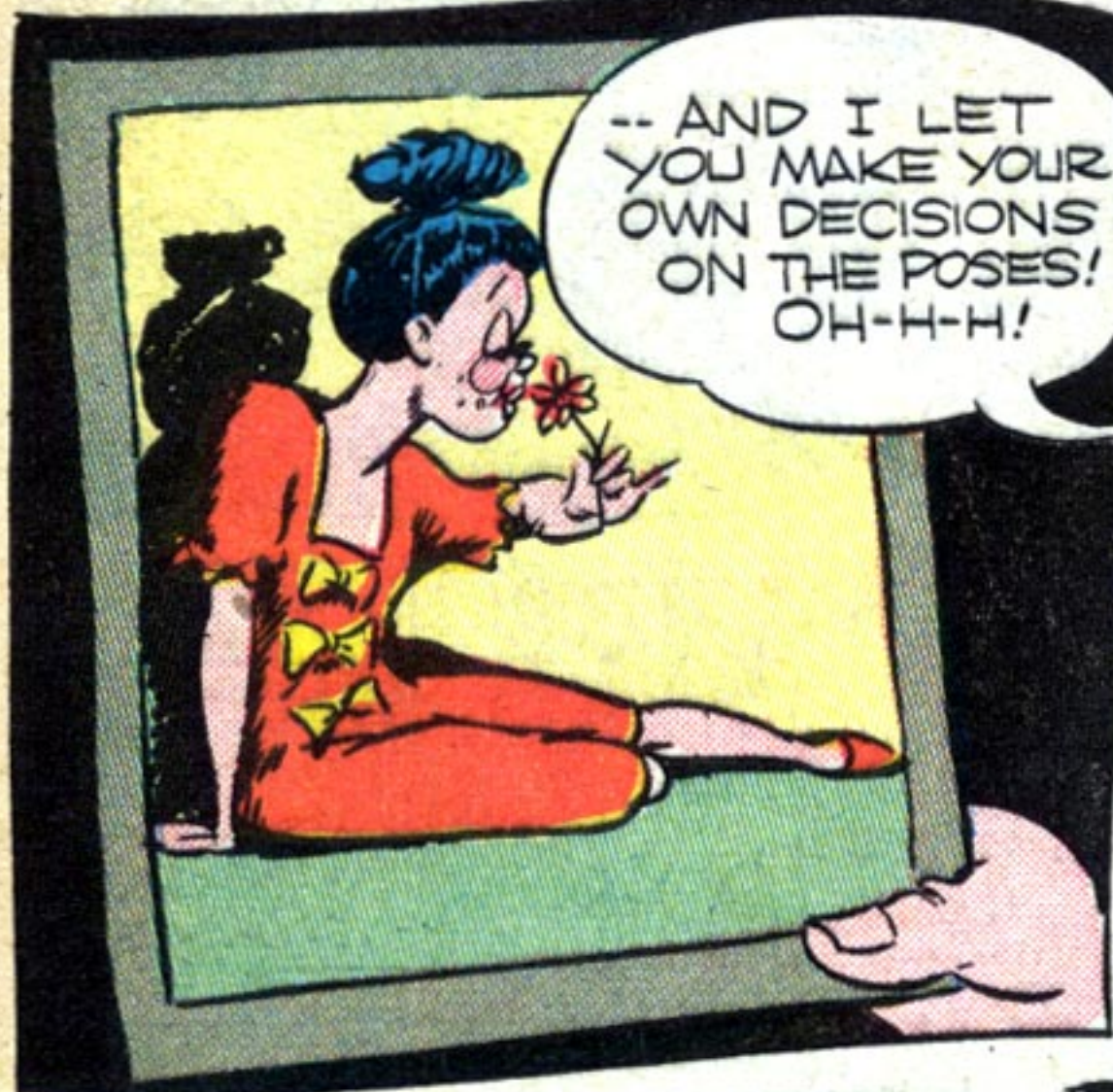




**1**  
HOUR  
**LATER**  
(APPROX.)









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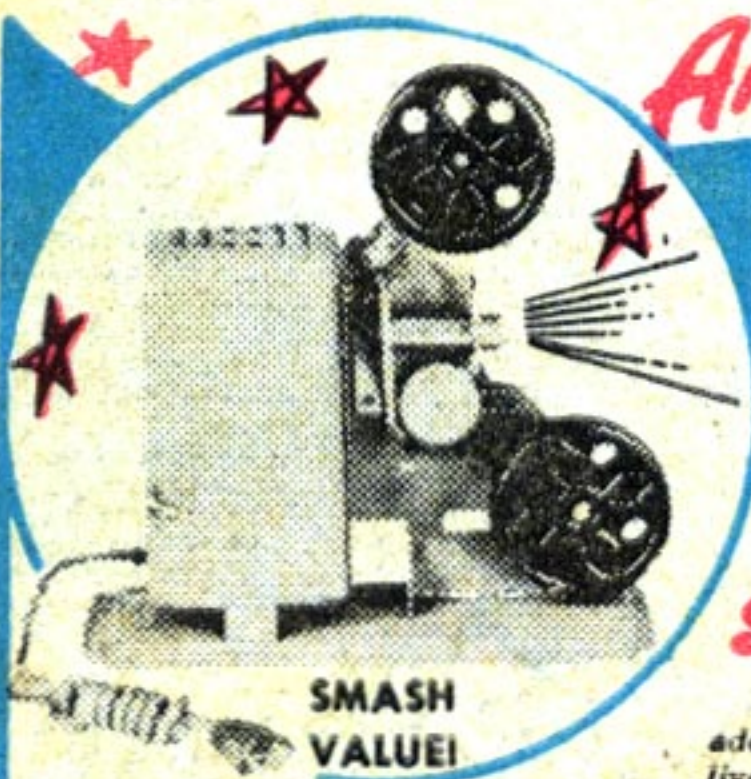
☐ Send Projector, I enclose \$1. On delivery I will pay postman \$5.98 plus postage.

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**DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST.** Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

**HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS.** The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3.: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

**HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!**

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL**

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, If you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. DR-12  
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Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

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A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."



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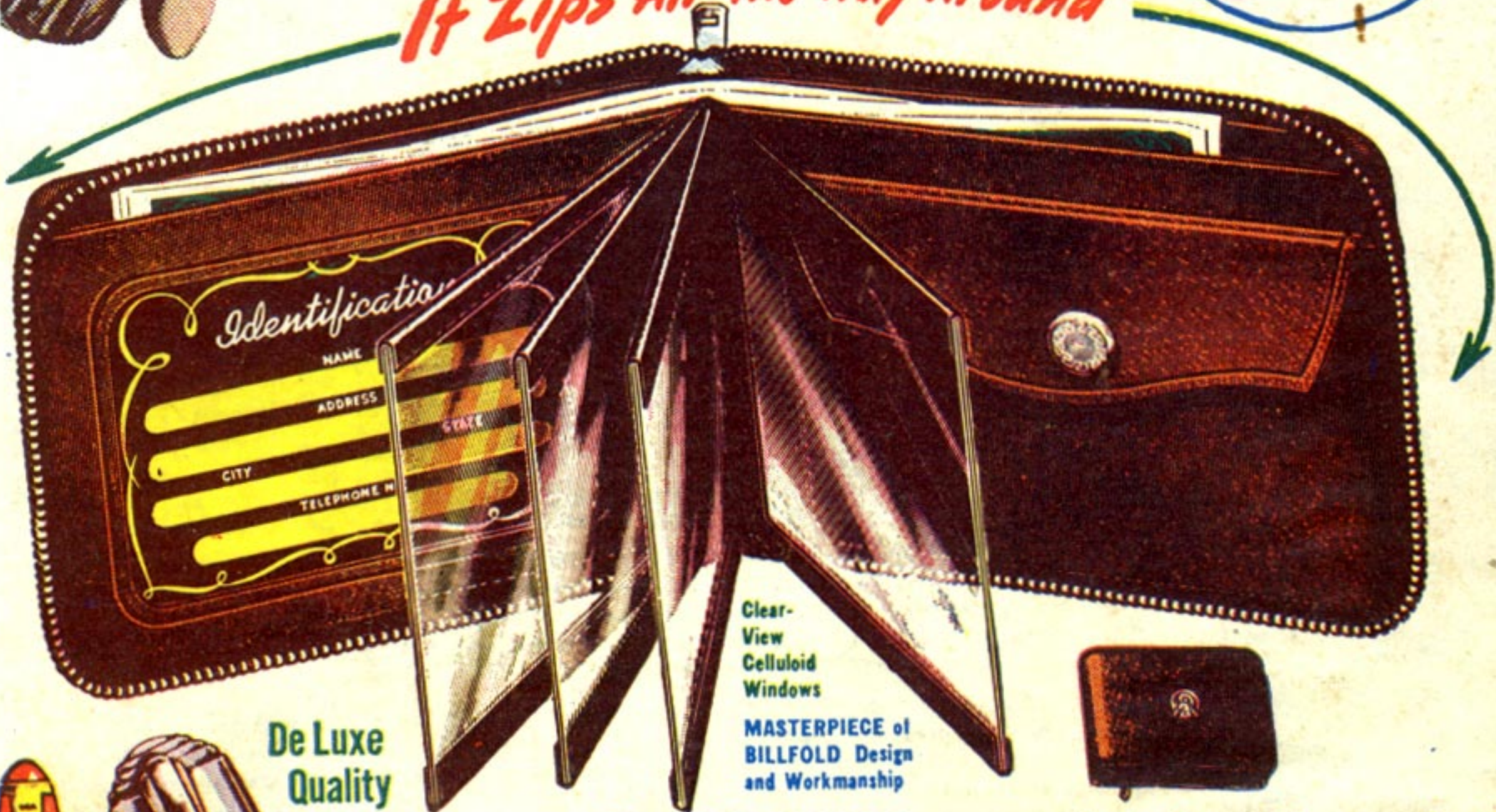


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